PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1980 $2.75

SECRET OIL-BANKING CONSPIRACY

HOW TO AVOID SEX

STOP THE DRAFT

LITTLE MICHAEL LORD: 13-YEAR-OLD EVANGELIST

THE EROTIC ART OF JEAN-MARIE POUMEYROL

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/June 1980

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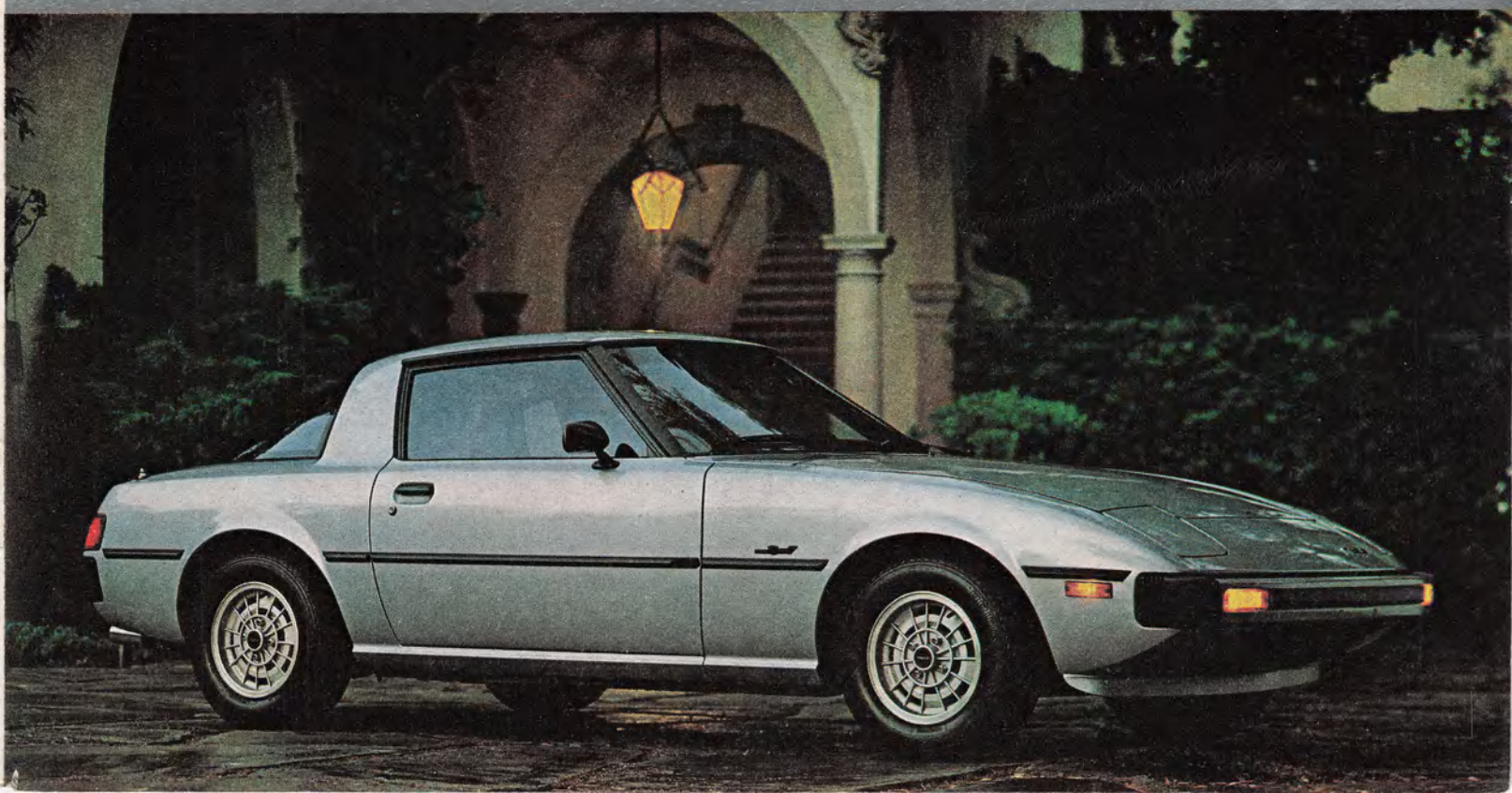

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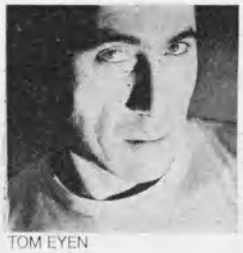
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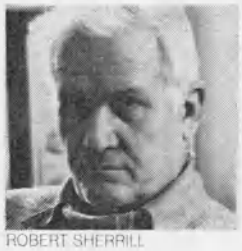
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HOUSECALL

It used to be that the beginning of summer meant planning leisurely vacations while studying road maps of faraway places. But times change! Today's travel plans include calculating how far you can go on one tankful of gasoline and then . . . how you're going to pay for it. But as **Robert Sherrill** explains in "Big Oil, Big Banks, Big Trouble" (page 68), it's one of the least of our problems. "Major multinational oil companies and their colleagues in the international banking industry," writes Sherrill, "have reduced America to economic helplessness." He describes for the first time clearly and dramatically how a few of our largest and greediest banks have allowed Arab interests to achieve what one expert calls "a degree of influence and power over the United States never achieved by any other nation in our history." Why did our government allow such an incredibly dangerous situation to develop? Sherrill found several answers, all of them appalling: almost unbelievable ignorance, dependence on foreign investors to buy government securities, and bankers' friends in high places. Remember Jimmy Carter's disastrous admission of the shah to the United States on the urgings of David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger? That was just one illustration of the influence that OPEC now exerts over our banks and thereby our entire economic system. And speaking of illustrations, the graphic and almost too painful work of art accompanying Sherrill's article is the creation of **Ralph Steadman**, one of the world's foremost satirical artists and a frequent contributor to *Penthouse*. This year Ralph has been cited by the prestigious American Institute of Graphic Arts and New York's Society of Illustrators for previous *Penthouse* illustrations.

While the Arabs are busy buying our country out from under us, they are also attempting to change their image. Saudi Arabia, especially, is interested in convincing us that that nation is not a medieval fiefdom but an up-to-date, modern society whose "freedom" is vital to our security needs. After reading **Andrew Duncan**'s frightening account of "The Death of a Princess" (page 86), it is doubtful that Saudi public relations will be very successful. Duncan recounts the execution, less than three years ago, of Saudi princess Misha'al and her student boyfriend, Musleh al Shaaer, in a parking lot in downtown Jidda. The princess was shot point-blank by two soldiers. Her lover was decapitated by five clumsy blows with a short sword. Their crime? Being in love. While the human drama of the murder of two 20-year-old children is surely overwhelming, Duncan, author of the recent *Money Rush* (Doubleday) and an expert on the Arab world, points out that "Saudi Arabia will be largely responsible for the quality of life in the West during the 1980s. American financial commitment to Saudi Arabia is now greater than it was to Vietnam at the height of the war." When President Carter next decides to lecture our enemies about human rights, he might want to consider talking to our friends, also.

The love affair in **Pierre Delattre**'s "Walking on Air" (page 136), our fiction offering this month, has a much happier ending. The story of Boomie the Boomerang Lady—the only performer in the world who throws knives at *herself*—her lover, "The Great Lazarus," and the magical Papouli Circus is an excerpt from Delattre's novel of the same name, which will be published by Houghton Mifflin.

Perhaps the most explicitly erotic sequence in the spectacular Penthouse Films Production of *Caligula* is the love scene between Messalina and Agrippina, played by Penthouse Pets Anneka di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner. Last month we published a special issue devoted to the making of *Caligula*, which has been breaking attendance records since its premiere in New York City last February. This month, beginning on page 141, we present a special pictorial featuring highlights from this breathtaking scene.

The most decadent aspects of present-day America are satirized brutally by **Tom Eyen** in his epic serial "Weeds," the first part of which begins on page 92. "Weeds," the story of one of our foremost political families, whose roots are so corrupt that they can only be considered weeds, is the latest vicious attack on contemporary society by Eyen, whose last published work in *Penthouse* was "Invasion of the Disco Droids."

Our interview subject this month might seem, at first glance, to have stepped out of the works of Tom Eyen. Thirteen-year-old, blond, blue-eyed **Little Michael Lord** is one of America's most successful evangelists—and he has been preaching and faith healing since the age of five. In an interview with **Richard Ballad**, Michael seems like just another average 13-year-old American boy—completely down-to-earth, except for the fact that he tells Ballad that "when I was two years old . . . the Lord actually spoke to me, in a voice just like you are talking to me now. He said, 'Little Michael, I want you to be a preacher.' " Michael explains what it's like to travel around the country for most of the year, engaging in what his evangelist father calls a "hard, demanding, and materially unrewarding life." Michael himself earns a three-dollar-a-week allowance, and his last acknowledged transgression was trying to con his younger brother out of his allowance to buy a comic book.

If your transgressions are greater than those of Little Michael Lord, you will be happy to know that **Catherine Hiller** has discovered a self-help group for you: "Sexenders" (page 163). "Say good-bye to unrequited lust. . . . Through proven techniques of behavior modification, you will soon become sex-free—and proud." So reads the Sexenders advertisement, as transcribed by Hiller, whose first novel, *An Old Friend from High School*, was recently published by Pocket Books. Unfortunately (if you're actually intrigued by such a group), Sexenders is still a figment of Hiller's imagination . . . at least for now.

Our Pet of the Month is by no means a figment of anyone's imagination, as you can joyfully discover on page 97. If there is a nicer way to welcome summer, we haven't heard of it.

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JUNE

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Tall tale

College life is great! Being the avid "Forum" readers we are, Mark and I thought we'd share an unforgettable experience with those not fortunate enough to have attended a university.

The setting: the streets of a small college town in Indiana. Mark and I were going to get some liquor for our fraternity's party when Mark noticed two beautiful babes in a blue Mustang as all of us were stopped at a red light. Mark said, "Hey, Steve, check out those foxes!" So I rolled down my window and motioned for them to do the same. As they complied, I gave them one of my patented pickup lines. "Ladies, I don't have time to be suave, charming, or sophisticated; so would you both please come sit on our faces," I said cleverly. Much to my surprise, they replied arrogantly, "We don't make it with two guys unless they have ten-inch dicks." However, Mark and I are always prepared. We told them in all honesty, "We don't cut off two inches for anyone!" As they laughed, the light changed and the blue Mustang sped away.

"Just two cock-teasers," I said to Mark. Later that evening, while tending bar, Mark and I had the pleasure of serving drinks to our two new female acquaintances. After telling us their names, Beth and Paula, they informed us, "We don't believe your tall tale."

"You think we would lie!" exclaimed Mark. This stunned them for a moment. Then Beth said, "Make believers out of us."

Taking the cue, Mark and I found two bartender substitutes and escorted the two sensual beauties to room 208, known as "the sexual suite" to all fraternity members.

With clothes on, Paula was an exquisite redhead measuring 38-25-36. Her warm smile and firm bust brought me easily to erection outside of the bedroom. I could hardly wait to see her without her exterior garments. Beth—a tall brunette about five feet eight inches tall—was simply a knockout. Her 36-25-35 build was a fantastic complement to her radiant face and distinctive dimples. Needless to say, Mark and I were living a dream!

Being of a daring nature, I announced to our companions, "And now—the tallest trees in the forest will display themselves." Mark could not have agreed more fully. Down with the zippers, and out came the rods. Beth and Paula wasted no time: Paula to mine, and Beth to Mark's. As Paula's tongue and mouth fell upon my fiery pole, I nearly blew my load immediately. "Ooohh," I moaned, and she continued her craftsmanship. However, Mark's moans and groans were overpowering. Obviously, Beth was as good as Paula was at oral sex. Then, as she sucked more profusely and jacked me off simultaneously, I began coming. Never before had I come this way. Soon after, I looked over at Mark, fucking Beth rapidly in the face, sperm all over her lips.

"Time to switch off," I stated excitedly. Quickly, Paula jumped to her feet and ran to Mark as Beth ran to me. Both girls picked up where they'd left off on their previous partners. Beth's long, juicy tongue and silky-smooth caressing of my balls caused me to ejaculate instantly. On the other side of the room, amidst the heavy breathing and sperm, Paula groaned, "You studs weren't kidding!"

Then Mark began tearing off Paula's clothes and started searching for her clitoris. An expert treasure hunter, Mark discovered "gold" very quickly, much to Paula's ecstasy and delight. As she came, Paula screamed, "Fuck me, baby. Please don't stop!"

Not to be outdone, I had stripped Beth down, licked her pussy, and allowed her to beg for my meat, too. As the fucking commenced, sounds of pleasure filled the air! Everyone came and came until Mark, being the man of initiative this time, yelled, "Switch-off time again!" Paula and Beth made the transition aptly once more. Paula's hot hole brought me to yet another climax. "Don't stop. Never stop!" she gasped.

Beth was also screaming by now. "I'm coming! Oh, I love it, Mark!" Well, I checked the clock and realized that the brothers needed us back downstairs. So we ceased our sexual activity, but not before Paula and Beth gave us each a melting French kiss.

They left us their numbers and addresses. Mark and I definitely wanted to have the pleasure again. When we bid them farewell at the door, both of them made sure to tell us, "From now on, we're changing our standards. We won't make it with anyone unless they have twelve-inch dicks."—*Name and address withheld*

Plenty of female snatch

I would like to share with you an experience I had about a month ago. I am a junior at a college in Colorado, and

Very elegant. Very Swiss. Quartz, of course.

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"I want a Wittnauer."

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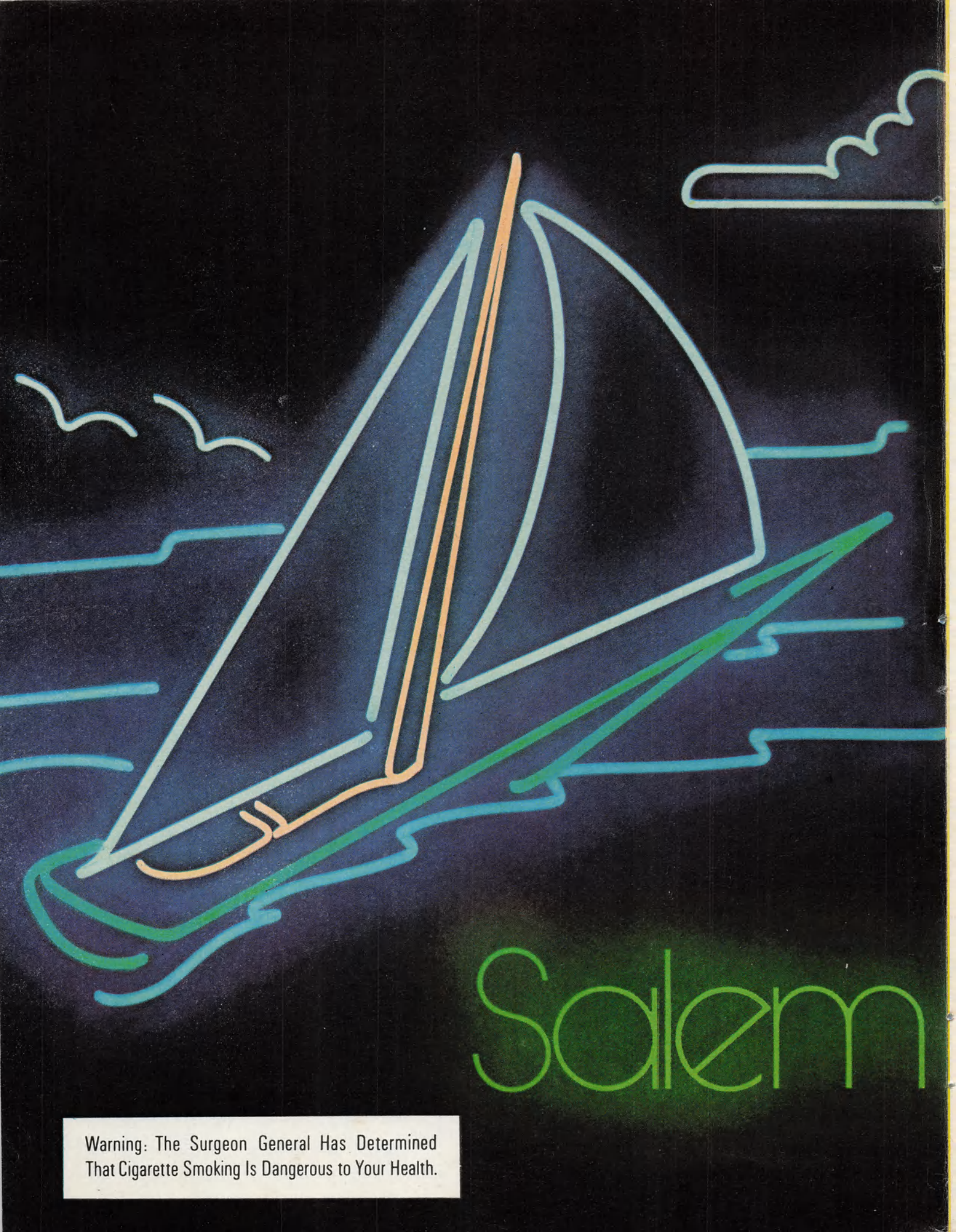

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Lights

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campus pussy is usually available. I must admit I have had my share of it. Even so, I have never had such a wonderful experience as the one I shall talk about now.

It all started when I met a gorgeous girl named Debbie at a dormitory party one Saturday night. All in all, it was a pretty good party with a mandatory ingredient: plenty of female snatch. My friend Mike was throwing the party since it was his twenty-first birthday. He was having very little trouble getting attention from all the girls. As the party seemed to slow down, I began passing around a bowl with some friends and some other people I had just met that night.

It wasn't until I was fairly stoned that Debbie came to the party. I could tell that she was a cock-tease by the way she expertly and enticingly began hanging all over some of the guys as if she had been at the party all night and had gotten drunk. After a while, however, Mike brought her over and introduced her to me. Her closeness made my cock move restlessly in my pants. As we talked, I got closer and closer to having a huge hard-on. Noticing the swollen bulge in my jeans, she began playing with her hair, which teased me all the more.

She was simply a beautiful girl. Her hair was blonde, soft, and sexy. It rested on her shoulders gently, and I couldn't help wondering what her bush was like. She had a fine set of tits, which were very noticeable in her tight sweater. Her ass was so beautifully shaped that the very sight of it would have given any guy an instant hard-on.

I thought I was dreaming when she came right out and asked me if she could see where I live, which was five floors above Mike's place. Quick to jump at such opportunities, I took her hand and quickly got up and told Mike that we would be back later. As we rode up the elevator, she surprised me by putting her soft hand on my ever-growing bulge. Debbie then kissed me, and our tongues instinctively probed each other's mouth. She asked me if I did this kind of thing often. I told her, "I've had my share of sex, but . . ."

Before I could finish my sentence, Debbie had casually moved her hand from my crotch and slid it down my briefs. She began stroking my now fully erect pole. The sensation that she was transmitting became so unbearable that I knew an orgasm wasn't too far away. As I was about to lose my load in her luscious palm, the elevator door opened.

When we got to my room, Debbie headed straight for the bedroom and I searched the refrigerator to offer her a drink. I walked over to the "Ball Room" and saw Debbie pulling off her sweater. Then she exposed, much to my delight, a set of the most beautiful capped peaks I had ever seen. Diligently, I told her all I could offer her was some milk, since all my liquor had been consumed at Mike's party. She laughed and said, "All I want is a hard dick."

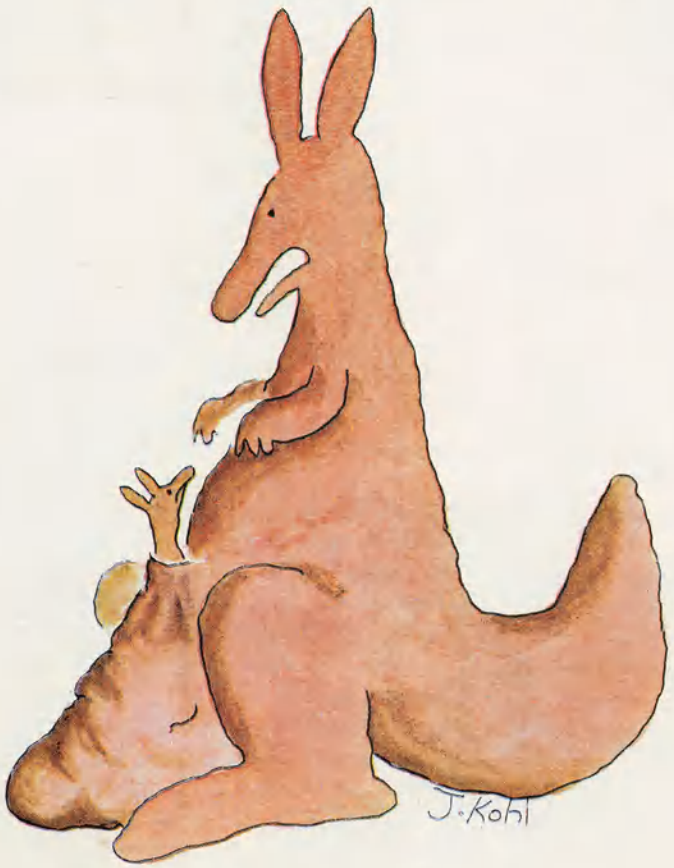
This was all I needed to hear, and we immediately began going to work. I sat myself onto the edge of the bed beside her and without hesitation began sinking my tongue into her mouth. My now uncontrollable hands traveled nonstop toward her unbelievably large, yet soft love jugs. Much to my surprise, however, she gently grabbed my ill-fated hands and placed them on my thighs. Debbie flashed the most voluptuous smile I had ever seen and asked me to stand up and get undressed. Without delay I obliged, and within seconds she began taking a tour of my fully erect skyscraper while she sat on the edge of the bed. She began by nibbling at my huge cockhead and then engulfed my entire boner into her hot, deep throat until I exploded.

After I came, she released my rod and licked the delicious, hot semen off her lips and then helped me onto the bed. My face worked its way toward her love hole, and I got a good view of her sensuous bush. I couldn't help burying my face in her forest. It did not take long before her love juices flowed wildly and I got my first taste of her cunt juice. When Debbie's orgasms ceased, I began caressing and kissing her lovely breasts. Her protruding red nipples seemed to be made just for sucking, and my mouth took to them as easily as a magnet takes to steel.

My cock could not resist her sweet vagina any longer, and it entered her delicious cave. My eight and one-half inches felt right at home inside her. I started out by fucking Debbie slowly, but after a few hard thrusts, I shot my wad and she moaned sensuously. After a good, hard, long fuck, we both lay in bed totally exhausted as my pecker began feeling the effects.

Not realizing that Debbie and I were fucking up a storm, my roommate, Dick, opened the door and walked right in. He flipped the light switch, and his big, black eyes stared in amazement at the milk maiden and me. Dick turned red in embarrassment and carefully began heading back out of the room. I told him that it was okay and asked if he would stay and talk. He agreed, and as he sat down on his bed and spoke to Debbie, I knew she was quite impressed with Dick's endowment, as she stared at his crotch and flashed her lovely, unique smile. By observing the expressions on the two innocent faces, I was convinced that Dick and Debbie wanted a little action, and I must admit that I was all for a little more lovemaking. I casually suggested that maybe the three of us could make something of the rest of the evening, and their reaction was unanimous.

Debbie jumped up naked and turned out the lights as Dick stripped himself raw. She walked over to him and began rubbing her huge tits in his glowing face.



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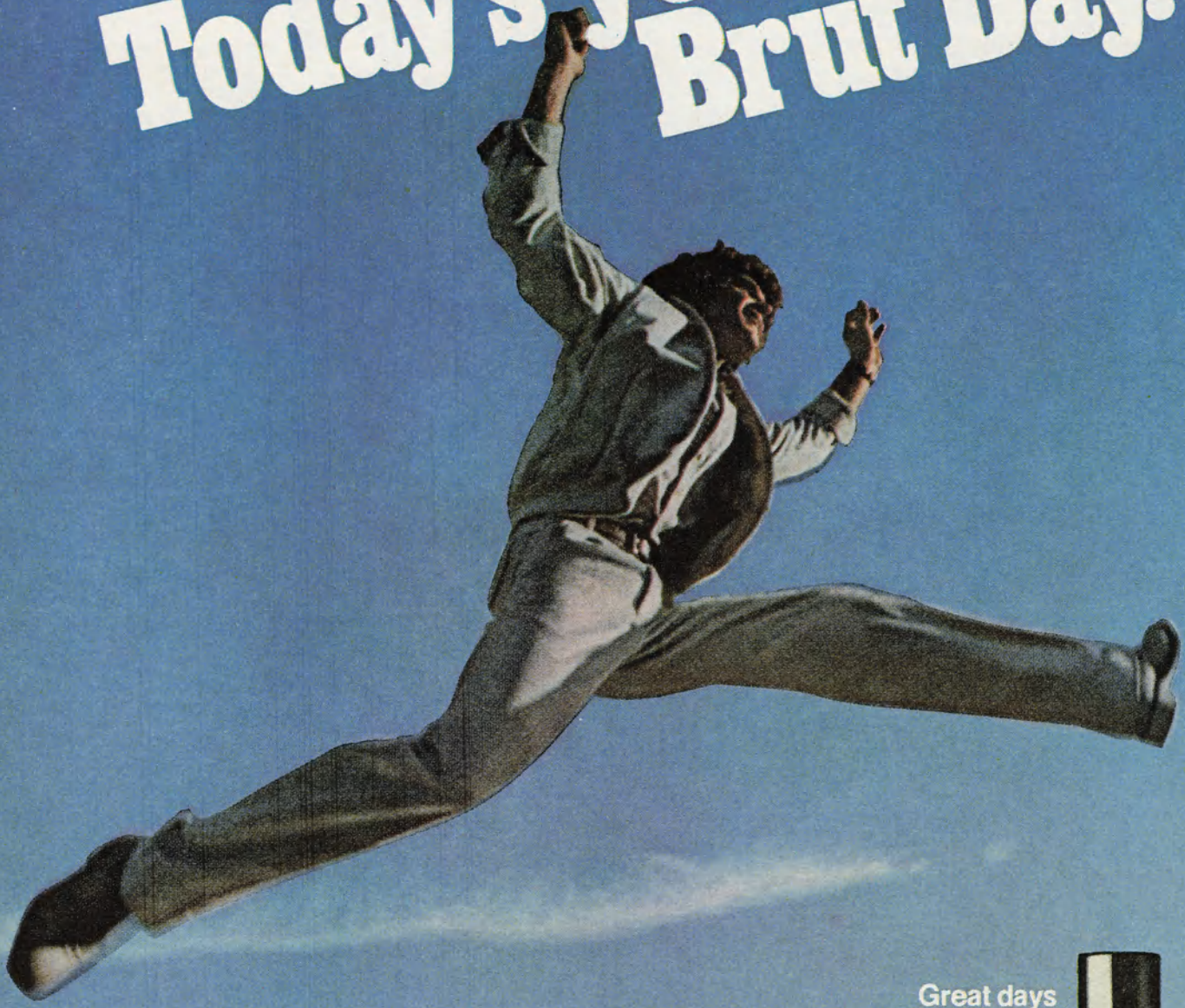

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The Rabbit Convertible really holds four people. The two rear seats are not those little jokes you often see.

The trunk is fascinating. A whole lot bigger than you'd expect, and you can get at it from inside. No more getting soaked outside looking for the umbrella inside.

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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

She soon reached for his big, circumcised rod and began stroking. Just the sight of Debbie fondling another guy's cock had my meat suddenly standing at attention. As Dick's dick bounded out, Debbie knelt down and began to suck, much to his pleasure. She gave him a long, full blowjob while he caressed her big, soft tits.

By this time I was becoming extremely hot and horny. My sexual needs were not exactly being fulfilled; so I decided to get a piece of the action. Debbie quickly jumped onto the bed on all fours. Dick approached her from the back, and I made my move from the front. He began to fuck her doggie-style while fingering her clit. I played with her mounds while she gave me a blowjob that felt much more sensitive than the previous one. I could see that Dick and I came at the same time, and his deft finger had Debbie coming in waves.

After the three of us had rested for a few minutes, both Dick and I became hard again. Dick ate her sweet pussy and then fucked her again, and I wondered how much punishment this woman could take. Debbie was giving me a handjob while Dick was humping her madly, which had me erupting wildly all over the bed and walls.

Finally, feeling sexually satisfied, the three of us got dressed, and Debbie and I agreed to go back to Mike's party for a while. After smoking some more grass, I was ready to crash. Debbie was sitting next to me, asleep, with her head resting gently on my shoulder. Eventually, as the party was coming to a close, we got up and headed out to go for a walk.

That ended the most interesting evening I've had since I began attending this wonderful university. Never before had I shared a girl with another guy. I must say, however, that it did make the experience more interesting. Just for the record, I have fucked Debbie once since then, but that is another story.—*Name and address withheld*

Northern lights

I never believed the letters in your magazine until I had an experience last semester that was a dream come true. I am an honor student at a large midwestern university. I major in sociology and, as a senior, was allowed to choose from several electives offered by my department. Looking for an easy "A," I decided to enroll in a "pud" class called Human Sexuality H-255—a field in which I have always felt my knowledge was embarrassingly inadequate. The enrollment was small because the class met at 9:00 P.M. Thursday nights, and our instructor, a visiting professor from Norway, immediately suggested that future classes be conducted in a more relaxed setting. Looking back, I am very grateful that the other students unanimously accepted the professor's invitation to hold the rest of the classes in her large Victorian home, which she occupied with two roommates.

Our instructor was a tall woman with petite features, an aloof demeanor, and, for a woman of only 27 years of age, a conservative taste in clothes. Little did I know during that first week of class how much my opinion would change. The first several meetings passed uneventfully; without much regret, I missed the fifth week of class when I left campus to visit my steady girl friend in Colorado. When the sixth Thursday rolled around, I drove to the house, hoping that the lady would not be overly upset with my unexcused absence. As I approached her house, I noticed that there were no other cars but was not surprised, since I had arrived early because I wanted to discuss the material I had missed.

Birgit answered the door dressed only in a black silk nightgown, which contrasted nicely with her long, golden hair. I stammered out an apology for being early, but she invited me in and offered to pour me a drink. She said that she had not felt well that week and had canceled class. I started to leave, but she told me to sit down and offered to review the material I had missed. I could not help noticing her perfectly formed breasts, which jutted out against the shiny, dark fabric. As she was sitting cross-legged on the couch, her nightgown rode up her legs, revealing ever more of those lithe, tan limbs. We were discussing the free love of the late sixties when my eagerly rising bulge showed that I was in full approval of the concept. My answers became shorter and shorter, as did my breath.

It was only a matter of time before she

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WHEN YOU'RE HEADING HOME,
EVEN THE SKY SEEMS TO SAY
IT'S TIME FOR RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED

THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE

noticed my increasing ardor. I tried to keep my mind on the subject at hand, but she finally removed the textbooks from the couch and leaned over me—one hand untying her nightgown as the other reached for my pants. Her firm lips pressed down on mine while her tongue explored the deepest recesses of my mouth. After several minutes of intense foreplay she suddenly stopped, and I feared that her tutoring session was over; however, she said in a most sultry, seductive tone that she was going to show me a little-known technique that is practiced only in Scandinavia. Then she proceeded to grasp my middle finger tightly and insert it in her mouth, sucking on it with unbridled passion.

I became even more excited and began to apply my free hand to her pussy. I could tell that she was very experienced in sucking various parts of the anatomy, and we began to writhe in harmony as she continued her "finger blowjob," and I delved deeper into her smooth, blonde snatch. It gave me the most intense feeling I had ever had. After some time she switched to the other hand; I followed her lead and found out I was ambidextrous at exploring her dripping love tunnel.

At last we were both on the verge of orgasmic explosion. We ripped off each other's clothes as we proceeded to her satin-covered canopy bed. After her warm-up on my fingers, she was begging for my now swollen love muscle. Her able tongue and lips engulfed my shaft and soon worked their magic as I began to spurt buckets, every drop of which she gulped down ravenously. A sudden noise from the door caused my love ally to interrupt her feast—her roommate Monique, gaping, not with disgust but with anticipation. We broke our torrid love knot so that Monique could join us; she quickly stripped, showing off her brown bush and large, firm breasts. Within seconds the three of us were involved in a tempting trio of sexual abandon. Stiff again at the sight of our voluptuous newcomer, I mounted Birgit and moments later filled her spacious fjord from my amazingly ample reservoir of white gold.

After several orgasms in various positions with my sex-starved companions, I retired for a while as Birgit and Monique continued fondling each other's tits and cunt. Much later in the evening, we resumed our threesome in the shower, the streaming water lubricating our sustained passion.

The next morning, after another session, I left my luscious friends and we promised to resume on a weekly basis. Later in the week my adviser was surely surprised when he learned that I was changing the topic of my senior thesis to "Norwegian Sexual Practices." He must have wondered about my sly grin as well when I told him that I was really looking forward to researching the topic.—*Name and address withheld*

"Maybe I'm just old-fashioned, but to me we live in a dog-eat-dog world!"

A walking wet dream

I am a student at a large university in the Boston area. Last week I had a remarkable experience that made all the hard studying worthwhile. It was the first week of classes, and I was in the stacks on an upper floor of the library, trying to find some books to get an early start on a term paper that had just been assigned. I was squatting down, perusing the books on the bottom shelf, when I sensed a presence to my right. I turned my head and found myself staring at a beautiful pair of knees. I looked up and found that they belonged to Carla, a girl I had met in my economics class last semester. Carla was one of the most fetching girls in school and had occasionally flirted with me last term. My response had always been cool, though, as I had been involved with someone else at the time. That relationship had since fallen apart, and now I had no reason to be reticent.

Carla is, simply stated, a walking wet dream. She is 19 years old and has short red hair, freckles, and a little-girl face that makes her look three or four years younger. Her body is full but not thin, with just the right amount of baby fat. The manner in which she usually dresses does nothing to detract from this girlish image. She generally wears a one-piece jumper, which ends about three inches above the knees, a white blouse underneath, and knee socks. On those occasions when she wears pants, it is always in conjunction with a too small T-shirt, which refuses to cover her navel and exposes a beautiful strip of tummy.

On this day she was wearing a navy-blue jumper and matching knee socks. As I looked up and saw who it was, I remarked jokingly, "I thought those knees looked familiar." As I stood up, she replied, "Oh? I didn't know you noticed such things. What else do you notice?" As she spoke these last words, she was staring directly at my crotch. "I've always thought you had lovely legs," I went on, "and I really like the effect with the skirt and socks."

"But you've only seen a few inches of my legs," she responded, continuing what I thought was only mutual teasing. "Wouldn't you like to see more?" I could only nod mutely.

With that she began to pull up her dress slowly, to my total amazement. She inched the dress up her thighs, stopping with a sly smile before her crotch. Then, licking her lips, she continued until the material was at her waist. She was wearing white cotton panties with a pattern of pink flowers on them. The picture was complete. Around her cunt the elastic was slightly frayed, and a few tufts of reddish brown hair peeked out. "Do you really like my legs?" she asked, and I replied by embracing and kissing her, my hands encircling her body and digging

into the softness of her panty-clad ass.

As we stood there soul-kissing in the deserted stacks, her hands began fondling my hard cock through my jeans. I, in turn, left one hand in the crack of her ass and brought the other around front to feel the spreading wetness through the thin material. After stroking her clit through the cotton for a few minutes, I reached my hand inside, dipping two and then three fingers into her slippery hole. "God! I want you to fuck me; I want you to fuck me so bad," she said in short gasps. I removed my fingers from her pussy, placed them to her lips, and told her to follow me.

I knew of a deserted storage room off the north staircase, as I had often come there for a reefer break from studying. As usual, the door was open and the room empty. I locked the door behind us, and we proceeded to tear off each other's clothes and quickly tumbled to the cold concrete floor. The coldness shocked us, and we jumped up, laughing hysterically. We made a small pad from our discarded clothes and went back to work. Carla went straight to my cock, licking and sucking it while making loving, cooing, murmuring sounds the whole time. She acted almost as if my cock and balls were objects of ecstatic worship. She seemed to sense that I was about to come and quickly removed her mouth, saying, "I want you to fuck me now."

That sounded good to me, and we began to go at it missionary style. The tightness and warmth of her juicy cunt felt like heaven. After about ten minutes of this Carla pleaded, "Doggie style—do it to me doggie style." I turned her over, pausing a minute to look at her gorgeous behind and glistening pussy lips poised and waiting for my cock and then entered quickly in one long stroke. Carla cried out in pleasure and began humping backward, matching me stroke for stroke. After some time I inserted my middle finger in my mouth, coating it with saliva, and thrust its whole length up her cute, puckered ass hole. She cried out with pleasure as her entire body convulsed in orgasm. A few seconds later the wild contractions of her cunt caused me to shoot my load of hot sperm deep inside her.

After lying together for a while, giggling and confessing how we had long wished for something like this to happen, we began to kiss and caress again. This time our love play led to my sucking and licking her wet clit and pussy. Her bucking hips showed me the rhythm she wanted on her clitoris, and soon after I provided it, her body shook again with orgasm. She pulled me up to her face, kissing and licking her own cunt juice from my lips.

Finally we decided to get back to our books before a janitor or someone else discovered us. We picked up our crumpled clothes and began to dress. As I was kneeling down to tie my shoelaces, I heard Carla say sweetly, "Look at me, darling." Apparently the show wasn't over. Carla was sitting on the window sill dressed once again in her jumper, knee socks, and loafers. Her knees were pulled up to her breasts, fully exposing her naked cunt. In her right hand she held her panties, and while spreading her love lips with her left hand, she began stuffing those adolescent underpants up inside her. Slowly the flowered fabric disappeared, first the waist band, then the leg openings, and finally the beautifully stained crotch. With a beatific smile she removed her hands, her lips returned to their natural position, and no trace of the panties was visible. Then she walked over to me, took my arm, and said, "Come on, lover, let's go." We left the room and walked to the desk, where I had left my books. As I was gathering up my things, Carla quickly looked around and, seeing no one, placed one foot on the table, pulled her dress up, reached into her slit, and slowly removed its contents. She pushed the panties into my face, letting me inhale their sultry aroma, and said, "I want you to have these."

I was glad to accept the gift. Carla and I still see each other frequently, and I will treasure those worn-out, soiled, cunt-drenched panties forever.—*Name and address withheld*

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Meet me by the dinosaurs

I think you will find this story very unusual, proving that outwardly stodgy and conservative institutions aren't what they appear to be.

Last year I was going to school at a West Coast university and living in a student dorm, which was across the street from a museum. Now, I always thought that museums were filled with dull old men who spend their days cleaning dinosaur bones and sticking pins in dead insects, but I found this wasn't true at all.

Since I was on the upper floor of the dorm, in warm weather I used to leave my window open and walk naked in my room. I should tell you now that I am 20, a woman, five foot six inches tall and have a 36-24-36 figure and a nice West Coast suntan. Well, I didn't think anyone could see me from the street. As for the museum, I was sure it was full of old men who didn't care what a young woman's body looked like, and, anyway, it was over 400 feet away; so nobody could see anything anyway, right? Wrong!

One afternoon, I noticed something shining in one of the windows across the street. I borrowed my neighbor's binoculars, and to my surprise I saw a telescope! I continued to look for a week, and it remained there—pointed straight at my window.

Well, my little brother has an astronomy telescope; so one weekend, when I went home, I borrowed it. When I looked back on Monday afternoon, I saw in that window an astronomy telescope and a camera with a telephoto lens! Best of all, there was a cute guy behind them! When he saw that I saw him, he started to pull the shade, but I decided what the hell and waved to him. (I was naked as a jay.) He left the window for a second and then returned with a sign that read, "Meet me by the dinosaurs at three."

Having broken up with my one and only boyfriend of five years a month earlier and being both lonely and horny, I decided to go meet him. After all, what can happen in a museum? Well, he was really nice, and we talked for a couple of hours until the place closed. He then took me up to his office and showed me the pictures he had taken of me and some of the other girls who have sunbathed nude on the roof (they think no one can see them). Before I left, he kissed me and asked me to meet him the next day by the dinosaurs at ten in the morning. I had no Friday classes; so I said yes.

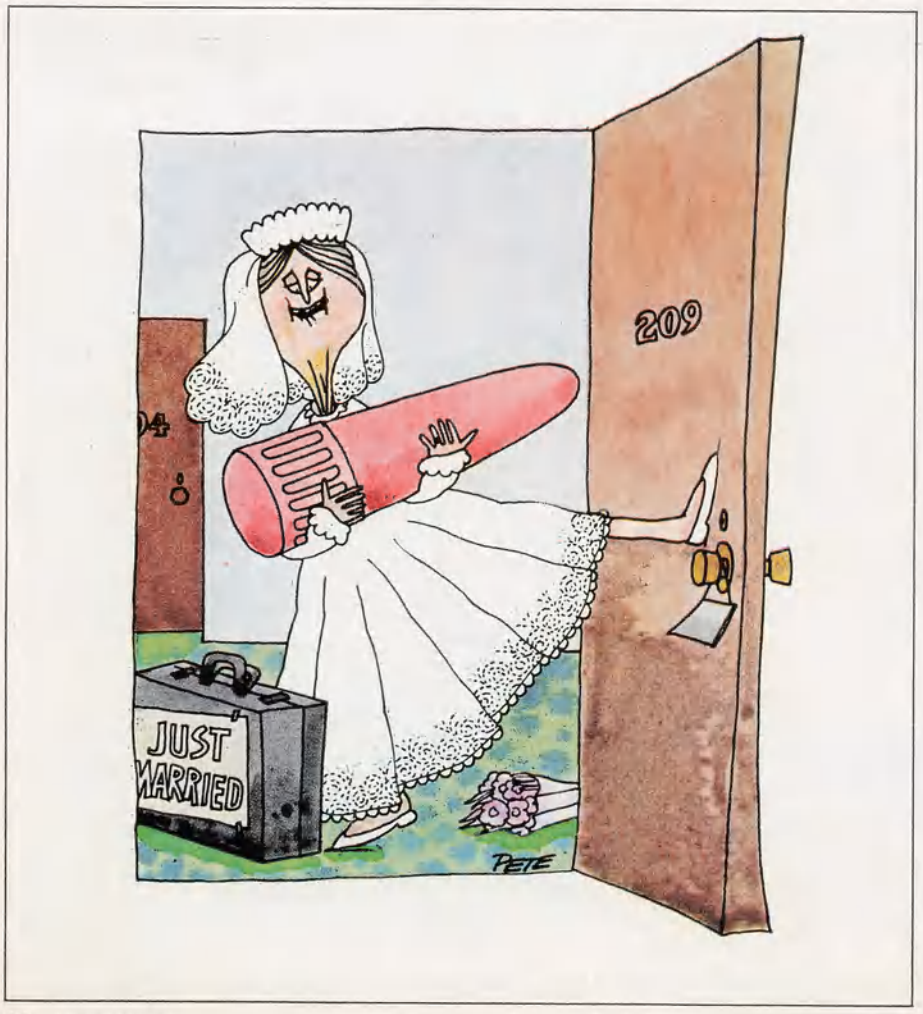
I spent that night horny as a hamster! By ten the next day I was dripping juices so much that I had to wear a Kotex. When I saw him, I could have jumped him right there. We walked through the museum—he called it the ten-cent tour—and when we got to one of the more out-of-the-way galleries, he kissed me again. It was all I could do to keep from coming right then. I told him, "I wish I could get you into the dorm, but we aren't allowed male guests."

He just smiled and said, "Come with me." We walked into another hall, and he took his key and opened a small door. Behind it was a small room and another door. He locked the first door, and he opened the second. "Be real quiet," he said. "We're behind one of the animal displays, and if you make too much noise a hundred schoolchildren on museum tours will hear you." He then took some packing quilts that were rolled up there and put them down on the floor.

We took off our clothes as if they were on fire. He began kissing my mouth, then my neck, then my breasts. When he kissed my hard nipples, I came. When he kissed them again, I came again. His hand went down to my wet pussy and slid around the outside. I couldn't believe it—I came again! Then he went down on me and ate me out while he worked his finger in and out at the same time. It was so fantastic that I had to hold an end of the quilt over my mouth to muffle the screams. And when he finally slid his thick, warm cock into me, I almost passed out. And then, slowly, expertly, and lovingly, he fucked me and fucked me. I kept wanting to feel him come, but he kept saying, "Not yet." And he kept fucking and fucking and fucking. And I kept coming and coming and coming. Finally, after four hours, he came. I couldn't believe it.

He produced a large box of giant tissues, and it took the whole box to dry us off. I asked him why he had waited so long to come, and he said he had two reasons. First, he enjoyed making it last so long. Second, he wanted me to have the best fuck of my life so that I would want to come back and do it again. Well, I have been coming back for almost a year now, and we have screwed in places all over the building—sometimes all day and sometimes just for a coffee break. So far, I don't think anyone suspects.

I am graduating in June, but I will be going on for my doctorate at the same school. So we are both looking forward to many more years with the dinosaurs and stuffed animals.—*Name and address withheld*



Best one yet

I'd really like to tell the most exciting sexual encounter that my girl friend, Pam, and I have ever had.

On a Tuesday night we decided to attend a basketball game at the college from which we both recently graduated. Since the afternoon I'd been feeling very horny, thanks to Pam's expertise in teasing me to the max. This is a pastime that we both delight in. This time she started by pinching my nipples with her fingers and running that velvet viper of a tongue over the head of my cock. Stretching the skin very tight, she started to bob up and

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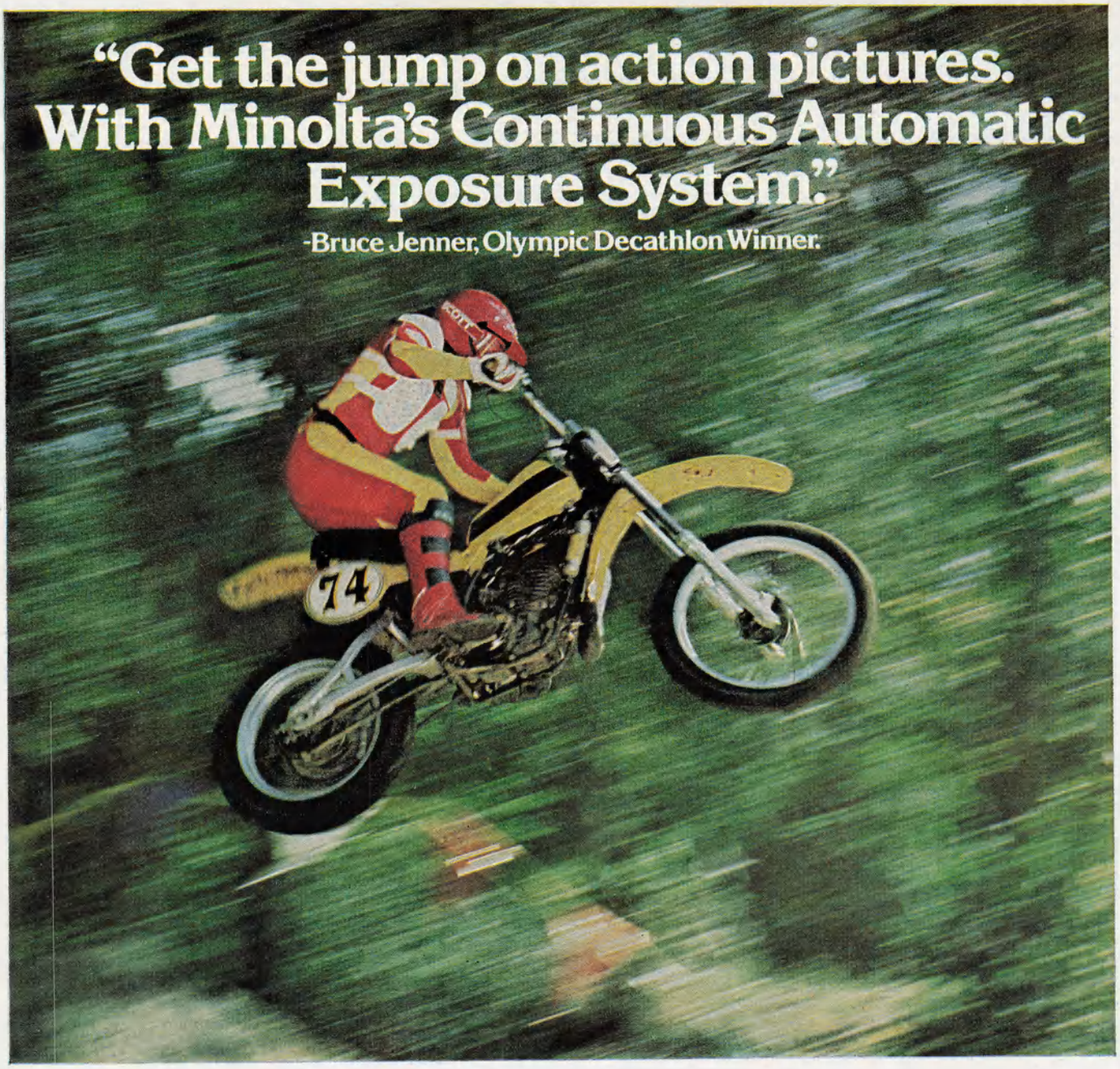

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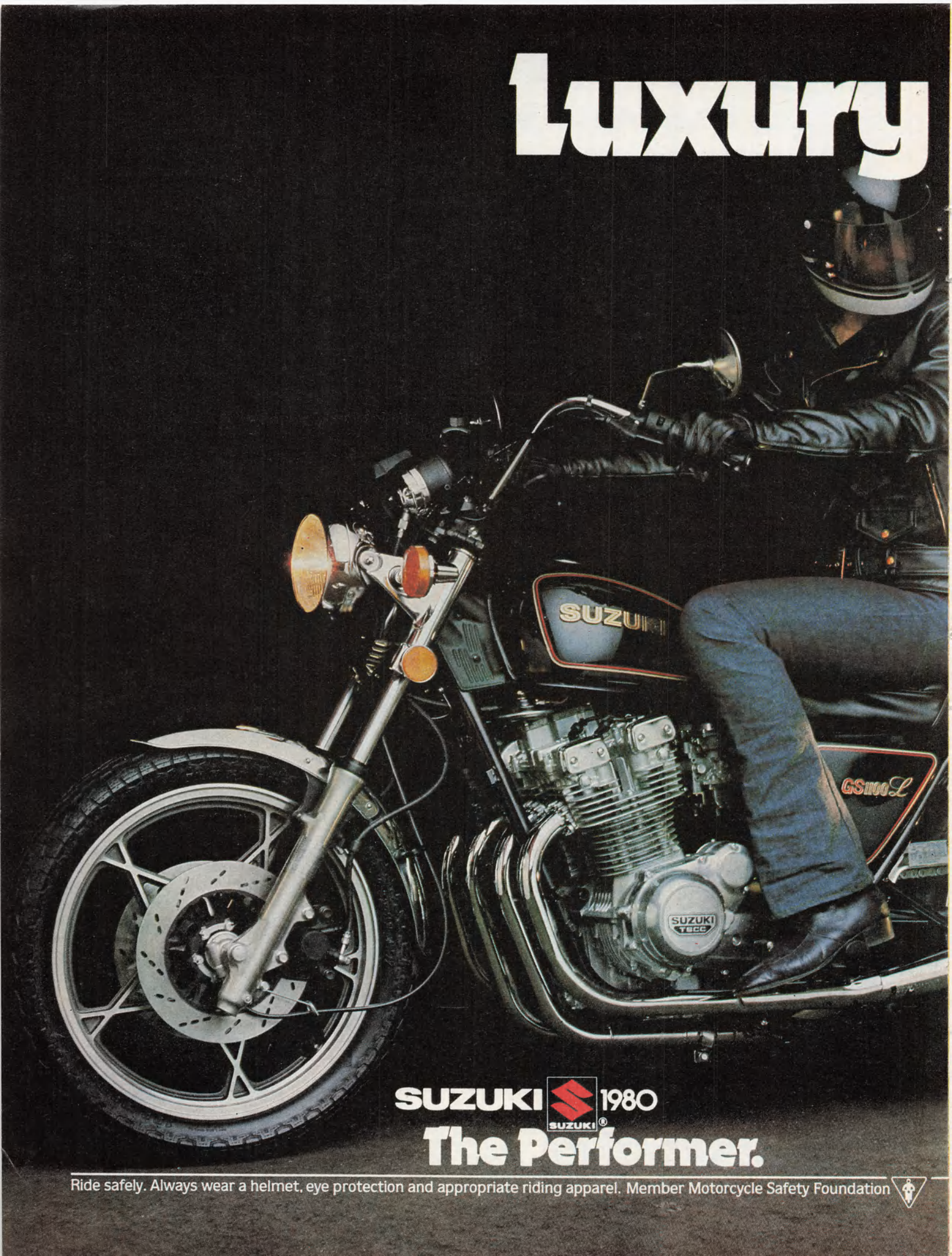
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down on me like a cork. I was so close that I was grinding up into her mouth. Then she stopped and said, "That's all you get!" I went crazy. I wanted to come so bad that my cock was oozing and throbbing and my balls ached. Anyway, that night when I went back to pick her up, I had orgasm on my mind.

When I saw her, I almost came immediately. She had on tight jeans and a red satin shirt with no bra. Before I continue, I should describe her; she's about five foot seven and weighs 130 pounds. Her measurements are 37-24-35. She is a 22-year-old knockout with auburn hair, green eyes, a tight little ass, perky breasts with hard, brown nipples, and an innocent/sexy personality that could make a noodle hard.

We started to French-kiss. I put my hand in her crotch, and I could feel her heat. Suddenly she pushed me away saying, "All you ever think about is having sex with me!"—which, I have to admit, is pretty close to being true, and if you could see her, you'd know why. But we love each other dearly, and we both know it. At first I thought she was really pissed, but then, as she left the room, she slid her breasts across my chest and gave my cock a honk. So I knew she was only kidding.

Later, at the game, all I could do was think of her and what I was going to do with her. Pam didn't help matters any, because every time our team scored, she would bounce up and down with her full jugs straining against her shirt, and my cock would strain against my pants in time with her.

After the game, we went to the local pub, which is the college hangout. Talk and beer flowed freely. As Pam and I talked, she'd nonchalantly squeeze my ass and coyly lick her finger as if it were my cock. This drove me really wild! Then she started to tickle me, which turns me on and makes me very hard. My cock was ready to burst by this time. To make matters worse, she started to whisper how she was going to take my cock and run her tongue around the head and stick it in its little eye, and how she was going to suck all my come out and then kiss me, and how her pussy was so wet and needed a good pounding. I'll tell you, if I'd been any drunker, I would have torn off her clothes and fucked her right there! She ordered a double snakebite and downed it rapidly. I could see she was really buzzed now; so I ushered her out to my car and drove back to her place.

As soon as we got inside, she went wild on me. She tore off her own clothes as fast as she tore off mine. I could see her pussy was soaking wet and her pussy lips were pouting like a scolded child. My cock had been so hard for so long that it was almost numb. I picked her up and threw her on her bed. I mounted her and, reaching down, cupped her ass in both hands and drove into her. She was moaning in my ear, "Fuck me, fuck me, oh, God . . . *fuck* me!" This surprised me, because she usually never swears and is offended by swearing.

I pounded her for all I was worth. Soon I felt my jism fire into her percolating pussy as I collapsed with relief and joy on top of her. I pulled out, and I was still hard; she immediately went down on me, and I started to lick her come-filled pussy. We engaged in a furious 69; the taste of my come and her juices brought me to a new high. She came as I filled her mouth, and we rested for a while.

The drinks really hit her now. She couldn't even sit up; so I rolled her over onto her stomach and started to massage her neck and shoulders. I could feel my cock brush against her ass, and it got heavy and hard again. A daring thought entered my head. I slid one finger over her cheeks. This usually causes her to jump, but she was so anesthetized by the alcohol that she started to moan softly. I then slid a finger up and down her crack, which was wet from her pussy juices. Her moans of enjoyment increased. I was really hard now, because she had never let me touch her there before. I slid down and gently parted her buns and flicked my tongue up her moist crack. She started to moan, "Oh, yes, oh, yes, more, more please!"

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With that, I plunged my tongue as deep into her as possible and put two fingers into her tight pussy. I kept moving them in unison for about 20 minutes. By now Pam was really starting to buck and roll. I felt her ass hole squeeze my tongue. I put one finger in her butt and finger-fucked her, which drove her crazy. I could tell she wanted more, but I only kept doing this as part revenge for teasing me earlier.

Soon she was delirious and pantingly said, "Fuck me, fuck my ass, oh, please fuck my ass, fuck me hard . . . please!" Quickly I mounted her and slowly but deliberately drove my cock into her butt, pushing her virginity there into extinction. With every thrust into her, her buns came up to meet me. She was so tight! I reached under her and tweaked her nipples, and her buns squeezed my cock. Pam then begged me to fuck her harder. I didn't need much persuasion! I proceeded to slam into her; my balls were bouncing off her wet pussy. I started to moan, "I'm coming in you, Pam; oh, Pam . . . ohhh!" She came violently at the same time that I was filling her funky darkness. After we calmed down, we hugged until we both fell asleep.

In the morning she couldn't remember much and wondered why she felt so sore. When I filled her in on the details, she didn't believe it, but the soreness soon convinced her. She's threatening revenge now and says that what I did to her was tame in comparison to what she's planning to do to me: I can *hardly* wait!—*Name and address withheld*

Blueberry picking

I have read your magazine for about two years and sometimes scoffed at some of the stories your readers send in. I thought nothing so bizarre and unexpected as some of those letters are could be true. Nothing like that ever happens to me, and I'm just your average 20-year-old black guy who has fair luck with the girls—but nothing to brag about. However, an incident this summer proved that if you are in the right place at the right time, you can sometimes get lucky.

A white friend of mine had been bugging me all summer to go pick blueberries with him. I had exhausted all my excuses, and summer was almost over. One Friday I finally agreed to go. We got there early in the morning, and I resigned myself to a long day of picking and the prospect of purple-stained hands and plenty of blisters. Christ, this place was really out in the sticks! What had I gotten myself into?

We agreed to start at one section, he at one far end, I at the other. There were a few people there, but no one near me; so I started to work. After going about three yards in two hours, I was ready to quit. I saw no one near me, the sun was beating down, and I had had enough. I had just about started to go back when a shy voice said, "Hi."

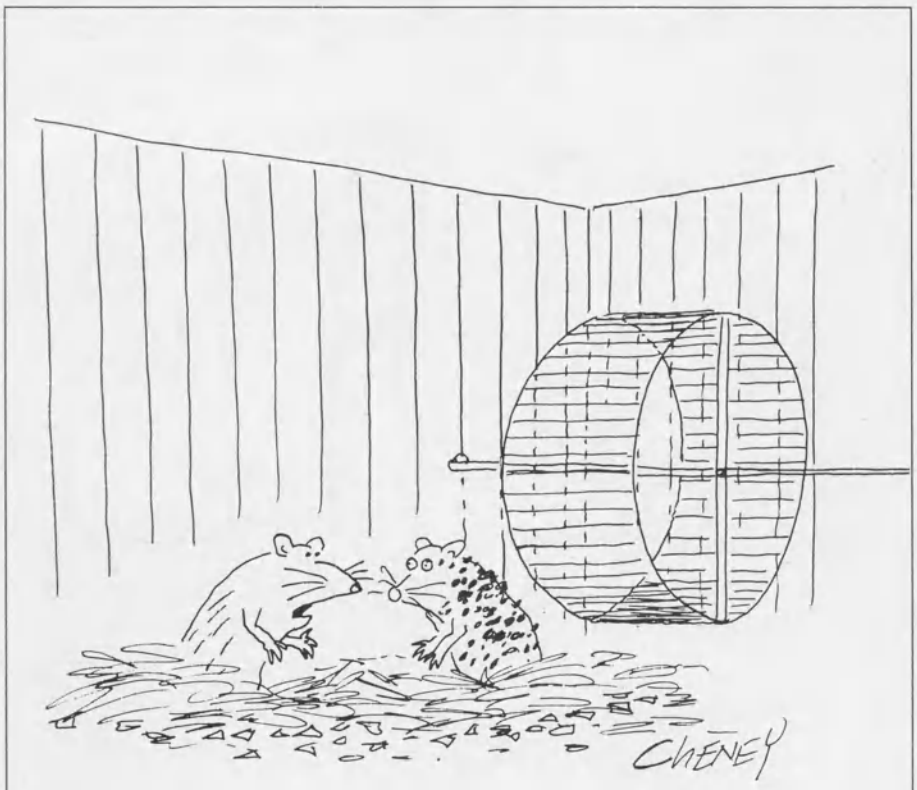
I turned around and saw what looked to be an exact replica of a famous model crawling through the brush. She was fairly tall, thin, blonde, with long silky hair, and her face looked as if it belonged in a fashion magazine. I mean, this girl was dynamite! Before I could blurt anything out, a second girl stepped through the brush. She looked even better! She had on faded denim overalls and a figure God made for one reason. I guess they must have noticed my initial shock because the first one said, "Don't look so shocked! We come here often. But obviously you don't."

"Well, no, I don't," I admitted, "and I don't think I'll be back soon." The second girl then chirped, "But now that you are here, we can talk." I thought inwardly that I wanted to do more than talk, but since they were so good-looking and white, I quickly dismissed that idea. After all, I reasoned, I was in Ohio, where KKK diehards still lived. Yes, talk would have to do.

It turned out that they were sisters who often took drives in the country for want of "nothin' else to do." They told me that the boys in their high school all bored them and that it was hard to get dates anyway. I replied that they should have no trouble getting dates because they were both very pretty. At this the girls perked up and told me that they had been watching me work for a long time and agreed that I'd do.

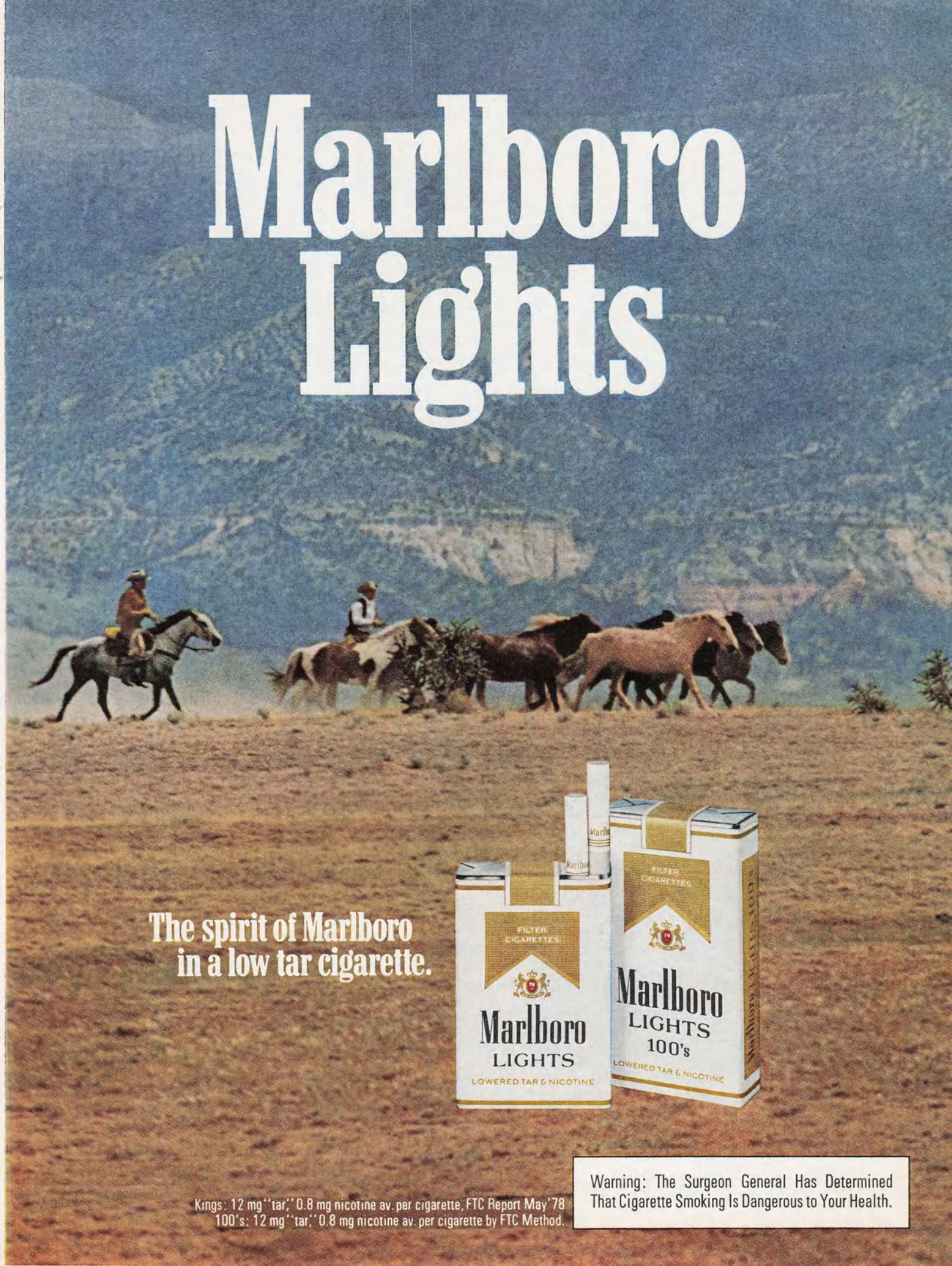
They told me to follow them, which I did, wondering what I'd do for. We arrived at a sort of hidden cove, and I thought they wanted to smoke a joint, but I don't smoke and was getting ready to tell them that when the tallest one, Carol, blurted out, "You said we were pretty, right?" "Yes," I countered, not knowing what the hell else to say. And with that she dropped her overall straps and there stood before me a fully nude Carol. Kicking her overalls off, she said, "We've never had a colored boy before, but you'll be the first." I almost came in my jeans at that, but someone was already unzipping them, and before I knew it, I was naked, lying on the straw with these two white tigresses on my body.

First Leslie took my dick, which was throbbing with passion by this time. She murmured, "I always did like black licorice sticks," and put those ruby red lips around my cock and sucked for all she was worth. Carol, meanwhile, was on my chest, pinching my nipples as she gave me deep, long soul kisses. I knew I couldn't last long, and I exploded like a volcano into Leslie's mouth, but she caught every drop of it. Then she took my limp member and, starting with my balls, sucked and licked them and my shaft until I was hard again. She then glided my prick into her steaming pussy. The sensation was unbelievable! I was in seventh



"How many times have I told you not to take a shit while you're running the treadmill?"

Marlboro Lights



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Start your C.C. search at BART's last city stop, and take a 30-cent ride. Change to another mode of transit, and ride until you can transfer again. Do so, and head for the farthest terminus, but debark at the first right-angle. Stroll a nearby street till it suggests a profession. Then head back toward your latter mode of transit but this time one block closer to your former. Where idlers often gather, note who stays the longest.

Find a way out of town but stay in.

Now head straight to some rails and follow them as far as necessary to meet a way named for an important Gold Rush figure. Let it lead you to a way out of the city, but don't leave. (If you've made it this far, don't think things are looking up.) Now return to the last route you were directed

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to take. Somewhere along it we hid our Canadian Club. Things you've seen should tell you where.

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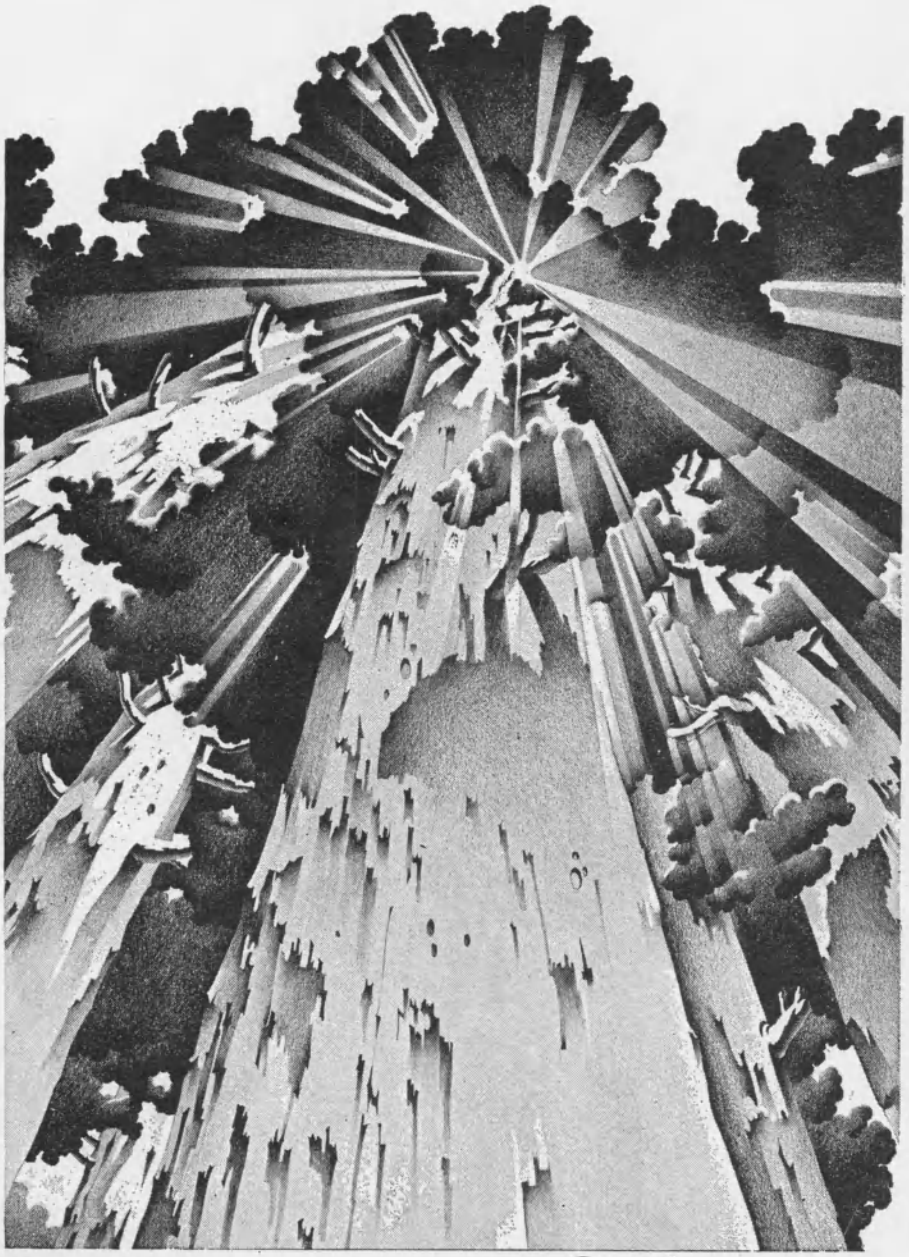

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heaven in a white-bread sandwich!

Just then Carol got up and thrust her snatch deep in my mouth. I had never even considered putting my mouth in a woman's twat before, but then and there a 20-year-old taboo was broken. I lapped hungrily at that silky-haired blonde pussy until I went mad. Carol groaned hoarsely, and soon her juices spilled freely over my face and onto the ground. "Suck it harder," she screamed, and I lapped and flicked my tongue out of that clit for what seemed like hours. Meanwhile, Leslie had me near another breaking point, and I soon shot my boiling wad deep into her womb. I could tell by her moans that she had an orgasm soon after. She twisted and wiggled her body like a snake, twisting and turning my dick inside her like a piece of twine. God, the feeling was undescribable. I could have died right there with a smile on my face. I could not believe any of this!

Then I got the courage to push them both off, and I hungrily grabbed Leslie (or was it Carol?) and thrust my hard cock deep into her cunt. She wrapped her deeply tanned legs and arms around me and would have screamed out if Leslie's tongue wasn't deep on her mouth. Soon after I nutted a *third* time! But just before I did, I pulled my prick out of Carol's pussy and jerked off while the both of them savored every drop, like a pair of hungry puppies lapping on milk. I was having a fantasy filled!

All three of us were exhausted. We lay there still nude, with one of the sisters sucking my cock. After a while we heard voices; so we dressed quickly. I looked at those firm, white asses slide into those jeans, knowing just minutes before I had savored both of those buns. They kissed me and scooted out of sight. I was too tired to chase them; so I just went the opposite way toward where I had been working.

The sun was setting, and I didn't want to get stuck out there. So I found my friend, and we made plans to leave. I hastily stammered out some excuse for my lack of blueberries, but I really didn't care. I had lived a dream today. I really can't say if white girls are better than black, but that was the best pussy, black or white, I ever had.—*R.A., Toledo, Ohio*

Nightwatch

My name is Suzie. I'm 22, considered very attractive, and a college student.

I recently began to date Randy, a fantastic guy with a fantastic body who is the greatest I've ever had in bed. Two weeks ago Randy said that one of his professors wanted him to look after his lakeside cabin near here for a week while he was in West Germany. Randy said okay, and he and I made plans to spend the week there.

The cabin was beautiful, with a fireplace and wall-to-wall carpeting. It was wonderfully isolated except for another small cabin a short distance away. On

our first day there Randy met Rick, the 18-year-old son of the people who own the cabin nearby. Rick's family live in New York, and he lives in the cabin while attending college as a freshman. Randy brought Rick over to meet me, and we had a few beers.

When I saw Rick, I was turned on by his body. Small but athletic with a tight rear, he looked a lot like Jimmy McNichol of *California Fever*. While he sat there on the couch, I fantasized what he'd look like out of his clothes, but I was content with Randy.

That Friday night Randy and I were about to go to bed when we heard Rick's car drive up to the other cabin. I jokingly told Randy my fantasy, and Randy said, "Why not go over and look through the window and watch him undress?" I said only if he went with me; so off we went. We crept up to the window, and my heart began to pound faster when I saw there was a sizable gap in the closed drapes. I looked in and saw the inside of a bedroom. Rick was over by the dresser and was taking off his shirt and then his pants. When he turned around, I could tell he was well hung—the bulge in his shorts looked great!

Randy noticed a light in their downstairs bathroom go off and said, "There's someone else in there!" In walked a beautiful girl with long, brunette hair. Rick put his arms around here and kissed her for what seemed a long time. Then he lifted her shirt out of her pants, helped her take it off, and undid her bra.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Here was one of the most erotic guys I'd ever seen ready to screw, and I was so close that I could almost reach out and touch them! Rick's hard-on was soon free. The girl pushed his shorts off, and she peeled off her pants and panty hose. I hoped that they wouldn't turn off the light, and Randy by now had his cock out and was rubbing it up and down. Rick and the girl got onto the bed. He massaged her clit while she rubbed his hard penis. While my eyes were feasting on Rick's body, I couldn't help noticing the girl had a tight ass; firm, uplifted tits; and a beautiful face.

After going down on her and watching her ecstasy, Rick moved upward on her body, caressing each of her nipples with his long, hard penis. At this point I undid my jeans and rubbed my clit. Randy put his arms around me and pulled my jeans and panties down. When I looked around, his pants and shorts were down around his ankles, and he was watching the show while moving his penis against my rear.

After straddling her chest and fondling her tits with his hard-on, Rick moved a little higher and the girl lifted her head off the pillow to take his penis into her mouth. I wanted so much to see Rick's come fly out. After a couple of minutes, she leaned her head back and masturbated Rick until he shot gobs of come

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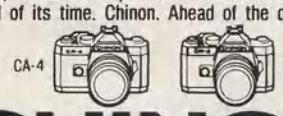

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over her tits, neck, face, and hair.

After about two or three minutes of fondling her with his hand to another orgasm, he was hard again and went inside her. My heart was pounding very hard, the sight was glorious, and Randy's penis was now inside me from behind. We watched Rick and his girl screw, and when I saw her climax I did, too, and soon after, Randy exploded in me. They never heard us, and we walked back to our cabin.

During that week we watched Rick a couple of more times with the same girl experimenting with different positions and once with another girl, a beautiful blonde with hair to her shoulders and the most lush golden public hair Randy had ever seen. Randy and I miss our nights watching Rick, but we still think of it when we're making it, and we're thinking of ways to get him and his girl into our bed!—*Name and address withheld*

Hanging heavy

I've been a reader of your magazine for more than five years and have decided it is my turn to write in about something that happened to me.

For the last few months, all I heard about was my husband's boss, how he needs a saddle because he's hung like a horse. After hearing this from three other sources, I decided to find out for myself. I'm 26 years old, five foot three, and a blue-eyed blonde measuring 34-24-36. Now I figure I can hold my own; so when Friday came, I volunteered to pick up my husband's check so that I could check out this piece of meat.

When I finally arrived, the place was loaded with mechanics just standing around shooting the breeze. My tinest bikini put a stop to that. (Of course I was on my way to the beach.) They all wanted to know whose wife I was, but suddenly the boss appeared, just in time to handle the situation. He stood six foot one, with black hair and graying sideburns—a gorgeous hunk of man. Well, I let my eyes roam at will over the length of this man's body, but there was no trace of his "personality" to be found.

I introduced myself, collected the check, and left. This went on for about five weeks, with me hitting the office regularly on Fridays and talking to the guys and seldom to the boss. Finally I decided to do something about it. I had always caught the mechanics checking me out but never the boss. So I went out into the shop and watched him work for a while. Whenever he glanced up, I diverted my attention to his crotch and let my eyes wander over his body. I knew he was watching me, and I was just eating up every second of it. This lasted for about 15 minutes, and then I excused myself and asked for directions to the bathroom. I came back, said good-bye, and left.

No sooner had I got home than my phone was ringing off the hook. It was the boss. Well, we were talking, and he wanted to know if Bill had come home yet when all along he knew he wasn't due for a while. So we were just casually talking about nothing when I interrupted him and asked, "Would you like to fuck me?" Well, that floored him, and he was speechless. Eventually, he said yes and admitted that he had been thinking how nice it would be. I asked why he had never asked and what had taken him so long, and he said that he had to keep a low profile around the guys. We set up a date for the next day, and I met him at his place.

He had just stepped out of the shower and was wearing only Levi's. He had the most beautiful chest of black curly hair I had seen in quite a while. His body was lean and muscular, with hair in just the right spots, which turned me on like nothing else. I put my hand on his bulging crotch and couldn't believe how huge it was. Well, I had to see it; so in the entrance hall I dropped to my knees and unzipped his pants. He wore no shorts and had the biggest, stiffest cock I had ever seen. It measured eleven inches hard and was as big around as my wrist. Well, I decided not to let it go to waste. I wrapped my wet lips around the head and sucked while I stroked the shaft. His legs started to shake, and he asked if we could go into the bedroom. That was fine with me. I took off his pants and took off my own skimpy sunsuit, and he started rubbing his cock, saying that he couldn't wait to get it on and it was so hard.

Seeing how I only had one article on, things went really smooth. I was soon naked and in his bed. We kissed and played with each other for a time until things became pretty heated and we couldn't take it anymore. Then I turned around to face that wonder and planted my lips on it. This was the biggest thing I ever put in my mouth. Then I licked his balls and ran the tip of my tongue over his ass hole and back to his balls, sucking each one.

I was like a bitch in heat. I couldn't get enough. All this time he was bucking me and holding onto my pussy like a mouse caught in a trap. His tongue kept darting in and out of my pussy while his fingers were playing havoc with the rest of my body. I was so hot that all I could do was to rotate my box in his face. Then he pushed his finger up my ass, and I screamed and came all over him. Still aching to have that huge cock inside me, he climbed on and lowered his rod into my dripping cunt. It filled me up completely, and there was just a little pain. Then he started pumping me slowly and then faster while his balls slapped against my ass. When I thought I couldn't stand any more, he rammed me full force and yelled, "I'm coming, take me, take all of me!" With my pussy throbbing, I slowly moved from under him to where I could

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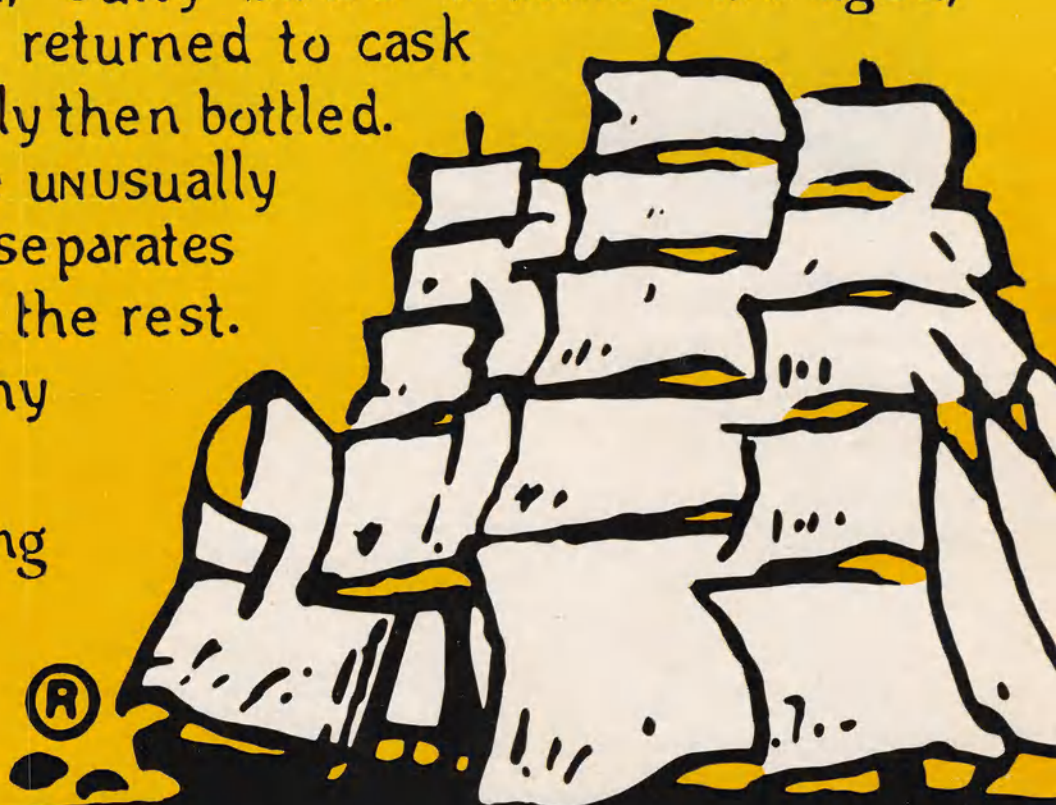

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reach his cock. I licked off our juices and sucked ever so lightly on his head while his muscles twitched and he jerked violently.

We have another date next week. Meanwhile, it hangs heavy till then.—*Name and address withheld*

Qué mujer!

I'd always been rather doubtful of some of the more fantastic letters in "Forum." But after what happened to me last weekend, I guess that anything is possible.

I'm a senior at a very prestigious university, and my major is Spanish. My teacher for the advanced course, whom I'll call Barbara, is quite attractive. She's in her late thirties, and she has short, jet-black hair and an almost baby face. At five foot two, her figure measures out at about 33-24-36. She has the habit of teasing the guys in her class, asking us very leading questions in Spanish during drill time. I must admit that when she turns her back on us to write on the blackboard, I can't resist gazing at one of the best asses I have ever seen. Many is the time when I have an aching hard-on during an exam!

Sad to say, I am not the best student in the world. I tend to party more than study, and as a result I *was* failing Spanish. She handed back our weekly test, and mine had the usual "F" stamped in bright red at the top—but there was something more this time. Barbara had written me a note telling me to see her after class. Holy shit, I thought.

I approached her afterward, but she was in a hurry and told me that now was not the time or the place to discuss my grade. She told me to be at her office at 10:00 P.M. Friday night. "No way!" was my immediate objection. I had a date. "It'll just have to be canceled," she snapped back. She explained that she'd be returning to her office from a linguistics conference late Friday evening to drop off some papers and that this time slot was the only one available. "I need to see you before you humiliate yourself on the *next* test on Monday." She was furious.

Friday night arrived, and Barbara was one-half hour late. All sorts of thoughts went through my brain while I nervously waited outside her office door. For sure she was going to recommend my "temporary probation," as it's called here.

She showed up at 10:30 all in a flurry. I offered to carry in the load of documents she had brought back from the conference. When she took off her overcoat in the office, I was stunned. There she stood in the slinkiest, tightest-fitting, black-satin dress I'd ever seen. It really complimented her figure and made that ass look ever so tempting! I felt an embarrassing tugging between my legs.

She sat on the desk top and crossed her legs. I noticed for the first time that her gown was slit to the hips as her beautifully smooth and well-tapered nylon thighs clamored out into the open for my attention. My cock was roaring now. It was throbbing so hard that it hurt! Barbara launched into a long tirade about my lousy grades and casual study habits. "You don't take me seriously, do you?" she shouted. She was really screaming at me, and I was just glad that we were on the *top* floor of an empty building, it being late Friday evening and all. "You'll have to be taught a stiff lesson," she continued. (Here comes my probation, I thought. My parents are going to *kill* me!) What came next left me tongue-tied.

"What you need is a good, old-fashioned spanking, young man. Pull down your pants." I stammered but regained some cool. I laughed and said, "Forget it! You've got no right! I'll report you so fast it'll . . ." I was sharply interrupted. "And who do you think they'd believe? Me or my *failing* student eager for a little revenge? Pull down your pants or fail my course."

She sat down on the couch beside me. I unbuckled and let my jeans fall down around my ankles. Keeping my underwear on, I proceeded to lie down on her lap. My hard-on had luckily slackened in all the excitement. I lay there waiting, and I heard her fumble through her purse. A hairbrush, I thought. I closed my eyes and clenched my teeth and waited. Her next move literally took my breath away. She reached up and yanked my jockey shorts down to my knees. My eyes shot open, and I gasped to feel my freed penis pressed tightly against her. Then came the brush. I winced, and tears streamed down my face when she blasted 20-odd solid whacks on each cheek. I was hurtn' for certain.

"Here," she said, "this will ease the soreness a bit," all of a sudden becoming Miss Florence Nightingale. I felt the cool softness of hand lotion as she massaged my raised, reddened buttocks. I was getting an erection, and Barbara knew it. I closed my eyes hard and tried to make it go away, but no good. I was brought back to reality by a sharp piercing in my rectum.

"Has anyone ever told you that you have a delicious bum?" she asked. Startled, I looked over my shoulder at her for the first time to watch (and feel) her middle finger sliding in and out of my ass hole. "You know something, Tom? You could very easily get an *A* in my course." Both of us smiled.

I got off her lap and knelt down beside her. I wriggled out of my shirt and kissed her while her hands groped for my six-inch flagpole. I kicked off my shoes and broke away. I got off the couch and took off my jeans. With only my socks on, I helped Barbara get out of her dress only to discover nothing underneath but a black garter belt. I massaged her milky-white shoulders and gazed at her lus-

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cious body while she struggled loose from the belt and nylons. As soon as she was totally naked in front of me, I grabbed her by the hair and shoved her down across the top of her desk. Pouring the hand lotion down her crack, I lubricated her twitching bung hole. Then I greased my hungry cock as thoroughly as I could and shoved it in. With one hand between Barbara's legs, squeezing the biggest and easiest-to-find clit I'd ever encountered, and the other hand massaging her buttocks, I rhythmically pumped to the sound and sight of my very own Spanish teacher having one wrenching orgasm after another.

I blasted her ass full of jism and withdrew, leaving her slumped over her desk blotter all sweaty and breathless. I wiped the lotion out of her hole as best I could with a tissue and my finger and knelt down behind her. I had yet another erection as I tongued that longed-for bum. I'd never rimmed anyone before—all of my girl friends had found the proposition disgusting. But Barbara seemed to relish anal sex as I felt her hand reach back to stroke my hair, gently pushing my face deeper and deeper into her crack.

I stood up and told her to kneel in front of me. I had been rubbing pretty hard while I was licking her behind, and I just wanted to finish off by watching the come explode all over Barbara's face. I got her square on the eyelid and guided my pulsating member so that her face was dripping with semen—from forehead to chin. I licked it off lovingly, and we ended with a probing French kiss. We lay on the office floor, me on top of her. Looking up at me, caressing my hair, she said; "You'll get an *A*, Tom. An *A* for effort."

Things are pretty cool now in Spanish class. I have to take all the tests still, as a formality. But I'm a straight-*A* student. I've even been invited back up to Barbara's office. As we say in Spanish: *¡Qué mujer!—Name and address withheld*

Getting in the mood

My boyfriend's roommate had a copy of your August 1979 issue, and one evening my boyfriend read your "Forum" section. I'm a college girl, with a 36-27-36 body, and up until last Monday I thought it was queer for a girl to read your magazine, but I happened to see the magazine on a shelf, and I decided to show my boyfriend some pictures so that he'd be in the mood for some elaborate sex. He then told me that he had already looked through the book and had also read some fantastic articles that he thought I would like to read. I did and got hornier than ever. After I finished reading two of these incredibly sexy stories, I began coaxing my boyfriend to join me on the bed. He made me suffer for a while, but he finally came around.

We lay on the bed, and as we were kissing, my hand started tracing every bit of his body. When I reached his cock, it was bulging through his jeans. I decided to put it out of its misery and just let it out of its confines. Slowly I unzipped his blue jeans and proceeded to undress him to the ankles. He was terribly excited, and I was glad that I was causing such enjoyment. I was pumping his dick as hard as you can imagine, but I wanted more, so much more. I moved lower on the bed and began blowing him. I gently kissed his throbbing pillar and rolled its head in my mouth. I then ran my tongue up and down his nine-inch shaft and then began to suck it as hard as I could, taking as much as I could in my mouth and still some down my throat. All the while I played with his big balls. He was red-hot and hard as a rock by this time.

I slid back up the bed and greeted his peaceful face with the biggest, longest French kiss ever. While this was happening, he was undressing me. He started by playing with my tits, palming them one at a time and then both at the same time. He squeezed them so hard that they stood right up. He then ran his fingers through my pussy hair and then stuffed his finger straight up my twat.

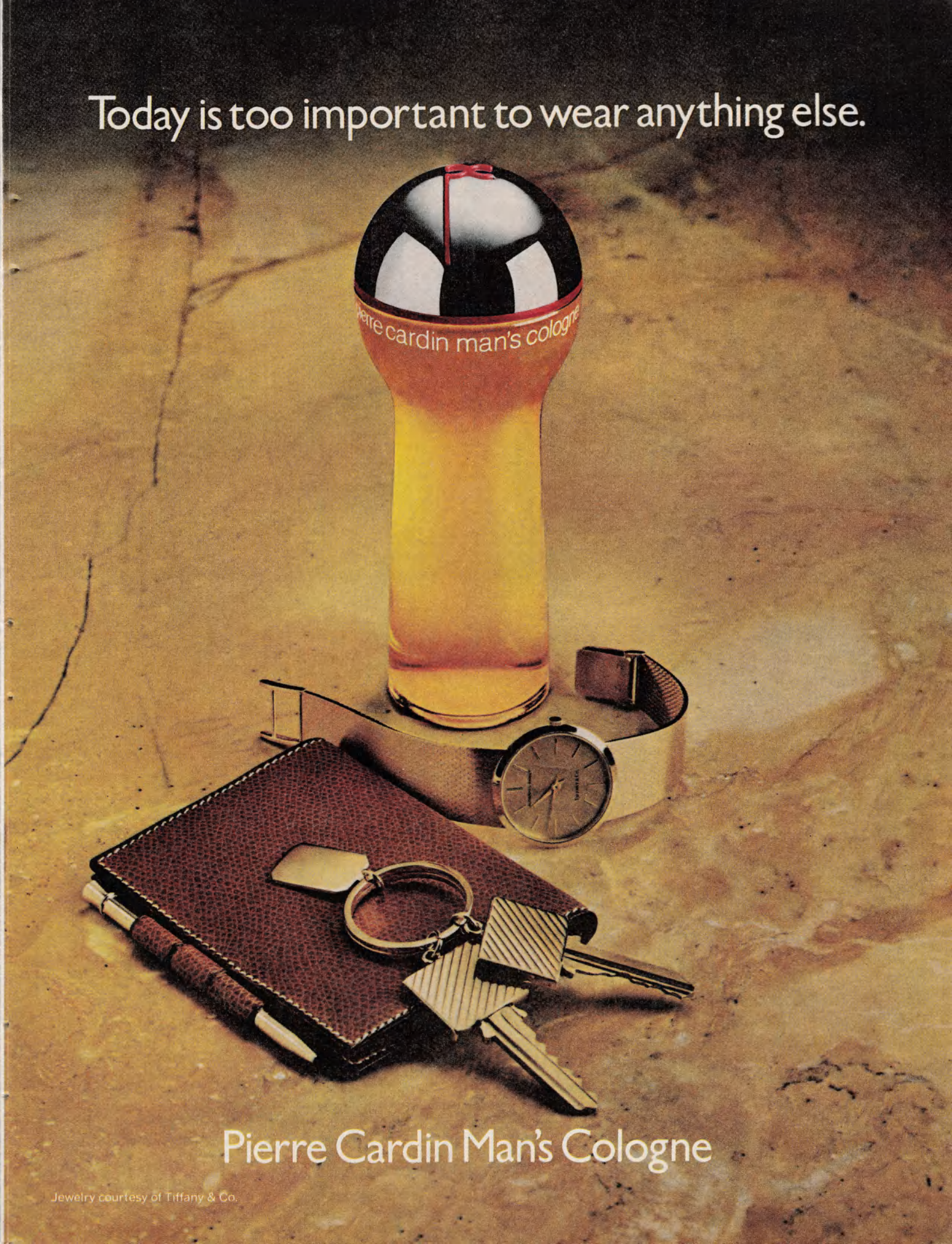
Actually pleased with him, I told him to go deeper, and he did. It was driving me crazy. Then he did just what I needed and wanted. He slid down the bed, spread my legs as far as they would go, and put his wonderful tongue to work. His hands were clutching my ass, and raising my cunt up, he began licking and sucking it. His tongue went deep inside me, and, applying some force on the back of his head, I drove him farther in my warm pussy. He sucked and licked and ate me. I didn't want him to stop. I was really getting off! It felt wonderful. It was the greatest sensation I'd ever experienced, and he drank up the juices.

Then he moved up, kissing me all the way up my body, first my stomach and then my cleavage, stopping for a nibble or two on each beautiful nipple. Then he moved up to my waiting lips, and I guided his big, hot, wonderful dick to the entrance of my wet, juicy pussy, and we began the most passionate fuck we ever enjoyed together. We fucked and fucked and fucked. In and out, in and out. I kept wanting him to push farther, and he knew it. So, with the biggest thrust of his body, he went straight through me, and there must have been a gallon of love juices between the two of us. It felt so good!

We just lay there in each other's arms. We talked about your magazine and how it had made our sex life so much more than just sex. It was a fabulous experience. We got dressed and walked to my room, but before we got there, we decided that we would definitely fit *Penthouse* in our budget. When we were walking to my room, however, we passed a store. He went in and bought the September issue. We went to my room, read the "Forum" section together, and did it "all"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

"So all my friends were *right about you! You really are an animal in bed!"*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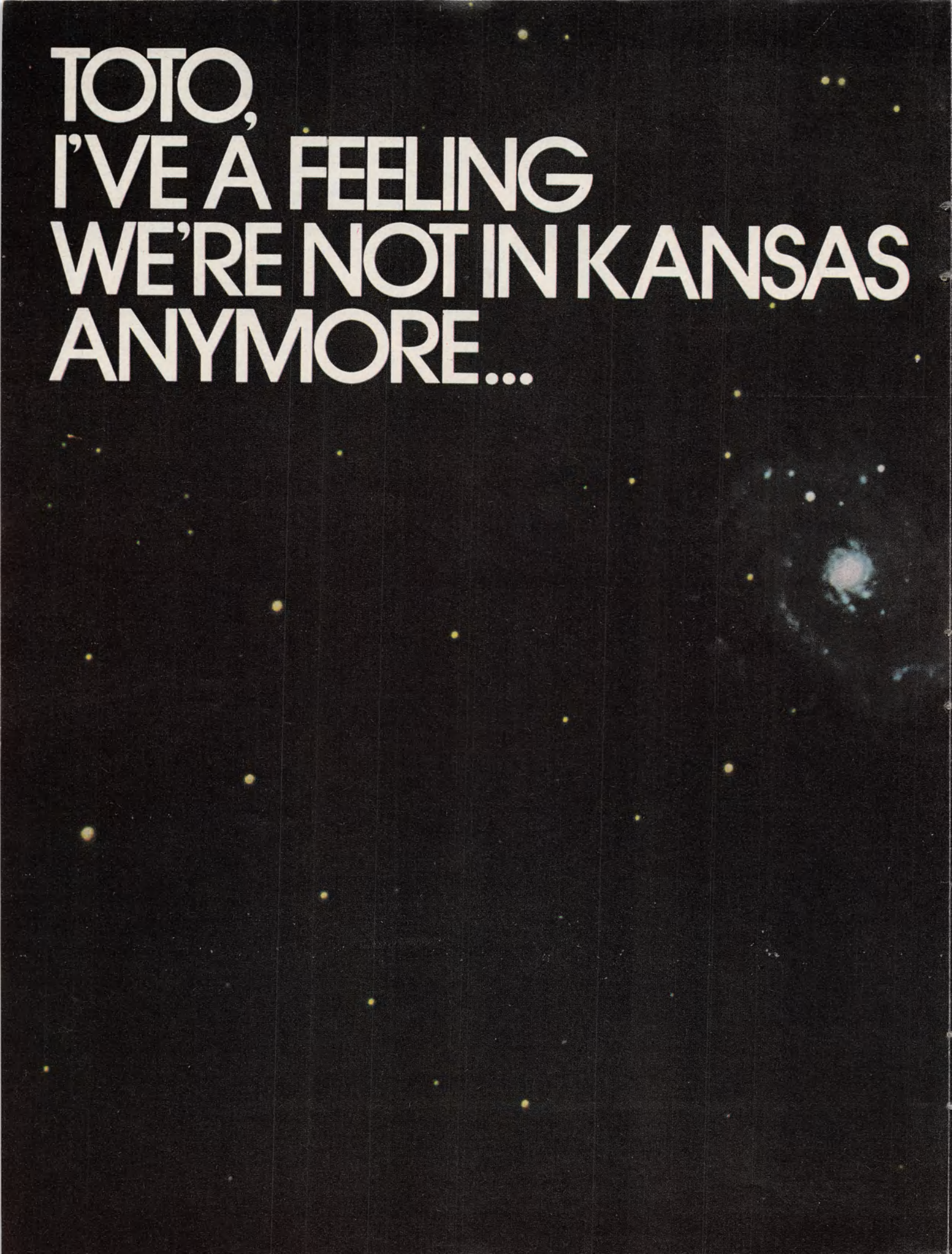
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Identity crisis

My thanks to Stephan Singular for his article "Stand Up and Howl" (February 1980).

I recently went through a breakup with a woman who was leaving our relationship of three years in order to pursue her career. My confused thoughts always returned to the same question, "Who am I, and what is it I can't give her?" It was reassuring to read an article that confirmed my belief that the crisis I was experiencing was, in part, just an example of a broad-based sociosexual readjustment that is affecting men and women in this country.

Don Stern's comments concerning the conflicts of the "animal" and the "civilized" elements in the male psyche really struck home. I think that Stewart Dean hit the mark when he concluded that "the perfect thing was to have respect and love for yourself in a simple and deep way."

With the advent of the Aquarian Age, human energy will be experiencing an unfoldment, involved in which will be a certain alienation between the sexes as both men and women explore the universe within and without themselves.

Women are seeking to "discover" themselves. Let us men be less concerned with female explorations and instead rededicate our own energies to the ongoing spiritual search that will bring us to a sense of center and fulfillment.—*J. Wynne, San Francisco, Calif.*

In Steven Singular's article "Stand Up and Howl," he stated that many of the men he spoke with refused to allow their real names to be printed. While angry and frustrated women were making public their feelings all through the seventies, these men were experiencing their anger and frustration in the closet. Most men I knew were "looking for a lover who won't blow my cover." These men played it so safe that they rarely allowed their innermost feelings to surface in conversations with male friends, often prohibiting their conscious minds from digesting what their hearts and souls were telling them. The lover they were looking for couldn't discern the real man from his cover anyway. Most women were trying to figure out if the man they liked was another bull stud and if they themselves were just handy devices.

I don't know the author, but consider this: "It is when we all play safe that we create a world of utmost insecurity." If the men Singular spoke with won't take the risk necessary to convey their true thoughts, how will the women in their lives ever come to understand their needs?

Perhaps during the seventies men realized that they don't need to bullshit each other. No longer is it necessary for men to impress one another with stories of sexual prowess. Instead, men will be honest in relating to their friends, without the need to exaggerate in order to build their egos.

I'm looking forward to a future of candid, emotional response from the men of this world. The romantic in me feels that every strong mountain needs a king and a queen.—*Terry L. Hale, St. Charles, Ill.*

A few comments on "Stand Up and Howl." I, for one, refuse to be riled by women and their newfound rights, image, etc. They have their problems, I have mine, and the only real worry I have about women is getting a square deal from the one I'm getting divorced from.

I recognize the confusion that reigns after women's so-called assault on the male during the seventies, but I find that confusion to be much more severe among the women themselves; men who are secure in their existence have, I think, felt hardly a ripple.

My new girl friend is the epitome of the confusion that reigns. She's recently divorced, wants her independence, her own way, her chance to call the shots in her life in all ways, but when the going gets tough, she can't cope and wants someone to take care of her. I've had my share of adversity and have always coped. This isn't a personal knock at my lover. It's just an explanation of how she's caught between newfound independence and rights and the old-fashioned, inbred way of life.

I basically know who I am and how to deal with things. I'm not on any ego trip, but I accept my being and try to refrain from any pretentious self-awareness trips that invariably end up in total confusion. As far as sex is concerned, I have to laugh at the reference in the article to relationships ending up as power struggles. So true; I know many men who are on such ego and macho trips that they can't handle anything but the traditional sexual relationship. My lover and I both know who we are in this respect; we're liberated, are into a lot of different things (short of the real off-the-wall stuff), and totally respect each other's ability. I enjoy

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at different times both the passive and aggressive roles with no ego damage. The only time my ego went flat was in the latter stages of my marriage, when it become very apparent that it was a total mismatch, and no matter what I did to atone for the early mistakes I made in the marriage (and there were many, I admit), I could do nothing right. A split was the only way, and my new lover, despite her confusion over roles in the modern world, is infinitely more compatible with me.

I am opposed to chauvinism from either direction. Female chauvinism is one of the major symptoms of the new era—but I am just as put off by male chauvinism. I wish everybody would just grow up and be themselves.—*Eric Peterson, New Brunswick, N.J.*

Radar-rooter

I am writing in regard to Patrick Bedard's article on radar detectors "Finding the Bear Before He Finds You" (February 1980). I'll have to give Mr. Bedard credit for his research on the workings of radar. There are a few things he failed to mention, however. First, let me say that I have been in law enforcement for several years and have become familiar with several models of radar, both moving and stationary.

Radar is a good and accurate tool, but like any other tool, it is only as good as the person operating it. Mr. Bedard made reference to the 28-mph house, which may well be true. Radar detects movement whether it be that of a car or a fan motor. I should add that few policemen worry about arresting houses or trees. As for ghost readings (a reading where no vehicle is present), the majority of the traffic radar is equipped with audio; so you get not only a visual display but also an audible pitch that will vary, depending on the speed of the vehicle. A ghost will not give out an audible signal.

As for the efficiency of the detectors themselves, they work well on most police radar now in use. There are exceptions—the K.R.11 by Kustom Signals, for example, is, as Mr. Bedard said, low-power and hard to detect, but the real killer, and Mr. Bedard failed to mention this, is the kill switch. When this switch is activated, the radar doesn't emit a signal; and no radar detector made will detect it. When the patrol vehicle is in range of the target, the officer simply releases the lock and the radar will lock on target. So about the time your detector goes bananas, the officer will have your speed locked into the radar. The only way to beat the K.R.11 is to drive within the speed limit.

One last point: Mr. Bedard refers to this as a game. I see too many people die on the highway simply because they were going too fast. Believe me, Mr. Bedard, this is no game. So I'll be out there with my comic books, hidden behind some billboard, trying to save your life.—*J.H., Kansas*

Your November 1979 issue carried an "Advise & Dissent" entitled "The 55 MPH Speed Limit Is a Colossal Farce," by Patrick Bedard, who claims to be a former Detroit auto engineer..

A not well known but ever ongoing battle out here in the real world is between the "pure" engineers and the experienced traffic cops. I am one of the latter, having been on the road now for 18 years for one of the world's largest and most respected highway patrols. I am a middle manager, have a university degree, teach for a local college, and have done contract teaching at institutions across the country, including the renowned Northwestern University Traffic Institute (from which I graduated in the early 1970s).

Most traffic engineers I've had to work with are very arrogant and elitist in their attitude toward the highway patrolman. Their "down the nose" posture comes usually from some cop telling them that their engineering-book solution does not work and that there's a better way.

This sets up a "knee-jerk" reaction that's predictable—the engineers say, "Show me the stats, show me how many killed and injured, before I'll buy into engineering failures." But the stats for *near-misses* and unreported accidents are never there. No one keeps near-miss stats, but the cops know of them—because they *see* a lot of them and because the public complains to the cops, *not* to the engineers, who are reading their "garbage-in, garbage-out" computerized statistics. At this point, the battle becomes circular. They don't deal in "almosts" until they become "facts," and the frustration rages year in and year out.

Patrick Bedard's article is a classic attester to what I've just pointed out about attitudes. He writes in absolutes, and much of his information is misleading. For example, Bedard says that the California Highway Patrol investigates every fatal accident in the state. It does not, never has, and never will. Local agencies do their own investigations, and locals are trained in their own academies; the CHP only investigates and classifies collisions in the unincorporated areas and on the freeways. Bedard says that 90 out of 3,980 fatalities were attributed to speed. But in typical "pure engineering" fashion, he has read stats and summaries of numbers and has not gotten his nose into the dirt.

Number one, most right-of-way fatalities are *speed* caused, but the right-of-way cause is easier to prove. Proving speed from skidmarks is limited in evidentiary rules; so the stat reads "right-of-way," which may be the *result,* not the cause. Number two, rear-end fatalities are of *speed* origin—again, it's easier to get a handle on the rear-end charge, which is usually a result, not a cause (but

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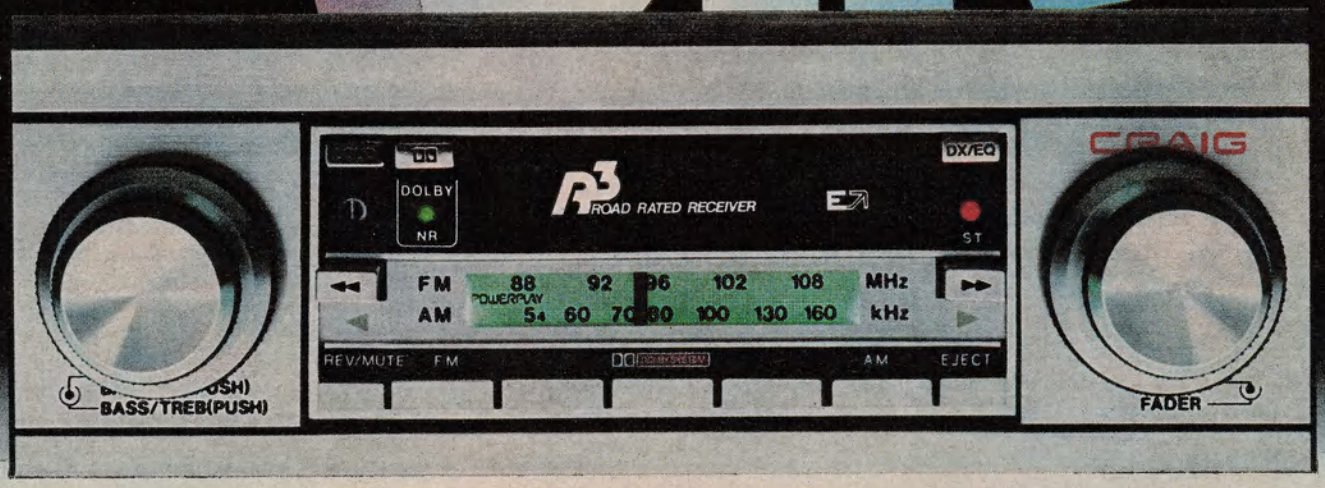

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the stats record the rear-end column as the "pures"). Many lane-change violations are *results* of speed—not primary causes.

It almost goes without saying that drunk-driving fatalities are due by and large to speed—but the stats read "drunk-driving."

I have worked desert freeways, two-lane rural farm highways, and downtown freeways, and I have seen the limits go from 75 mph to 55 mph. There is a huge difference in the escape times and adjustment times between an emergency that occurs at 55 mph and one that occurs at 75 mph. Average drivers are lousy emergency drivers. They drive by the seat of their pants, and locked brakes are their only solution for escaping collision. As an engineer, Mr. Bedard does not go into how stopping distances *square* themselves as speeds increase, which puts much more jeopardy on the driver at 70 mph than on the one driving at 50 mph.

Mr. Bedard's statement that fatalities are happening in the urban area "miles from any 55 mph sign" is a crock. All population centers today have those vast conveyor belts called freeways. And most fatalities occur on straight roads, where the victim vehicle is uninvolved with others and leaves the road. You may take your choice as to who knows why—the "pure" engineer, who analyzes the numbers, or the cop, who works that beat for years. As Grandma says, "The map is not the territory."

Mr. Bedard only hints at his bottom line—*frustration.* ("Every additional droning minute you sit behind the wheel instead of enjoying your vacation. . . .").

I don't argue Bedard's opinions regarding fuel savings or frustration. I, too, hate the slower speed and boredom, and I'm sure his thoughts on commercial costs are right. But Bedard's belief that slower speeds don't reduce deaths is wrong 55 ways from Sunday.—*Name and address withheld*

Ding Dong

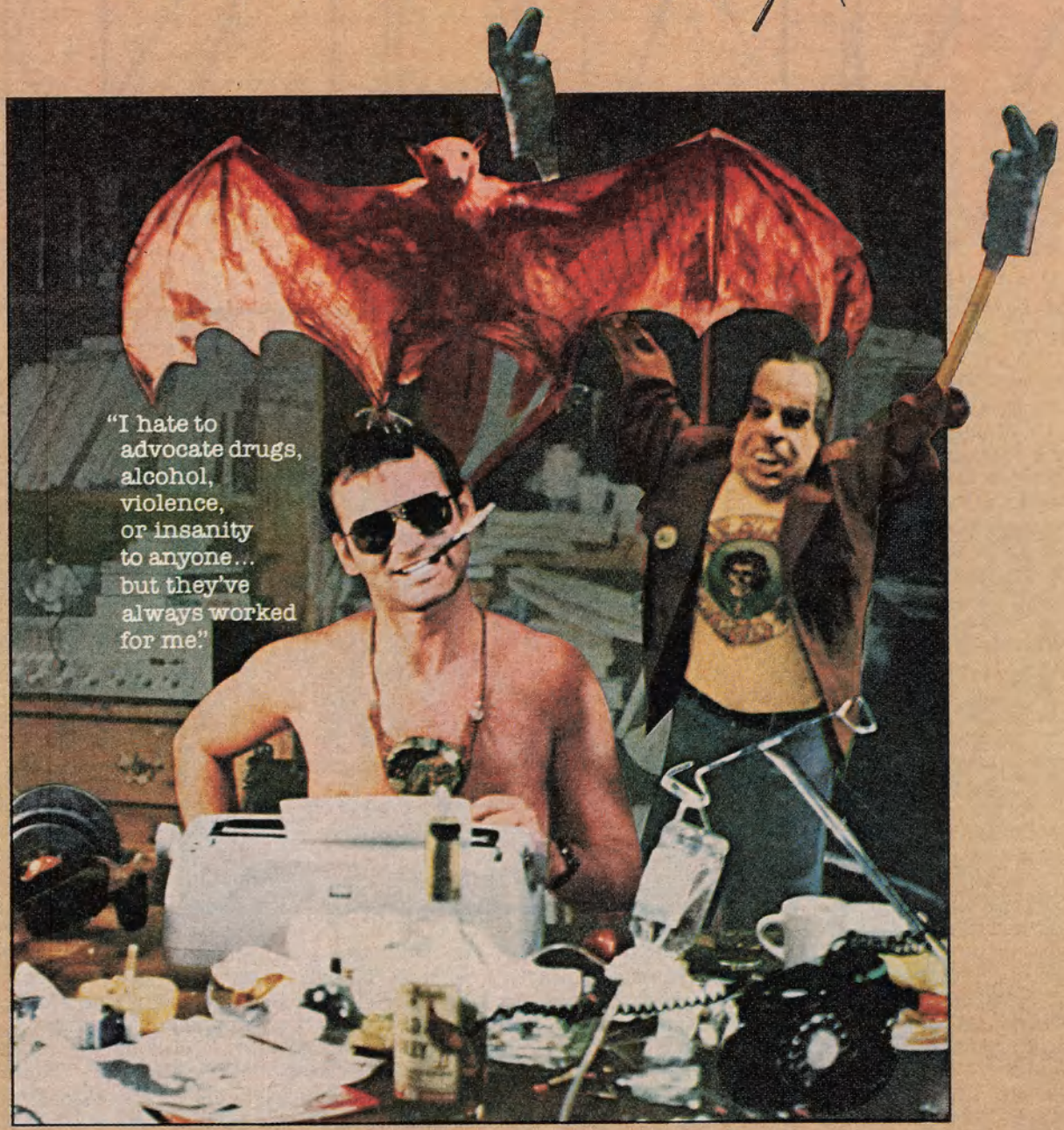
After reading the interview with Pham Van Dong (January 1980), I believe that he must be the most lying politician ever interviewed. His callous description of refugees as those who "do not want to work" parallels the lies that Nazis once told of Jews fleeing Germany. "Simple life" is a glib euphemism for grim, political reeducation camps from which there is no legally guaranteed release. Van Dong's sweeping generalization about the many who supposedly "lived off the profits of war" is precisely the charge leveled by Joseph Goebbels at the Jewish people.

Parallels between Van Dong and Goebbels continue. Van Dong blames "incitement from outside" (no details, of course, beyond vague reference to the Seventh Fleet) just as Goebbels did, except that in his day Britain with its navy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM

BASED ON THE TWISTED LEGEND OF Dr. Hunter S. Thompson



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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am 23 years old, single, and live in a small seashore town in North Carolina. It's a quiet little town, but I enjoy this remote area, where I attend a nearby college.

I am five feet six inches, with long, sandy-blonde hair and blue eyes, and my 35-24-35 figure can stand up to the best. I often roam the inlets and coves, searching for possible scenery to sketch. One day, while I was walking, I came across a well-secluded cove that was utterly beautiful. A recent storm had virtually created a fabulous beach not more than 40 yards long, surrounded by palm trees, which created an almost Hawaiian-like paradise. My body tingled as I thought about the nice days ahead, sketching and sunbathing in my own little cove, and during the next few days I spent long afternoons lying naked in the warm sand and skinny-dipping in the clear water. It gave me a tremendous feeling of freedom to swim and bask in the sun without the annoyance of crowded beaches and staring jocks.

One bright and beautiful Saturday I was taking pictures of plants and seabirds and strolling through the shallows when I was suddenly startled by a girl wearing a bikini and staring at me. I froze in panic, standing naked, clutching my camera, unable to speak or move toward my clothes 30 feet away. The woman was about my age, with large breasts that bulged out from her bikini top and long legs leading up to tight panties. She was gorgeous!

"Don't be afraid," she said. "I've been watching you for the past few days, ever since you found my secret place."

"You knew about this place?" I asked, still quite embarrassed, as she casually unhooked her top.

"I found it a day or two before you, and, honestly, I'd just as soon be doing the same thing you're doing now," she replied.

She slipped out of her panties, exposing her neatly groomed cunt. "You're beautiful," I exclaimed as I stared at her fully rounded tits, white against her dark tan. She took me by the hand and lead me to the middle of the beach, where we both lay down in the warm sand. She began to suck my nipples while gently massaging my wet pussy, which had become moist while she was undressing earlier. I had often caressed myself on the beach, but having someone else do it was much more stimulating. I reached out and began feeling her own firm breasts, rolling her stiff nipples between my fingers and sending tingling sensations throughout her body. She rolled on top of me, with our tits coming together, our stiffened nipples gently brushing one another. We kissed and Frenched as our glistening pussies slid back and forth, lubricated by our secretions. I rolled her over, spread her legs, and licked her warm, sweet-smelling cunt. She shuddered and moaned with pleasure as I swirled my tongue inside her, gently nibbling on her stiff, exposed clit. We worked on each other, eating each other and fingering each other's ass at the same time.

We made love all afternoon. As the sun started to set, I asked her to come home with me so that I could take pictures of her. We got home and took a shower. We washed each other and took time to eat each other again under the warm water. After drying off, I told her to lie on my bed and play with herself while I photographed her. She fingered her pussy until it was wet again as I snapped away with my camera. I took some closeups

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Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
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of her beautiful pink pussy, as well as some of her caressing her tits.

"Do you have any dildos?" she asked. I smiled and, reaching under my bed, pulled out my favorite dildo, which she slowly began working in and out of her cunt. I was almost reaching orgasm just from watching her secretions spilling out onto her outer lips and pubic hairs. When she reached her climax, I photographed the entire event. I lay down next to her, and we slept with her head on my breasts until morning.

It was a warm but cloudy day out when we awoke, and after showering and having breakfast we strolled down the beach nude, taking the chance that someone might see us. When we reached our secret place, we were once again surrounded by beauty and tranquillity.

I couldn't ask for a better friend or a better place to live, where all my fantasies become real. We will spend a lot of time on our beach together, doing the things we like to do, until perhaps another storm washes away our little paradise—but leaving us the photographs of our fulfilled fantasies and the times we spent together on the warm sand.

The only problem is that I'm wondering if it is wrong to have such continuous and serious sex together. My sexual desires are completely fulfilled in playing the role of the male. I like sex with men, but with my friend we both feel we are making love for the other's sexual pleasure and not for our own. Do you have any comments?—D.L.K.

Yeah: what are you getting so upset about? If you get off on this other woman, why question your basic impulses? You enjoy sex with men. You enjoy sex with this woman. Let it be.

I'm intrigued by your use of a dildo. It reminds me of the time I made love with a double-headed dildo. First off, I'd like to say that most women making it with other women do not use dildos. Cunnilingus and masturbation are the usual ways of woman-with-woman eroticism. Anyway, a dildo is a nice diversion. One woman from Paris I knew liked to use dildos. I was pretty experienced with the objects myself, but she introduced me to the double-header, that is, the dildo with two ends. She stuck one end in her pussy and one end in mine. The sensation is fantastic, and the sensation is mutual. No role playing here.

After trying a double-header with my woman friend, I got the idea to try it with a man. The first guy I took home with me—I forget his name—was initiated. I stuffed one end in his ass and the other in my pussy, and we made love. Again, no role playing. When the dildo is pulling out of you, it's pushing into your partner and vice-versa. Give it a try. I think you'd like its tantalizing give-and-take effect.

". . . You still have two wishes left."

GO BLOW YOURSELF

I am a 23-year-old male heterosexual with no desire to become homosexual or bisexual. I masturbate a hell of a lot and am sick of the hand method. I would really like to jack off using my mouth, but my cock is only six and a half inches long and doesn't reach up far enough for me to suck myself off. I would appreciate it very much if you would print some exercises to help a guy bend down far enough to be able to reach his prick with his mouth.—J.S.G.

There seem to be yoga exercises for almost everything, but as far as I know yours is one problem the gurus have overlooked. There shouldn't be any difficulty, however, if you are prepared to put in a little hard work to reach your goal.

To start off, try standing with your heels together and your legs straight. Bend down and try to touch your toes. Repeat this exercise several times, trying to reach a little farther each day. But *relax* when you're doing it and don't push yourself too far, or you're liable to be so stiff the next day that even a plain old handjob may be too much for your tortured muscles.

You can do the same exercise sitting on the floor with your legs out straight in front of you. Remember that some people are naturally more limber than others, and it may be months before you are close enough even to blow a kiss at your prick.

Nothing that's any good—not even solo blowjobs—comes without a little honest sweat. Nevertheless, it can be done, as you will see from the following letter. Ballet dancers perform strenuous stretching exercises every day. You might want to try a sport like karate or kung fu, both of which are intellectually absorbing and are perfect for getting *all* of your body in perfect tone.

And who knows? When you have muscles like Bruce Lee and the poise of Nureyev, you may find the ladies lining up to give you a blowjob. Take it from me—that's much better than doing it yourself.

THAR HE BLEW

It was my pleasure to experience a very unique technique for getting my rocks off. One day, while reading Penthouse, *I became very aroused by the great pictorials and letters. My thick, seven-inch cock began to throb with pressure, and clear semen began to ooze from the tip, running down the shaft to my pendulous scrotum. My smooth, circumcised knob glistened, and the blue veins of my shaft protruded enormously. Just seeing that delicious honey pour out of the end of my prick drove me mad with desire.*

I decided to lick it up as it emerged. I bent over and slurped that tasty liquid up from the tip of my knob. The tip was not enough, though; so I flung my legs up over my head until I could put my feet on the frame of the bed, just behind my

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head. Lying on my back in this position, I was facing my engorged organ. I then proceeded to engulf my knob between my slippery legs. My darting tongue was able to stroke the tip as my lips brushed across the glans. I slowly pumped my hips with my now free hands by holding the cheeks of my ass and pushing my member into my dripping mouth.

Suddenly I felt my anus tighten and began to ejaculate. My mouth was quickly pumped full of warm, creamy come. It overflowed and ran out my lips and down my neck, leaving a slimy trail. My entire cock twitched with the pangs of that tremendous orgasm.

I have repeated this many times since then. What do you think of this technique as a means of personal gratification? Is there anything I can try to vary the sensations?—A.R.

Congratulations! It is a pleasure, in these impoverished times, to hear from someone who has no difficulty in making both ends meet.

If you enjoy sucking yourself off, then go to it! As far as new sensations are concerned, why not try giving yourself a blowjob when you have a mouthful of nice ice cream? My own preference would be strawberry or tutti-frutti.

CLEANER THAN THOU

I am a 20-year-old female and have been living with Billy for four months. We have no sex at all. The only physical contact we have is hugging and kissing, and we don't even French kiss. I can't continue like this.

Billy always stays up an hour later than I do at night so that he can vacuum the rug. (He's unemployed, and I work all day; he does most of the housework anyway.) Now, Xaviera, I know the rug is clean—nobody has to vacuum every night.

The other day, while he was out, I dropped a glass and immediately brought out the vacuum. After sweeping up the glass, I vacuumed the entire rug so Billy wouldn't have to do it. I was hoping we might be able to spend some time together that night. Once again, however, he stayed up to clean the rug. I told him that it wasn't necessary, as I had just cleaned it that afternoon. But he insisted on staying up. I went to bed, but my curiosity was aroused. So I quietly went back into the living room. I found Billy looking at a magazine, with his penis up the vacuum cleaner tube and the vacuum going full blast. I did not say anything, and he did not know that I had seen him.

Not having had any experience with men, I'm not really sure what to make of all this. Is it possible that this is a common male fetish? Xaviera, can you tell me how can I get Billy interested in me sexually?—G.V.

You say, "I can't continue like this." So why do you? You're not married. You don't have any kids to think about. Your parents will probably love you for leaving a man you're not married to.

Don't get me wrong. I don't think there's anything wrong with your lover sticking his cock up a vacuum cleaner. It sounds pretty harmless to me, and I'm not one of those who rule out solitary masturbation. Jerking oneself off in privacy is good for the nerves and healthier than aspirin. It's your sex life I'm concerned about. You need affection and shouldn't be abandoned for a vacuum cleaner. Get rid of Billy and get a new rug.

THE BOND THAT BINDS

When people get married, instead of letting their sex life get dull they should try their hardest to keep their bodies in shape and play out their fantasies. Arnold and I have been married for a year now. I must admit that for a while I nearly caused our sex life to die. I also perked it up again.

I have always known that Arnold gets turned on by photos of Pets who are wearing lingerie, particularly stockings and garters. One night I was home alone, high and reading Penthouse. *In my aroused state, I ordered $70 worth of assorted "clothing." After receiving my packages, I went into action.*

Yesterday I awoke early and dressed in something special. I also left Arnold a pair of satin "panties" to wear. At about noon we went for lunch at a bar. We ate lightly and had a fantastic conversation. We also drank a lot. By 3:00 P.M. I could no longer feel the garter belt that I had put on earlier. All I felt was horny and sexy.

I went to the bar to get more drinks. While sitting on a stool waiting for the drinks to arrive, I flirted with Arnold by uncrossing my legs and exposing myself all the way up to my garter belt. The long slit in my dress allowed for this quite well, and Arnold's reaction caused me to swell with pride. I like being lusted after. While the bartender was busy, I spread my legs and rubbed a finger over my white satin G-string. Arnold's eyes bugged out, and I felt a rush of wetness inside. By the time I heard the bartender stop the blender, I had a finger between my legs and was doing a number on my clit.

We left the bar shortly after that, picked up some expensive champagne, and headed home. I felt like an expensive hooker. On the way home I let Arnold slide his hand over my legs. The stockings were slippery and tight. He was bulging, and I was dripping. I opened his pants and released his cock for a little licking. Since we hadn't had sex for almost a week, he was hypersensitive. I ran my tongue around the head of his eight-inch cock, rubbing it over my face and stroking it. For the first time in my life I loved having it in my face and then he

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started pumping it between my lips as if my mouth were a cunt. I sat up rapidly and moved the skin of his beautiful rod up and down. I wanted to see it come. He kept taking his foot off the gas until we were driving at about walking speed. (I'm glad that there weren't other cars around!) He finally shot off. Come dripped over my hand, and some of it was on the steering wheel. Arnold was embarrassed.

Back home, I made Arnold undress, and I tied his hands with enough slack so that they reached his sides—I used a cut-off leg from a pair of stretchy black panty hose. Since the nylon was behind him, he couldn't bring his hands forward. I fed him and gave him champagne. I had never before felt so horny and sexually alive. I stood in front of Arnold and removed my dress, and he commented on how much bigger my breasts looked. (Thank you, underwired half-bra!) I then made Arnold remove my G-string with his teeth. My cunt was tingling as the wetness seeped out of my cunt lips.

I danced around for a while in my gold heels, stockings, and garter belt. I felt horny and in control, but I wanted to be more frustrated. I decided to use the rest of the panty hose to tie up his legs. After 15 minutes, I had not only bonded his legs but had also taken the elastic hose and encased both his legs inside the one stocking leg. His cock poked out of the hole that was left by the removed leg. I took some tape and wound it over his hips to hold the nylon up. Arnold acted shy, but I knew he was turned on—I certainly was.

I stood over his head with my vibrator (never used) and played with the inside of my cunt. I was never so wet. After a while, when I couldn't stand it anymore, I sat on Arnie's stomach and gave him a close look at the vibrator working my cunt into a wet sea of orgasm. I wanted more and more. I removed the vibrator and went into the 69 position over my bound husband. This ended in frustration for both of us—but frustration is great if satisfaction is close at hand. And so it was. I sat on his cock and rode it slow and deep. The feeling of his cock and of the stockings on my legs complemented each other. I was so wet that I almost had to jump up and down to get satisfied. Since I was so naturally lubricated, I went for it. I got off and knelt on the floor with my arms on the bed. Arnie, struggled to get behind me, all the while commenting how sexy I was. I had never before been able to take all of him in from behind, but that night I wanted more. I screamed as I came again and again. Finally, with a groan, he came deep inside me and passed out.

It is now 2:00 A.M., Sunday. I'm still in my beloved stockings and garter belt. Beloved, because not only did they make me feel sexually alive but they also made our marriage more interesting. I don't think that my dressing in exotic clothing is demeaning. Tomorrow I will have a more broadened personality, and my IQ will still be 130. All I want to say is: Ladies, make your sex life exciting by turning your husband into a sex object when you are horny.

Xaviera, am I on the right track? I know there is a lot that makes up a companionship, but sex is a definite part. Would you say that the reason marriages don't work is because sex becomes dull?—A. S.

No, I think some marriages don't work because the people get dull, and dull people make for dull sex. What is dull sex? Well, it's missionary sex. It's the man thinking he can only fuck the woman and the woman thinking she can only get fucked. That's dull sex.

I enjoyed your letter so much because you weren't afraid to switch the roles. Why shouldn't the woman be dominant once in a while? I think men enjoy letting the woman take control. If nothing else, do it for the sake of variety. After all, variety never produces boredom.

Your bondage game is sweet. How many men I know would love to be tied up! If their wives knew, they would probably freak out. So the men have to go to some prostitute, spend a few hundred dollars (because S&M whores are ex-

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pensive), and in some cases risk their lives—S&M whores are not always the most reliable creatures in the world. How much safer, more normal, and more healthy bondage would be if everyone practiced it in the comfort of one's own home with a loved one. I'm glad to see that one American family is on the right track.

A VERY LARGE PROBLEM

I am a sophomore in college. I am six feet two inches tall, have a well-developed body, and am moderately good-looking. Judging from the content of your column, my problem is one that most of your readers would probably welcome. Simply put, I am too well endowed. My nickname in high school was "HC," an abbreviation for horse cock.

My tool has been and is a constant source of embarrassment for me. In fact, it has forced me to leave college four times in the past three years, and it has caused me severe emotional distress. For example, in high school I had to get dressed for gym class before the other guys and change back to street clothes after the other students had left the locker room. The reason was that my equipment caused such a stir in the locker room that the whole gym period was generally disrupted. My teachers solved the problem by isolating me.

By my age most men have had numerous satisfying sexual experiences. Me—zero. Sure, I dated in high school and college, but I discovered that most women don't want to make it with a guy who could stretch them as if they had gone through childbirth. Most women I became intimate with were fascinated by my cock and seemed to get pleasure from fondling it and jerking me off. The word about my cock usually got around, and I was soon besieged with offers from girls whom I had never met. But there was no way that they would give me head or a good fuck.

I did get off with a woman one time. She was a professional and charged me double the normal rate for a fuck. I didn't get to go all the way, because it became too uncomfortable for her (but it was good while it lasted). I think she had only done it because her friends had dared her to take me on.

If you think the above is ludicrous, my problem with clothing is even worse. I can't wear any of the current fashions because of the bulge in my crotch. It looks like I have a cantaloupe stuffed in my drawers. I have to wear very loose pants and a special jock in case I get an erection in public. The jock is a harness, which points my tool down my pants leg, where I can control the bulge with my hand in my pocket. I used to go dancing, but not anymore. I found that, since I don't have a normal sex life, I am particularly sensitive to being close to a woman. I kept getting hard-ons and spent most of my time in the john, waiting for my rod to subside.

Anyway, I need help. I have heard that operations to reduce the size of one's organ are available in the Scandinavian countries but that such an operation is risky, and also expensive, as it falls under the heading of cosmetic surgery. Can you give me any advice or suggest where I could get accurate information on such operations?—J. B. B.

No, but I suggest you see a plastic surgeon. If he can't do the trick, he'll know where to send you. But really, how big is your cock? I don't mean to brag, but I've never met a man I couldn't handle with ease. Now, up the ass is a different story. When I perform sodomy, I prefer the less well endowed man. Different occasions do require different sizes.

But back to your problem. I refuse to believe that surgery is the only solution. From your letter, you seem to be college age. Maybe the women you're confronting are too young; by that I mean, not experienced enough to know how one takes a big cock. An older woman might be more your speed and size, especially a woman who's already had a few kids.

So how do you take a big cock? The man should lie on his back so that the woman sits on his erection. This gives

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

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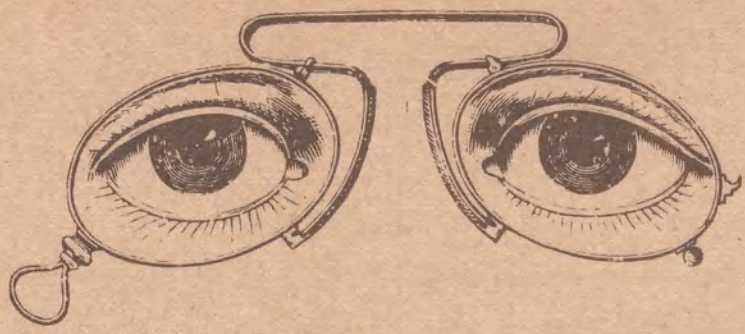


VIEW FROM THE TOP

HONEYMOONING: A LAST RESORT

BY EMILY PRAGER

Remember when marriage was a beginning? Now it's a last resort. All over America couples who have lived together successfully for years are rushing like lemmings to get married, leaving like starry-eyed teenagers on honeymoons, and within a few short months pleading for a divorce. If you ask what went wrong, all they will say is that there's a *big difference* between *living together* and *being married*, a *big difference* that they can't quite explain but which managed in the space of a two-week honeymoon trip to destroy their relationship forever.

After lengthy research, it has become clear that the problem is not so much *what* happened on the honeymoon as *where* it happened. Couples who have lived together for years before getting married and going on honeymoons are *very different* from those who have not. The problem is they don't realize it. So they pick a spot recommended for honeymooners, and they go there all bright and dewy-eyed, and the whole thing falls apart. Why? Because they chose a place where they should never have gone. For example:

RED CHINA. It is too often true that when established couples marry, they get overly ambitious. They want to shell out, go on a *big honeymoon*, explore a place where few couples before them have ever ventured. Lately that place is Red China. But here's the rub: there are no double beds in Red China. None. Not a one. And the twin beds are so saggy that it's impossible to get leverage; tend to create a strain in the lower back as well as in the morning. Also, the policy of the People's Republic is openly anti-snuggles. Now at first, admittedly, twin beds are rather sweet. Reminds one of the fifties and the anguish Mom and Dad went through trying to have sex. But add to this the open transom on your hotel room door, the lascivious looks you'll receive if you hold hands or even touch in the street, and the fact that the members of your tour (with whom you must spend every hour of the day) average in at age 60 (and a disapproving midwestern 60 at that), and you've got a situation that spells trouble.

THE CARIBBEAN. Specifically Boremuda, where the sun rises and sets every day. Beaches so tranquil even the gulls doze off in flight. Where a week seems like an eternity. Just 21 miles long and a yawn wide. Get the picture? This is no place for a new beginning.

ETHIOPIA. A lot of established couples feel that a country in a state of change will be the perfect thing to complement their own transitional situation and that the accompanying sense of danger will definitely be a turn-on. And it will be, if machine guns and lepers are your bag. Or an openly hostile hotel management. Or the dismal shantytown that now dominates the view from your suite. Is there sex after dysentery?

HAWAII. Research has indicated that there is nothing more depressing to a newly married, previously established couple than a ruined island paradise. Psychologically, it reminds them of their relationship—all the storms they've weathered together, how idyllic it all was so many years ago. The first time they get mugged on Waikiki, they realize that nothing is really lasting. Like a carefully nurtured tan that fades in but a few days of the island's incredibly frequent rains, their love seems doomed. So doomed, in fact, that neither a premixed Piña Colada nor an evening with Don Ho could possibly revive it. Given a choice, try Guam.

The truth of the matter is that couples who have lived together successfully for years probably shouldn't get married at all. If they'd wanted to get married, they would have done it when the relationship was brand-new and they could have gotten all the goodies. She could have had the white dress, he could have had the lewd bachelor party, they would have reaped a lot of good loot, and the parents would have been delighted. Instead, they chose to live together and in doing so to take a lot of guff from the world at large. Guff, for example, about *commitment* and how their arrangement, as an unmarried couple, will always remain distinctly inferior to that of a couple who've been to the altar. Unwed live-ins are transients still in our society. The seedy tinge of wanton teenage lust dogs their every attempt to solidify their home base. They are subject to the scorn of hotel clerks, the raised eyebrows of coworkers, the anxiety of relatives, and the smug disapproval of everyone they know who's married. And why? Because they chose not to be labeled. They chose to avoid the crushingly cold wind that seems always to encircle events of legal sanction.

Lib Cummings

But no one can be a revolutionary forever. After a few years, the couple gets beaten down, annoyed, too old for the graceless aura of immaturity that their living situation is forced to carry with it. And so they get married in order to be left alone, in order to experience the wonderful feeling of oneness they've denied themselves for so long by living together. They expect a big change, and why wouldn't they, considering the amount of social pressure that's been put on them? It only makes sense. But

once they've married, the biggest change seems to be the ease with which they can now introduce themselves to strangers. They're supposed to love each other more, but they don't. And they have to pay more taxes. When it comes right down to it, they are eligible for only two new benefits: a honeymoon and a divorce.

Since infancy they've known about honeymoons—how to behave on them, where to go on them. Honeymoons are love magic within our society; everybody knows that. You discover sex. You learn each other's quirks. It's bliss. But this is a couple who've lived together for years, probably traveled together numerous times. How fresh and exciting can their honeymoon be? The answer is, no more fresh and exciting than any other trip they've taken and infinitely more disappointing as a result.

Earlier we listed four spots to be avoided because they only increase the sense of failure. But they are only four of many. The best advice for previous live-ins newly wed is not to honeymoon at all. They should take the money, redo the apartment, join a health club on the family plan (another marriage benefit), and try to figure out some tax loopholes that might be helpful in the coming year. And once they get used to the onus of being married, then they should go on a trip. By that time they'll need it.

Movie Star News

The postwedding crisis.

SCENES

ADVERTISING THE ARMY

Forget fancy advertising talk like Household Penetration or Central Location Tests. Ignore O.J. Simpson as he hurtles by standby passengers for a Hertz. Pay no mind to Farrah mass-masturbating the masses with a jug of FF-M shampoo. And do not ask, for God's sake, if White Cloud is really softer . . . because only an ass hole would know the difference.

Which brings us to the target audience of the U. S. Army Recruiting Command's annual $50-million print-and-media campaign. June 1973—when the draft finally crapped out in casino form and our friendly letter-lickers at the local SS Board got their asses canned—effectively ended the era of griping about the army. Enter the age of hyping it.

"Next September I'll be in Europe!" squeals the schoolboy in those spots that dog every program from "Saturday Night Live" to "Monday Night Football." "*It's guaranteed!*" Locales are guaranteed, all right, except that a concrete bunker on the Eastern Front isn't exactly Amsterdam. What's more,the army's guarantee of job training does not guarantee that trainees will be placed in their fields.

"As you know, advertising by its nature is not entirely realistic," an officer at the Army Public Affairs Office told me. (After seven calls to the Pentagon—"You're in the right church, sir, but the wrong pew"—I'd located a spokesman.) "But we make every effort to be realistic in our ads," the major continued. "We definitely are not trying to paint an incorrect picture of what to expect."

Fair enough, Major. Only one small problem. If Bruce Jenner is required by the Federal Trade Commission to *have* eaten Wheaties as a young pup, and if Lee Iacocca, under similar ground rules, has been forced to drive a Chrysler at some time or another, then why isn't this beautiful girl we see swinging hell to leather on a nice, long rope in the army's IT'S GUARANTEED spot actually required to join the army? Huh?

Movie Star News

Hyping the army: are the good times guaranteed, too?

Why isn't the Miss Hotlips whom we see dolling up real quick at her mirror in the THIS IS THE ARMY commercial forced to sign up? Now *that* would be realistic. Not so, according to my phone pal. "If we can't locate the acting talent we need within the services, it's normal we would go to outside sources." Okay, only how much acting talent does it take to put on lipstick?

"We think it's very clear to the public," he added, "that these commercials portray a dramatic situation." (As opposed to testimonials, where folks give their Christian names and then spit on Brand X.) After talking to the FTC, I found out another reason why the army may rely on women from the Screen Actors Guild to seduce its recruits. The Federal Trade Commission has no jurisdiction over government advertising. Whether pretty models posing as GI Joes or an uncannily high percentage of female flesh in an induction ceremony shot of IT'S GUARANTEED constitutes a case of deceptive advertising, whether "guaranteed" job training is misleading since the guarantee doesn't also apply to the army job—these are, unfortunately, questions that the consumer may never ask. The concerned ad agency and television networks alone supply criteria.

Each branch of service has its advertising agency, which, among other things, must keep the client trendy with so-called tag lines (like "S-X Appeal"). The U.S. Marines, for instance, employs the J. Walter Thompson Company for image making. These days, with lady leathernecks in the ranks, the Marine Corps is no easy account. WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN—AND A COUPLA TOUGH BROADS.

The army's faithful agency is N. W. Ayer, promoter of fine sponsors ranging from AT&T to Avon. With admen in the beauty biz, you'd figure the army could clear up blemishes like a 16,000 shortfall in recruitment for 1979. Well, the Uncle did get rid of some sore spots. It axed 427 recruiters who had hidden enlistee criminal records and falsified high-school diplomas in order to meet the almighty quota.

The problems posed by our Volunteer Army seem to stem from shoddy recruiting practices. While pros might argue that the "new" army is more cost-efficient than conscription, detractors point out its racial imbalances and add that the low intelligence level of an all-volunteer force could well place Americans on the endangered species list.

Look at the issue via the military mind. When political winds blew the Volunteer Army into being, the Big Brass in the five-sided citadel probably toked their cigars and applauded it. But someone, somehow, forgot that in the real-life army no self-respecting bastard worth his Good Conduct Medal would ever dream of volunteering for anything. Who would've ever suspected that civvies were the same way?

A plan was thus needed to trick civilians into joining. More appropriately, a *campaign*—the trench warfare of hotshot ad strategies. Marketing research typified potential recruits. Age18–24: ethnic background, and travel-oriented; sports addicts, insomniacs, horny devils. Sucker them in with an MOS (Military Occupational Specialty) they can relate to. Bulldozer operator. Computer jockey. Dishwasher.

Now, how to glorify all this shit. Initially, late-night television spots were run that depicted scenarios like the control room of an Air Defense Artillery outpost. Where clean-cut girls and nice boys can hold hands and punch buttons, sending millions to their just deaths. Cut to: the forbidden joys of mud-racing tanks. Cut to: a hip recruiter offering more promises than a Hollywood agent.

John Muth

Not bad. Enlistees were showing up and signing up at an estimated cost of $1,600 a head. Stats for 1978 showed 6.5 percent of the Standing Army to be female; it's nearer 10 percent now. A Combat Arms bonus program (e.g., join the infantry and collect $3,000 in cash after training) had proved effective. And then some clever copywriter high on grass looked out his window at the Ayer agency and came up with the hottest item yet. DELAYED ENTRY.

"I really can't say who's responsible for it," explained the Pentagon PR man. "The Delayed Entry Program just *evolved*." But such erotic overtones, such poetry! Like coitus interruptus. The idea that maybe you can still pull out. Give the guys time to go on a last Quaalude bender. A whole year to fuck around so that they'll be both physically and mentally prepared to do the same thing once they're in the barracks.

Throw in a complimentary army credit card and "written" guarantee and the Delayed Entry ad scheme stacks up as an old-fashioned Monty Ward classic. Buy now, pay later. Enlist now, and in 12 months you can be a doctor, a lawyer, an Indian chief or another happy mo'fug in the mo'pool. No sweat. It's guaranteed! Hot sex, adventure, and steady work: THIS IS THE ARMY.

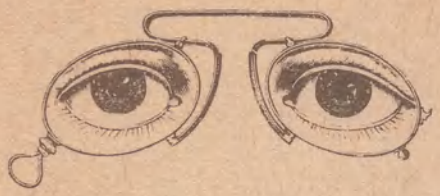
Check it out! I did. Wearing a grubby World War II raincoat and a grubbier three-day growth, I ambled over to my local Army Recruiting Station in Manhattan—just as the commercials had ordered me to. For a long minute the team of sarges ignored my presence, as if they couldn't use any business. (This came before the scandal.) Finally, the more laid-back sergeant spoke up. "Help you?"

"I was thinking of joining up," I told him. "Is it true you'll send me to Europe?" Sit *right* down, buddy boy!

Ole Sarge reminded me of a travel agent. But strictly no pressure. He set a stack of slick brochures on his desk and ran down the questions. "High-school graduate?" Yep. "College?" *Uh* . . . a little. "How much?" Two weeks. He leaned back in his chair, smiling. I was his kind of guy.

First we discussed Europe. "You name it," he said. "We have bases all over. Frankfurt, Amsterdam, the U.K. There's even one by the Swiss Alps." Then fringe benefits. "You need dental work? You got it. Free medical care, educational benefits. Say, if you wanted to finish up college, and if you want a *challenge*—I mean a personal challenge—" He handed over a splashy Combat Arms booklet. "You might even want to consider this area."

While I eyeballed the propaganda piece (which contained Sergeant Rock and Spiderman type action-graphics inset with photos of macho GIs in flak vests), the recruiter laid out the lures. "Say you're a little short on cash. Well, we *all* are. But get in one of these combat branches and you collect your cash bonus right off the top." Hmmmm. The first day? "As soon as you've finished training. No strings, either. You can send the money home, pay back bills, buy a car . . . spend it. It's *yours*."



Basic, by the way, is now called Initial Entry Training. (Get it? For virgins only.) The sergeant was apologetic that all recruits, even girls, still had to go through it. But down to brass tacks. He showed me a condensed copy of the Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery test. The big one.

"Make a good score on your ASVAB," Sarge advised, "and I bet we could qualify you for a two-year enlistment." I glanced at the *Numerical Operations* (as opposed to arithmetic) section. You're kiddin'! "4÷2. 4−2. 4+2. 2−4." Next—*General Science*. "At room temperature water is an example of a: (a) crystal (b) solid (c) gas (d) liquid." Shit! With 300 questions like these, I could ace the fugging entrance examination on odds alone.

"I think I might do good on the ASVAB," I told him vainly. "But with these tests . . . don't they make you swear to questions under oath? You know, things about your personal life?"

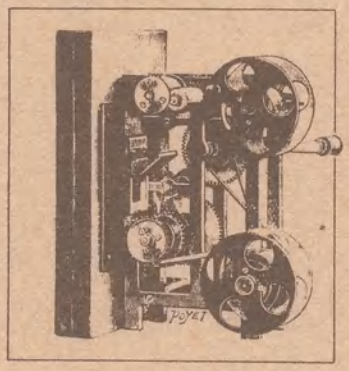
The friendly recruiter looked puzzled."Fire away," he said. "You got a problem, ask me. That's what I'm here for."

"Okay," I mumbled shamefully. "I've smoked marijuana."

"*Ah!*" Sarge waved his hand as if he were swatting a fly."Don't mention it."But I persisted, claiming I didn't want to lie under oath. "All right, you wanna mention it?" he grumbled."Know what'll happen? They'll put you before a Military Police Officers board to discuss your experimenting with the drug, and if it's a lot, they'll send you to a qualified surgeon to decide on the extent of the experimentation. Want that to happen?"

No, but this set me to thinking about all that money the army wastes on tricky advertisements when one honest television commercial could do miracles. Why not simply show a clean-shaven all-American guy popping a can of beer? Subtitle: *Dial the Army toll-free and receive a Chrysler Imperial*. Patriotic music would be in the background. The happy fellow would smile broadly at the camera. "Hi, my name's Hamilton Jordan . . ."—*Jaime Mardis*

FILMS



SISSY AND SIMON

Perhaps the best thing about Michael Apted's ***Coal Miner's Daughter***, aside from its providing almost two hours full of Sissy Spacek, is the tribute, the rather wholesome, sensitive tribute, it pays to the power of unvarnished ambition. This story of how country-and-western singer Loretta Lynn makes her way to the top is just that. Not "the rise and fall" or "the bitter victory" (more on that later) or any other comfortable cliché, but instead the outright success, deeply desired and actively pursued.

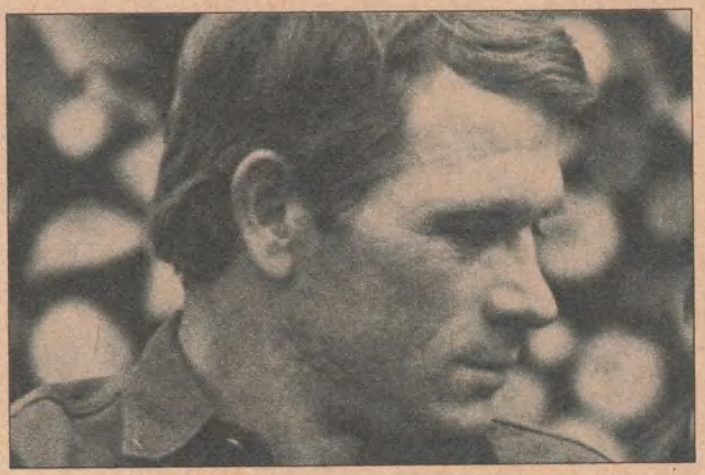
Oh, it isn't exactly a bed of roses. It's more like a bed of roses with some of the thorns not removed. There's the Kentucky childhood after World War II at the mines in Butcher Hollow; the marriage—at age 14—to Doolittle Lynn; the four babies in the next four years; the move out west to Washington; and Doo's gift of a guitar, roadhouse dates (at Doo's insistence), and a first record, "Honky Tonk Girl," that constitutes a breakthrough. In time the story becomes a bit conventional: the successful weeks on the Grand Ole Opry, the endless bus tours, Doo's problem drinking, Loretta's headaches, the pills (headache pills; this definitely isn't the Janis Joplin story). It looks like almost anybody's show-biz biography. Of course, it *has* been a show-biz biography: Loretta's own story, cowritten with George Vecsey and published with 16 pages of snapshot photos that will, if nothing else, show you how careful the filmmakers were in capturing the look and the feel of people and places touching the life of Loretta Lynn.

That's the second-best thing about *Coal Miner's Daughter*. It's not just the representational accuracy—though Levon Helm, in a beautiful, if brief performance, could physically almost double for Loretta's father, Melvin Webb, who died early, and Sissy Spacek done up in flounces and long brown wig looks more than enough like Loretta to pass. It's also a feeling for costume and place, an understanding even of the tacky decor, the roadside bars, the middle-class living rooms in Nashville, the overdecorated bedroom in Hurricane Mills, Loretta's estate, that is both true and uncondescending and that helps bolster a moral climate for a movie that finally depends upon a quality of moral perception to make its sense.

Coal Miner's Daughter: *paying tribute to unvarnished ambition.*

You may recall the scene in Altman's *Nashville* where Ronee Blakley, because her fast-paced life seems to have taken charge of her, suffers a nervous breakdown right on stage at Opry Land. The incident comes from the life of Loretta Lynn, and you'll find it in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, much changed and less dramatic but more moving because it leads not to a neurotic helplessness but rather to a sense of free communication between performer and audience, in the context of which a little nervous exhaustion seems more like a pain shared among friends than a major public embarrassment. It is in fact one among several reversals, shifts of attitude, by which a lot that could have gone rotten becomes all right in the end. Thus Loretta's childhood, which is poor and hard but not mean; the too early marriage to wild Doolittle, which happens to work (not too spectacularly—the autobiography indexes seven tolerant pages on Doo's infidelities, and they get into the movie also) because the couple makes it work; and even the drive to the top, which is neither blatant careerism nor pure miracle but rather a success story involving talent, luck, and considerable intelligence.

Apted doesn't plumb anything so tricky as the "Loretta Lynn mystique," and he doesn't really explore her artistry either—though there is some pleasant music making by Sissy Spacek, Ernest Tubb, and others. *Coal Miner's Daughter* is fairly straightforward career biography, re-



Tommy Lee Jones as Loretta Lynn's husband.

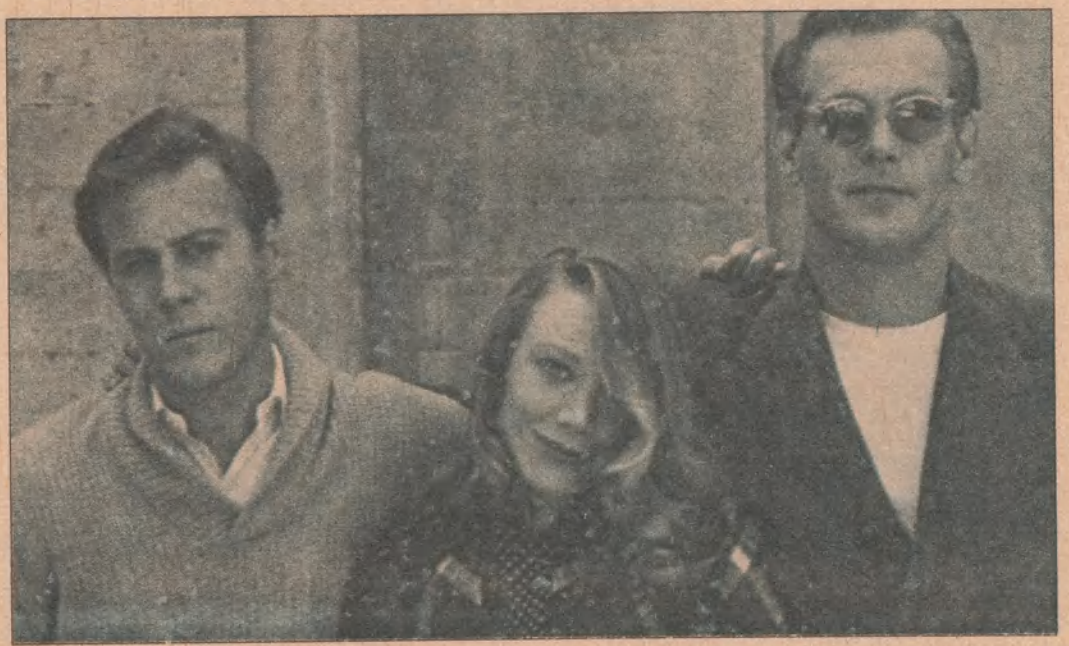
strained in its high points but very rich in human detail, and sometimes marvelous in its appreciation of character. Tommy Lee Jones is especially fine in coping with Doolittle, a somewhat improbable character who has temporarily to fall apart for no better reason than his wife's success—which he seems in the first place to have brilliantly engineered. But Sissy Spacek performs miracles, through ages that range from 13 to about 30, in what must be the most subtly demanding role of her career. She is a special case, a leading character actress rather than, in the usual model, a conventional star. She's been fortunate (or very wise) in most of her parts so far, but she brings to them something beyond the skill you'd expect from an expert in character: it's something like the breathtaking glamour of Sissy's young prom queen at the moment before her horror transformation in *Carrie*; or her look, a ravishing, disturbing pallor in *Coal Miner's Daughter* that brings the film as close as it needs to come to a perception of the soul behind the phenomenon it records.

That collaboration between actress and camera, something unique to the movies, you'll find again, momentarily, in John Byrum's mostly dismal ***Heart Beat***. Another autobiography, it is Carolyn Cassady's story of herself, the novelist Jack Kerouac, and her husband, Neal Cassady, who served as the model for Dean Moriarty, hero of *On the Road* (1955), Kerouac's best-known book. Byrum manages to transform these adventures of the beat generation in the wastelands of middle-class America into a series of broad, dull, overemphatic tableaux. He drains John Heard, as Kerouac, and even the excellent Nick Nolte, as Cassady, of any semblance of passion or reason (Kerouac's Dean Moriarty is a supersexual, asocial, comic con-artist-as-guru; Byrum's Cassady is merely a trouble-prone jerk who screws around with girls a lot).

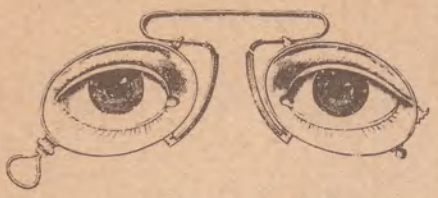
But he doesn't quite overcome Sissy Spacek, whose Carolyn Cassady changes everything—at least, in her first several sequences, before she marries Neal and, like everyone else in the movie, finds herself untragically defeated by time. She is, alas, saddled with vast quantities of Carolyn Cassady's prose (I haven't read her memoirs, but I'd lay odds they're no match for Loretta Lynn's), but for the few moments when she appears—a stylish, early 1950s San Francisco art student infatuated with Neal—she is beautiful enough and commanding enough almost to color and ballast a movie otherwise lost in the manufacture of stale brown fluff. She is—and I can't recall another current actress to compare with her in this—immediately mysterious. It's something that her directors over the years—Terrence Malick, Brian DePalma, Apted, even Byrum—seem to have sensed and capitalized upon. It's made more than one movie worth the price of admission.

When the geniuses at the Institute for Advanced Concepts finally grow bored with their little culture games—a secret device for falsifying Neilson ratings, a scheme for mating man with cockroach, that sort of thing—they hit upon a really super notion of creating a phony being from outer space, who will be a man conditioned to *believe* he's a being from outer space and whom everybody else will believe because his "bodily fluids" will have been altered into something other than human. The scientific justification is to measure levels of anxiety thus induced in the population—but that doesn't matter, because the plan backfires, to become the substance of ***Simon***, a first movie by Marshall Brickman, who previously coauthored the films *Sleeper* and *Manhattan* and certain other parts of the collected cinema of Woody Allen.

The poor schmuck chosen for this experiment is one Simon Mendelsshon (Alan Arkin), psychology professor at Columbia and flaky enough to believe, without too much prodding, any exceptional thing about himself he is properly told. A seductress (Madeline Kahn) brought in for the occasion does some of the proper telling, and a sensory-deprivation chamber (Simon's own experiment) does the rest—except that the creature they create really thinks himself divinely inspired, and when he wants to save the world by ridding it of



Heart Beat and the fifties generation: *lost in the wastelands of middle-class America.*



what ails it—electric hand dryers in public washrooms, aluminum-foil ketchup dispensers, the U. S. House of Representatives, etc.—the institute's director (Austin Pendleton, my favorite performance) decides that Simon must be terminated.

That is when satire turns into slapstick and when *Simon*, from the beginning a comedy precariously dependent on the sharpness of its recognition value, falls utterly apart. If movies were the sum of their ideas, *Simon* might be a pretty fair movie. But movies are action, including physical action, and it is depressing to watch

Alan Arkin as Simon.

a film full of bright, topical, intellectual allusions stumble over the clumsiness of its own pratfalls. I find myself laughing at much of it in retrospect—for example, the commune that Simon escapes to where they worship television and read their scriptures in the listings of *TV Guide*. But much of this is uncomfortable to experience, largely because of the gap between the massive energy that has gone in and the gracelessness that has come out of each comic sequence.

Arkin plays what is, properly, the Woody Allen role. He's good at projecting panic but poor at suggesting the desperately clever insolence that might have earned it. And so he seems strangely outside a characterization that I guess is supposed to capture—outrageously—the malaise of our time. —*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

APOCALYPSE NEXT TUESDAY

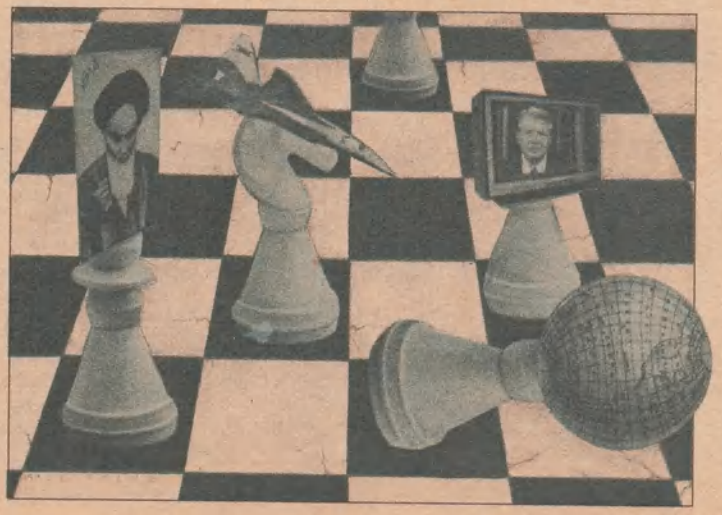
We live in frightening times. As I write this, men with towels on their heads are holding our countrymen captive in a land without bowling alleys. These hostages sit, unrescued, thinking of their loved ones, worrying whether or not the whitener has been taken out of Final Touch fabric softener.

We sit and worry, too. We worry about the fact that no nation in history has survived an inflation rate as high as ours without a total economic collapse, about the fact that none of the men currently seeking the highest political office can speak a declarative sentence, and about the fact that the Village People make more money than you or I ever shall.

What, we worry, will America do when she runs out of precious oil, and we, her people, are forced to tread like lowly oxen among her subdivisions and there is an unholy emptiness in the Pizza Hut parking lots of our once mighty land? When there is not enough money in her coffers to support the Chrysler Corporation and the Village People both, let alone the dictator of Pakistan? When the whitener is forsooth gone from the Final Touch, and there is wailing where once was song, and the blood of Ronald McDonald trickles down the swarthy chins of the towel-headed stinkards of Islam? What then?

It is a terrible possibility—and I am confident that our esteemed born-again and made-for-TV president and his white wife will agree with me—that our proposed disco-draft army might not be enough to foil Communist aggression in the Persian Gulf; that after our last, brave 18-year-old warrior has desperately hurled her last tampon, we might have no recourse but to blow the fuckers clear to kingdom come. They, in turn, would blow us up. Maybe they won't even wait their turn; maybe their warheads are whistling toward us right now, as we speak. Or perhaps something even worse will happen. Giant grasshoppers, that sort of thing.

Many recent novels explore the various ways in which the apocalypse might come to pass. The more traditional of these novels take the ever popular nuclear-holocaust approach. Stanley Johnson's ***The Doomsday Deposit*** (Dutton, $9.95), replete with maps, diagrams, and technical footnotes, tells the story of the accidental discovery of the world's largest natural deposit of plutonium. Seething with quasi-scientific authority, unrelenting in its paranoia, this is a novel that deserves to be read by all of us who keep emergency water supplies in our basements.



Eastwind/Westwind (Morrow, $11.95) is an exceptional first novel by James J. Nordhoff. Here, too, we have a story centering on the threat of nuclear disaster, but it is a far better-written story, with characterization given priority over college physics. Mr. Nordhoff also ends his tale cynically, but he does so with one of the toughest last lines I have read in quite some time.

The best of the current nuke-fiction, perhaps, is Sabi H. Shabtai's ***5 Minutes to Midnight*** (Delacorte, $9.95). Mr. Shabtai is an Israeli doctor of political science who moonlights as a consultant on terrorism, hijackings, and similarly nasty doings; and, as this book shows, he can put together a hot page to boot. The novel is more frightening than most of its kind because of its startling plausibility, and its tension is so well wrought that only a loathsome snitch would reveal the ending.

Terrorists also supply a good deal of the action in Geoffrey Bocca's ***The Fourth Horseman*** (Rawson, Wade, $8.95), a modest but superlative thriller that offers much not only to devotees of paranoia but to those of horse racing as well.

Less cataclysmic, but equally grim, in its fictional forebodings is ***Mockingbird*** (Doubleday, $10), by Walter Tevis. For Mr. Tevis, the noted author of *The Hustler* and *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, doom lies not in nuclear holocaust but rather in enslavement to technology. *Mockingbird* has the world of the not-distant future peopled by men and women no longer capable of emotional extremes, ideal employees who have forsaken orgasm, hope, and most else, except sopors. Any of us who have closely observed our

TV anchorpersons of late will hesitate before dismissing all this as mere science fiction.

Then we have ***Omega*** (Times Books, $10.95), by Stewart Farrar. Here, the fate of the world depends upon the outcome of a battle between the technocrats and the witches. The author, it seems, earnestly believes in the possibility of such an Armageddon. "He lives," the dust jacket tells us, "in a coven with his wife, a high priestess, in the most remote, rural section of Western Ireland." After reading his book, I hope he stays there.

Some prefer to view the end of

John Muth

Michael Brown: toxic waste.

the world in cosmic terms. In ***The Last Immortal*** (Houghton Mifflin, $9.95), J. O. Jeppson, who is not only Isaac Asimov's wife but also a very prosaic author in her own right, spins a tale about twin universes. One of these universes—ours, of course—must die so that the other might be reborn (don't ask me why). La Jeppson writes mainly in dialogue. Thus:

"Great Beta—can he deactivate Ship?"

"He won't. Astrid is on board."

"But he'll try to control Ship's brain."

Heap-good sentences, hey? This novel shows that the apocalypse, like everything else, can be a bore, and that talent, even of a lesser order, cannot be absorbed through cervical tissue.

Star God (St. Martin's, $8.95), by Allen L. Wold, is a less pretentious and more intelligent science fiction. Here, in the future, when all religion is extinct and the world is heading toward its final demise, the brave soul Satinas (but where do they get these names?) sets out in search of the ancient enlightenment to enable him to save all from doom. And damned if he doesn't. What a guy!

In Burt Cole's ***Blood Knot*** (St. Martin's, $9.95), we have already undergone the Chaos, the Famine, and the Terror. Those of us who have not perished have formed a rabble army to attack the remains of the government that brought about our downfall. This is a very attractive notion, and Mr. Cole has brought it off with great skill and imagination.

Scariest of all these books, however, are two nonfiction works that show all too clearly exactly how America is presently destroying itself. Michael Brown's ***Laying Waste: Love Canal and the Poisoning of America*** (Pantheon, $10) tells, with erudition and authority, the awful story of toxic waste; of how industrialist swine and slimy politicians have methodically ruined large areas of California, New Jersey, Tennessee, Michigan, Iowa, and Louisiana. Mr. Brown has a fine talent for making clear some complex chemistry and writing calmly under the fire of his subject.

The Squeeze (Summit, $11.95), by James Dale Davidson, deals with a more general but no less alarming disaster: the collapse of the American machine. Taxes, funny-money, real estate, energy, bureaucratic tyranny, and much else that is bringing the New World dream to its pitiful end is examined in all its rotten detail. Not the least of the book's merits is a survival guide, called "Breaking the Grip."

After reading these books, you should be shorn of any vestigial optimism and well prepared to meet that day when the Final Touch flows untrue and naught remains to be uttered in complaint but the final gasp of that last dying anchorperson valiantly trying to inform a still and ashen world that the end of all viability has come. —*Nick Tosches*

SOUNDS

TWO-TONE ROCK

The **Specials** looked more than a little unusual as they filed onto the stage at New York's rock disco Hurrah for their American debut. There were two black guys with short hair, sunglasses, porkpie hats, and three-piece suits on, and five white guys, also in suits and practically brimless hats and even shorter hair. The organ player smiled from behind his keyboard, revealing a row of missing teeth. Then he counted off a fast, syncopated reggae rhythm, and pandemonium broke loose.

The black lead singer threw himself into the audience, clawed his way out, danced across the stage, and clambered precariously onto the top of a monitor speaker while the white lead singer, in black suit, crew cut, and black eye shadow, sang a song called "Nite Klub" that lamented that "the beer tastes like piss." The black guitarist bore down on a chunka-chunka, right-up-on-the-beat reggae rhythm while jigging wildly around the stage; the white guitarist pumped out scorching rock-'n'-roll leads. The organist with the missing teeth jumped up and down in time, hit a few chords, and then rolled around on the floor in apparent convulsions while the black lead singer pretended to kick him in the groin. Then the music subtly shifted gears, and the band began to sing: "Just because you're a black boy/ Just because you're a white/ It doesn't mean you've got to hate him/ It doesn't mean you've got to fight/ It doesn't make it all right."

England's so-called two-tone rock, spearheaded by the Specials, has arrived in America. It's two-tone because it's a fusion of black Jamaican funk and white-punk aggression and because the bands that make up the movement are loosely affiliated with a label/cooperative/state of mind called two-tone, brainchild of Specials organist Jerry Dammers (the one with the missing teeth). The two-tone bands, which also include the **Selecter**, the **Beat**, and the all-white but stylistically similar **Madness**, have made their own individual record deals while maintaining close ties with two-tone. *The Specials* (Chrysalis), a no-frills first album produced by the new-waver Elvis

Monia Simone/Lynn Goldsmith, Inc.

The Specials: fusing Jamaican funk with pure punk aggression.

Elaine Bryant/Retna Ltd.

The Clash from England: punk reggae hits the American airwaves.

Costello, and Madness's *One Step Beyond* (Sire) are the first American LPs from the two-tone camp, but the Beat has signed with Arista, and the Selecter has released a startling single, "On My Radio" (Chrysalis), a kind of cross between reggae and a classical cantata. In England the first five singles on the Two-Tone label and the Specials and Madness albums all went top-ten. The music may be a little too working-class English to gain immediate acceptance here, but its reception at home and the eagerness of American labels to sign up the two-tone groups indicate that it's going to be around for a while.

The Jamaican music on which the two-tone groups have drawn isn't reggae as most Americans know it. It's actually pre-reggae. Back in the early and middle sixties, Jamaican popular music was called "ska" in the islands and "bluebeat" in Britain. It was pure pop, without the cloak of Rastafarian mysticism that's since become inextricably linked with reggae. During the late sixties, a slower, harder-punching rhythm entered the picture—so-called rock steady. By the end of the sixties, the bass was louder, the rhythms were looser, and the feeling spacier; rock steady had evolved into early reggae. The two-tone bands freely mix elements from all these Jamaican styles, but their basic orientation is toward ska, which means lyrical melodies, a kind of jiving, fifties rhythm-and-blues looseness, lazy trombone and saxophone punctuations, and skipping, snappy, uptempo rhythms.

The Specials, Madness, and the rest have made considerable alterations in the classic ska pattern. The Specials' rhythm section has a definite early-reggae tinge, and their stage show is pure punk energy, with lead vocalist Terry Hall sometimes bringing Johnny Rotten to mind. The lyrics, mostly written by organist Dammers, are serious pleas for understanding and good sense aimed directly at the English underclass that makes up the band's core audience. Keep out of trouble, the songs say; don't be a racist, don't get married too young, don't sit around and gripe about the dead-end class system when you could be *doing something*—even if it's just having fun. Similar messages are evident in Madness's lyrics, but this group is more about good times than anything else. In fact, Madness can be downright silly, but its rolling ska rhythms, deliriously honking saxophone, and echoing background voices screaming "one step beyo-o-o-ond" prove irresistible in the end.

Two-tone music is the first really significant black-white pop fusion to come out of England. The fact that it *is* a fusion, combining the rhythmic sophistication of Jamaican music with the hard-driving spunk of rock, makes it especially important. Jamaicans have been a large and vocal minority in England for some years now, and English rockers have been appropriating their music since the late sixties. At first the borrowings were relatively minor, but in the past few years some of the most successful and innovative English rock has been very heavily influenced by reggae. The **Police**, probably the most popular new English band in America, called its second A&M album *Regatta de Blanc*—white reggae, and that's what it is. In the punk camp, the **Clash** has finally achieved American air-play with its versions of reggae numbers like "Police and Thieves" and, from their recent double album *London Calling* (Epic), the wonderfully catchy "Wrong 'Em Boyo." **Public Image Ltd.**, the experimental post-punk band fronted by John Lydon (formerly Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols), purveys a reggae-inspired sound on its recent album *Second Edition* (Island)—booming bass mixed out in front, choppy guitar and drums, vocals and keyboard colorings echoing somewhere in the background.

Instances of genuine and mutually reinforcing black-white interchange have been rare even in American popular music. Almost without exception, the really influential and lasting black-white fusions have come from economically marginal, politically "backward" areas—white and black southerners worked together to create soul music in the sixties, and the disco phenomenon first erupted in inner-city neighborhoods with mixed black, Latin, and white populations. It seems auspicious that England's two-tone groups have come not from the trendy London rock circuit but from the provinces, the industrial suburbs, and other areas where blacks and whites live in close proximity. The fact that the white two-tone musicians tend to dress like skinheads has upset some critics, for the skinheads, working-class youths, used to be known for attacking black and Asian immigrants. What the critics tend to forget is that musics blend best where people are crowded in together. The skinheads and their black neighbors have traditionally listened and danced to the same ska and reggae music, and two-tone rock is the inevitable result.

Early rock 'n' roll—Elvis, Chuck Berry—was a result of musical interchange between blacks and whites on the lower rungs of the economic ladder; intellectual theorists might have envisioned it, but they could never have created its explosive energy. Onstage, the Specials and Madness have the same wallop that made early rock so very, well, special; they could be a revolutionary force in the emerging pop synthesis of the eighties. At the very least, they're an awful lot of fun to dance to.—*Robert Palmer*

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Driven by greed, the international oil companies and their banking colleagues have sold America into economic slavery.

BIG OIL, BIG BANKS, BIG TROUBLE

BY ROBERT SHERRILL

Big Oil, Big Banks, and OPEC—the oil-banking complex—have taken the place of the military-industrial complex as the most influential and the most threatening force in our lives.

Melodramatic as the statement may sound, it is nonetheless true that the major international oil companies and their colleagues in the international banking industry have reduced America to economic helplessness. Albert M. Wojnilower, chief economist for the First Boston Corporation, says it right: "More and more, oil is money. Oil is the store of value and the medium of exchange." And because of this transformation the United States has "lost its ability to run an independent economic policy." Our government is unable to solve the energy crisis because the energy crisis has been transformed into a money crisis as well. We cannot separate the two crises any more than we can separate the oil and money industries. The last Senate investigation of their interlocking relationship found, for example, that Citicorp ($103 billion in assets) and Chase Manhattan Bank ($65 billion), two of the ten largest banks in the world, were affiliated with 12 oil companies through a total of 27 directors. This kind of intertwining runs throughout the two industries, and the addition of the Organization of Petroleum-Exporting Countries (OPEC) to the oil-banking complex in recent years has made it all the more tightly knit.

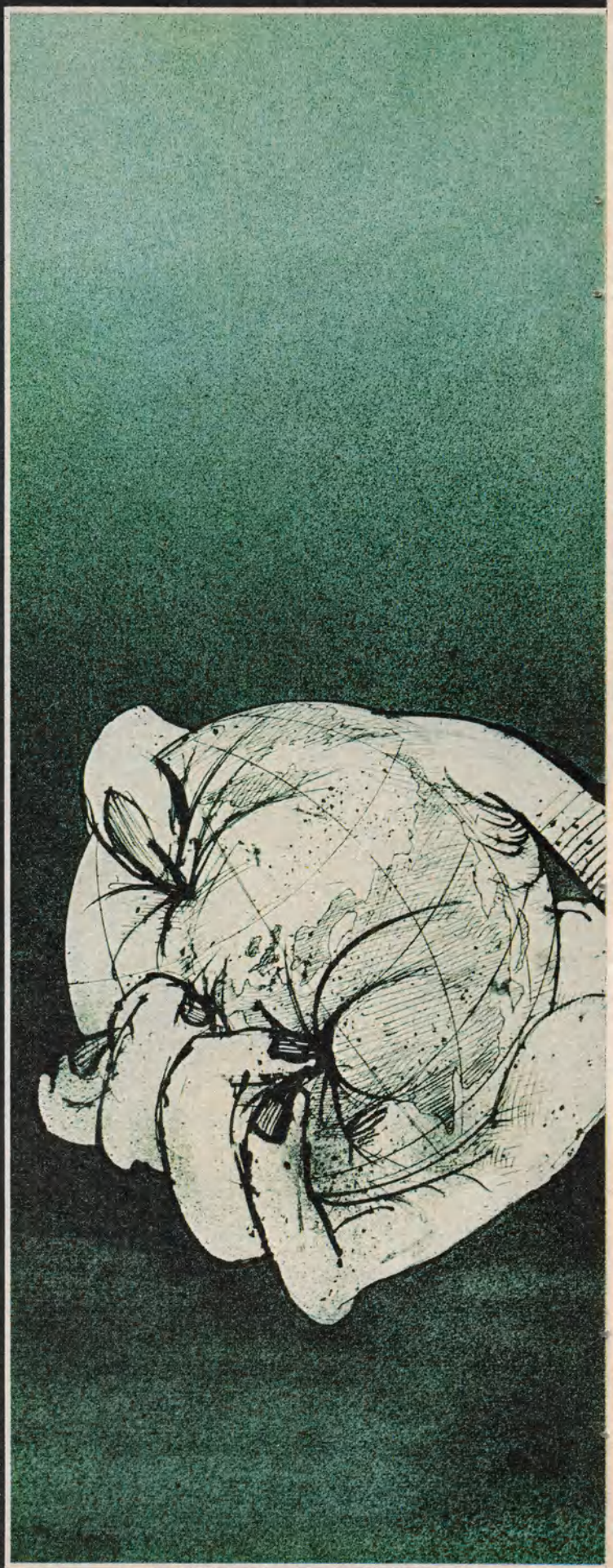

Illustration by Ralph Steadman

They have become like Siamese twins joined at the cash register. Separate them, and you could kill one or both, but you could also kill our economy at the same time. With a great exertion of national will, through conservation and competition from other fuels, we might control energy prices. But that solution works only in the abstract. In reality, we cannot afford to do anything to upset seriously the profits of the major international oil companies, because to do so would at the same time seriously reduce the income of OPEC, and a financially injured and angered OPEC might easily strike back in such a way as to shatter our financial system. Indeed, as will be shown later, we may now be approaching that point.

The fear of this happening has paralyzed our government in its relationship with the oil-producing countries of the Middle East. In a very real sense, the Arabs now control the U. S. economic pacemaker. We have become hostage to that portion of their riches—many billions of dollars—deposited with our banks and invested in our corporations and in our government itself.

Always there is the fear that the Arabs may take their money and go elsewhere. Sen. Charles Percy, one of the Senate's foreign-relations and economic experts, described the threat in its rawest terms: "There could be another war out there in the Middle East, and as part of it the Arab league could say, 'Pull out every last cent you have deposited in the United States.' What happens if this theoretical possibility occurs? What happens if the plug is pulled on us altogether?" Could the targeted banks stand the trauma, or would they fold? And if they folded, would they bring down our financial house of cards? A senior State Department official recently acknowledged that "just the fear that they might withdraw gives them significant leverage. We have added a second layer of potential vulnerability—dependence on Arab petrodollars—to our initial dependence on their oil."

The hub of Arab strength lies preeminently in Saudi Arabia. It is OPEC's biggest producer, biggest earner, biggest investor abroad. It is the nation with the most deposits in U. S. banks, the most investments in commercial real estate, the most investments in U. S. government securities. From 18 weeks of pumping oil, the Saudis earn enough to buy General Motors; in 24 weeks they earn enough to buy Exxon, the largest industrial corporation in the United States; Tiffany's could be purchased from the income of a mere 18 hours of pumping. In a confidential report to the International Monetary Fund in 1978, the Saudis estimated that their international investments totaled $133 billion. Since then they have probably added another $100 billion or so.

So wide and deep is the Saudis' presence in the world's treasury that any time they choose to do so, they could launch a monetary crisis by selling off their dollars and switching to, say, deutsche marks. They could achieve the same end by unloading their dollars and turning to gold instead. To be sure, they might lose a few billion in the switch, but if they felt that their pride or their national security called for it, or if they felt sufficiently piqued by our foreign policy, they would undoubtedly be willing to make the slight sacrifice of a few billion—knowing that a couple of months' pumping would replenish whatever losses they suffered.

We are indeed at the Saudis' mercy. Louis J. Walinsky, who did a study of Arab investments in this country for B'nai B'rith, sizes up the situation accurately:

"Partly because the politically powerful financial and banking communities have a strong vested interest in these investments, partly because public officials have viewed them as beneficial, and partly because these investments have reinforced, and been reinforced by, other factors, like control over oil supply and surplus, and Arab purchases here, Saudi Arabia has acquired a degree of influence and power over the United States never achieved by any other nation in our history."

The bankers went to their friends in high places and urged that our government not oppose OPEC's staggering price increases. They got their way.

He could have said the same thing about OPEC in general.

Our political leaders are well aware of the Arabs' strength and of their willingness to use it. Fresh in their minds is the humbling experience of Joe Clark, who, when he became prime minister of Canada briefly in 1979, said that he intended to move Canada's embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem—a gesture that pleased Jewish voters. But it enraged the Arabs, who threatened to withdraw their money from Canadian banks, dump their Canadian money holdings, and cancel proposed investment in Canadian industry. Clark backed down.

If Canada, where the Middle Eastern oil producers have invested a relatively trifling amount, is vulnerable to such blackmail, we are much more vulnerable.

Here's how we got into this unpleasant predicament. When the OPEC nations, under the guidance of the major oil companies, raised prices 400 percent between 1973 and 1974, money began to flood into those backward nations so fast that they didn't know what to do with it all. Their oil income jumped from $29 billion in 1973 to $100 billion in 1974. Oil that was selling for $2.59 a barrel in 1973 sold for $10.95 a barrel in 1974. (Today the same oil sells for more than $30 a barrel.) Except for Iran the producing countries had no industrial base on which to build. The only thing they could do with the money was to take it to the bank or buy property in the major industrial nations, particularly the United States.

Naturally, American bankers were overjoyed to have these new billions to play with. And they lusted for more. A confidential study by the World Bank predicted that the Arab oil-producing bloc might have more than $1,000 billion—$1 trillion—to invest in the United States and other countries by 1985. That would be ten times the total book value of U. S. investments overseas as of 1973, and it would be 100 times the value of all the gold held by the U. S. government.

The bait was too tempting. The bankers went to their friends in high places and urged that our government not oppose OPEC's staggering price increases. They got their way.

For our government to allow consumers to be looted for the mutual benefit of oil producers and bankers was bad enough. But in terms of long-range harm, the even more troublesome development was that the greed was allowed to be so concentrated. *Concentration* was, and continues to be, the truly dangerous element in the bankers' scheme.

If there were hundreds of big Arab investors and if they had invested their money in dozens of U. S. banks—really spread it around—there would be no threat. For one thing, successful conspiracies are difficult to achieve among many participants. But, most important, if the money were widely dispersed among many banks, then an avalanche of withdrawals could not affect any one bank in a devastating way. But that isn't the way things turned out. What we have is a very few OPEC depositors whose deposits are concentrated in a handful of very large New York banks whose financial health, in turn, is crucial to the U. S. banking system. One of Chase Manhattan's top officials admitted, "You really have the problem of a very small number of banks, a relatively small number of [oil] countries, and a relatively small number of depositors in those countries. In Saudi Arabia you are talking about one or two or three depositors. You are talking about ten banks or probably twenty, and probably the first five represent way more than half of it."

Some experts, in fact, believe that most of the OPEC money is in only three New York banks—First National City Bank (Citicorp), Chase Manhattan, and Morgan Guaranty. A top staff member of

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the Senate Foreign Relations Committee says: "I think you will probably catch seventy-five percent of the money right there. You'll probably catch seventy-five percent of the funds in those three banks."

If you count in the Chemical Bank of New York, Manufacturers Hanover, and the Bank of America, you will have the six banks that handle 90 percent of the OPEC booty. The other 10 percent of the OPEC deposits would be found, according to Federal Reserve Board member Philip E. Coldwell, in the next six largest banks, but since their total share is so insignificant, no single share is worth mentioning. So long as that situation exists, the great danger of what one or two Arab depositors might do to our banking system by destroying a keystone bank is both psychological and real.

The psychological danger surfaced in the fall of 1978 when Kuwait—a piece of sand about the size of Connecticut with a population less than that of Baltimore—came close to shattering our monetary bubble. On the last day of October of that year, rumor spread along Wall Street that the tiny oil kingdom had withdrawn a huge deposit from Morgan Guaranty Bank of New York City. The rumor was that the withdrawal was for some amount between $1 billion and $2 billion. On the world monetary market, the dollar was already looked upon as a soggy piece of merchandise. International bankers were dumping it in large quantities and turning to harder and more stable currencies. The rumor of the Kuwait pullout triggered a new wave of dumping—a wave that finally reached such monstrous proportions that it had the effect of a run on the currency, and for a moment the nation's economy teetered on the edge of what the *Wall Street Journal* later called "a nineteenth-century type of financial panic."

We did not fall over that edge only because the administration rushed in desperately and bought $30 billion worth of dying dollars on the world market, thereby making it seem that our currency was worth having. The price of the dollar stabilized for the moment, and the panic was past.

Memories of that episode still send a chill through U. S. financial circles. What made it all the more frightening was that the rumor was only a rumor—Kuwait had not withdrawn a large bundle from Morgan Guaranty. If a mere rumor could have such devastating results, what would an actual withdrawal of billions of dollars do to the banks involved?

We almost got a chance to find out on November 14, 1979, when Iran announced that it was pulling all its funds—something between $6 billion and $12 billion, depending on whose word you wanted to take—from U. S. banks. When President Carter got word of the move at 6:00 A.M., he climbed right out of bed and declared a national emergency ("an extraordinary threat to the national security and foreign policy of the U. S."), and by 8:00 A.M. he had seized Iran's bank deposits. He was justified in being jumpy, for in 1974 the Franklin National Bank of New York had gone out of business in a fiasco involving only $1.7 billion.

The seizure of the Iranian deposits to protect our banks was the second half of the act. The first half had found the United States shaping its foreign policy to meet the needs of Chase Manhattan Bank.

This is the background for that costly act of monetary mercy. In 1953 Iranian rebels temporarily deposed the shah and replaced him with a fierce nationalist named Mossadegh. The CIA promptly overthrew Mossadegh and reinstalled the shah, who was forced to show his gratitude by permitting several of our oil companies to obtain concessions there for the first time. Three of the largest concessions went to companies controlled by the Rockefeller family.

It was the beginning of a great romance between the shah and David Rockefeller of Chase Manhattan. From the early 1960s until the shah was overthrown in 1979, Chase was the dominant bank in Iran. Whenever the shah wanted to borrow money for his government, he always specified that Chase be the manager of the lending consortium. Together they worked to develop Iran's oil into a great fortune that would be mutually beneficial. It was Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, a Rockefeller protégé, who, at least tacitly, encouraged the shah to push for higher oil prices. (Since leaving office, Kissinger has returned to Rockefeller's bank as an "adviser.") The more money the shah took in, the more he would have to deposit with Chase.

> The profits of OPEC have become so great that they threaten to . . . touch off a world depression so complete that not even the oil-banking complex will escape.

And that's exactly how it worked out. Toward the end of the shah's reign, the government of Iran had nearly $3 billion on deposit with Chase—almost 8 percent of the bank's total deposits, or quite enough to keep Mr. Rockefeller on a very short leash. But the $3 billion was, in fact, only a fraction of the sum by which the shah controlled Mr. Rockefeller's affections. Over the years the shah and his family stole billions from his country's treasury and deposited much of it with Chase. (Estimates range up to $25 billion, but that's probably extravagant.)

After the shah fled Iran, the new government, knowing of Rockefeller's alliance with the shah and hating him for it, began pulling its money from Chase and depositing it in the foreign branches of other banks: Bankers Trust, Bank of America, etc. When that happened, Rockefeller had no reason to try to maintain friendly relations with Iran. But he had all the more reason to keep the shah's friendship, lest the exiled dictator pull his stolen fortune from Chase. So when the shah asked to come to America, Rockefeller and Kissinger put enough pressure on President Carter to bring it about, under the pretense that he was being let in for health reasons. Thus was triggered the long, debilitating tug-of-war over the embassy hostages.

Carter's decision to admit the shah was disastrous to this nation's peace of mind, but it was a fine decision for Chase Manhattan Bank and the whole banking system. If Rockefeller and Kissinger had failed to persuade Carter, and if that had prompted the sulking shah to pull his billions from Chase's vaults, what would have happened? As one Swiss economist explained with a shrug, "If you pull five billion dollars from Chase Manhattan, they will lock the door."

There is no possible way that the government can prepare a strategic defense against financial blackmail by the Arabs unless it knows how much of their money the various oil-producing nations have on deposit and in which banks. It must know, further, whether the money is on deposit in this country or in the bank's foreign branches. But when Congress has tried, feebly, to get answers to these questions, the bankers have simply refused to tell—and they have gotten away with it. Their reasoning is simple: profits should come before patriotism. The Arabs want secrecy, and the bankers are all too willing to oblige—for a price. As Hans Angermueller, vice-president and general counsel of National City Bank, the nation's largest, once told a Senate committee that was trying to pry the truth out of him: "We wonder if in a balance of risk against reward it is worth subjecting the major U. S. international banks to losing their OPEC customer relationships in order to glean some knowledge of where . . . the world's petrodollars ended up. We think the balance should run against running that risk."

This attitude should come as no surprise. Twenty years ago three-fourths of the largest banks in the world were right here in this country. Today, only 4 of the largest 20 are U. S.-based banks, and these are the most influential in the oil-banking complex. The United States no longer dominates world banking the way it once did, and it has a difficult time trying to hold the allegiance of its largest banks. Their attitude is global, multina-

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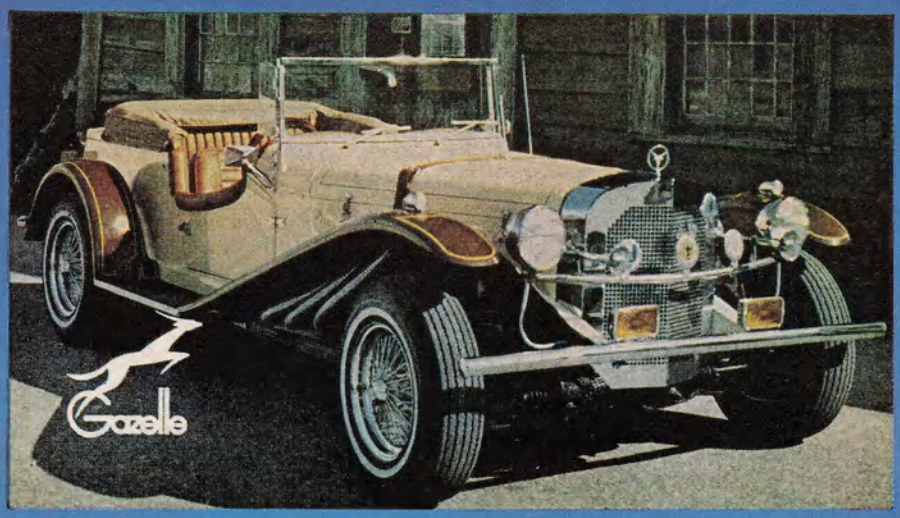

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tional. They think of themselves as being part of the world banking community, not as representatives of the United States in that community. Their allegiance, in short, is elsewhere.

The General Accounting Office, Congress's investigating agency, estimates that as of the middle of last year (the latest count made public) OPEC nations had $32 billion deposited in the largest U. S. banks, but most nongovernment experts feel that this is a ridiculously low estimate. For one thing, the government is counting only deposits that OPEC has its name on. But there is nothing to prevent the oil producers from concealing deposits under bogus names.

Courtenay M. Slater, chief economist of the Department of Commerce, has admitted that if foreign investors choose to hide their country of origin and their personal identity, they can get by with it easily. Paul Erdman, one of the sharper observers of foreign investments, submitted a report to Congress in which he estimated that the OPEC nations probably have as many concealed investments in this country as they have identified investments. The concealed investments, he said, are made daily "via fiduciary arrangements with foreign banks . . . ranging from Singapore to the Bahamas." Why the secrecy? "For two obvious reasons. . . . Such arrangements conceal the huge amount of OPEC, especially Arab, investment with U. S. banks and in the U. S. dollar, a matter about which the Saudis are especially touchy, and, secondly, they provide a guarantee against direct sequestership of such funds should there be an American-Arab confrontation which would lead to such a step."

It is believed that since the United States seized Iranian funds, the remaining OPEC nations have moved increasingly to concealed investments.

Obviously, such secrecy makes it impossible for federal bookkeepers to keep track of what's going on, and the U. S. financial structure is thereby left more vulnerable. The ignorance of our bureaucrats was revealed recently in the significant cross-examination of G. Fred Bergsten, assistant secretary of the Treasury for International Affairs, during a session of the House Committee on Government Operations.

Chairman Benjamin Rosenthal demanded an answer:

"Is there anybody in the United States government who knows how much the OPEC countries have invested in U. S. securities, in U. S. banks, or U. S. resources? Is there anybody in the U. S. government who knows that?"

Bergsten: "There would be no one who would know, Mr. Chairman. . . ."

Rosenthal: "What is the outer limit of your best upper guesstimate including direct, indirect, hidden, or anything you want—covered, uncovered—anything, altogether?"

Bergsten: "Gee, I have not put those numbers together."

The government's strangely supine ignorance extends to *all* OPEC investments, not just its bank deposits. J. Dexter Peach of the General Accounting Office says, "The government has no record of how much portfolio investments in a U. S. sector or industry is being held by OPEC"—that is, nobody in government knows how much of our corporate stocks and bonds OPEC nations own (the lowest estimate is $10 billion worth). Nor do they have any idea how many businesses or how much real estate the Arabs own.

It is known that, in addition to hotels and cattle ranches and clothing-manufacturing plants and trucking firms and all sorts of other enterprises, the OPEC barons now own all or part of the Bank of the Commonwealth in Michigan (a bank that Rockefeller's Chase had tried to prop up with a $20 million loan; when that failed, Rockefeller called on the Arabs for help), the Main Bank of Houston, the National Bank of Georgia, the Union Chelsea National Bank of New York, the First National Bank of Hialeah, and the Security National Bank in California—and that is an incomplete list.

> The Saudis could launch a monetary crisis by unloading their dollars and turning to gold instead.

Sen. H. John Heinz III, a member of the Senate Banking Committee, warns that if all the currently proposed bank acquisitions are approved by the Federal Reserve Board, "foreign-owned bank assets will soar to more than ninety-five billion dollars—almost ten percent of the total bank assets in the United States." Because of various techniques for hiding ownership, it would be impossible to know just how much of the control lies in the hands of the oil-producing nations. But one thing is certain: the danger comes not only from OPEC governments but also from individuals, the superrich princes living in those Arab nations. As Heinz admits, "With the tens of billions of dollars in surpluses being accumulated by OPEC states, the prospect of private citizens of those countries buying our major banks has become very real. In 1978, for example, the SEC charged four Arab businessmen with violations of securities laws for secretly attempting to acquire control of the $2.2 billion Financial General Bankshares, a Washington, D.C.-area bank holding company. It seems likely that the prospect of both direct and indirect financial and political influence will convince more wealthy Arabs that American banks are promising investments." The kind of influence they could exert is evident in the fact that in New York and in California, where the foreign bankers have moved in most heavily, they now account for nearly 30 percent of all big business loans.

Many Americans are becoming alarmed, understandably, by the invasion of foreign money. Twenty-five states now restrict foreign investment in some way. Iowa, perhaps the toughest, outlaws foreign purchase of farmland and sharply limits foreign ownership of industrial property. But the federal government shows no concern about the problem. None of the bureaucrats in Washington are trying seriously to keep track of foreign investments in commercial real estate. If you ask officials at the Department of Housing, they'll tell you that they think foreigners have put about $4 billion in such investments, and they think that about 40 percent of the purchases have been in New York City, but they don't know—and they seemingly don't care. HUD officials acknowledge that foreign purchases "appear" to have added to real-estate inflation, but they say that they can't be sure about it.

One reason for the federal bureaucracy's timid approach to the problem is that Washington's money changers are afraid that if they push the America-for-Americans theme too hard, foreigners will stop buying government securities. That would be pretty rough on the bureaucrats. They might have a hard time raising money if they depended on U. S. investors. In some recent years OPEC nations have financed *most* of the U. S. Treasury's domestic borrowings. In the midst of the 1974 recession, Edwin Yeo, under secretary for monetary affairs at the State Department, admitted that this country was looking to foreign capital to pay for our recovery. "We can finance the American economy without these funds," he said, "but it is more difficult."

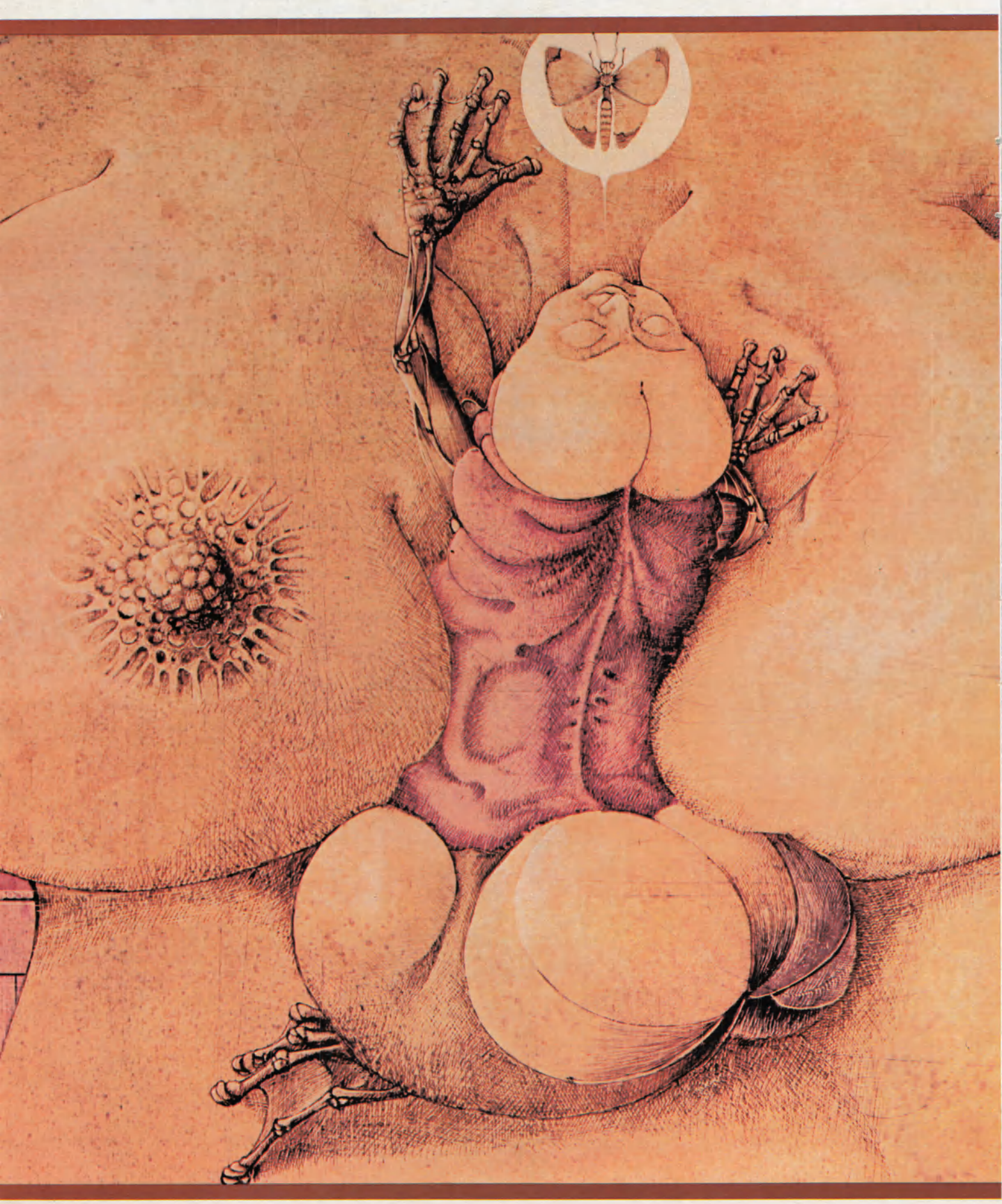
But even the best rackets cannot last forever. As things are presently developing, it seems that the greed of the oil bankers may consume them (even while, unfortunately, it consumes us all). The profits of OPEC have become so great that they threaten to swamp the world's monetary systems and touch off a world depression so complete that not even the oil-banking complex will escape.

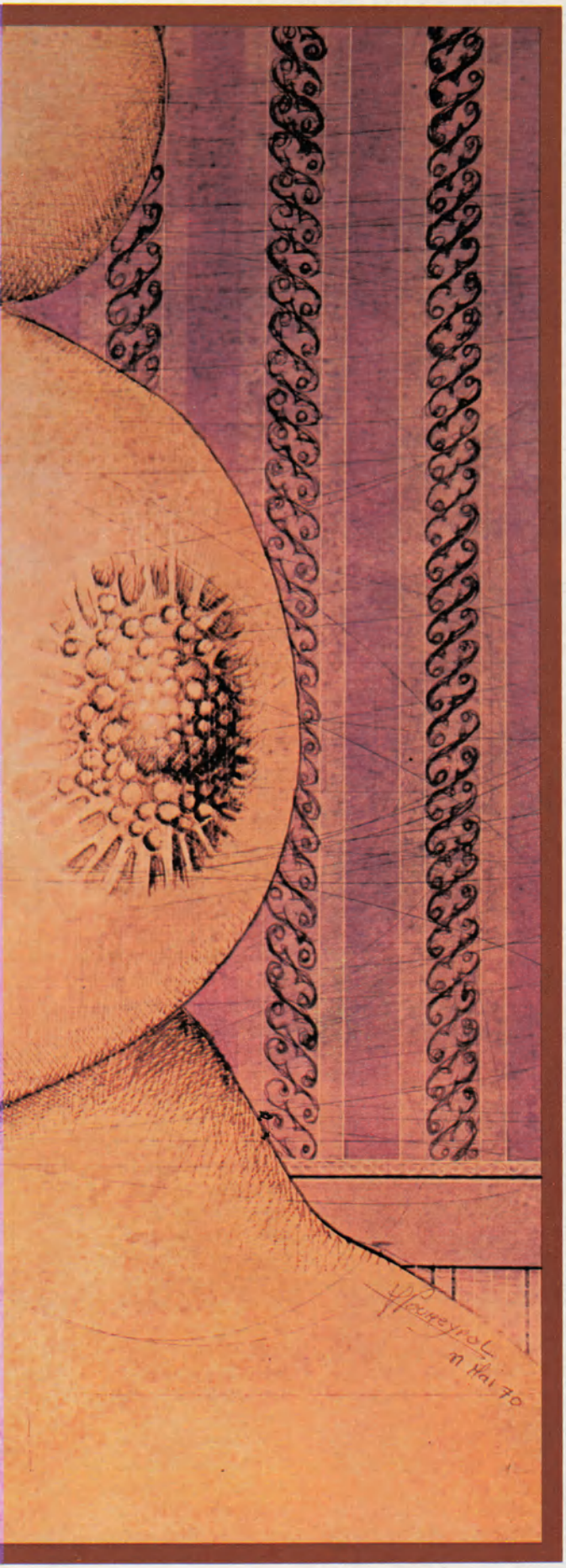
The speed at which the crisis develops will depend on (1) what further harm OPEC does to the dollar and (2) how the banks decide to cope—if they can cope at all—with the rising oil-consumption debt.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

"World's Greatest Dad"

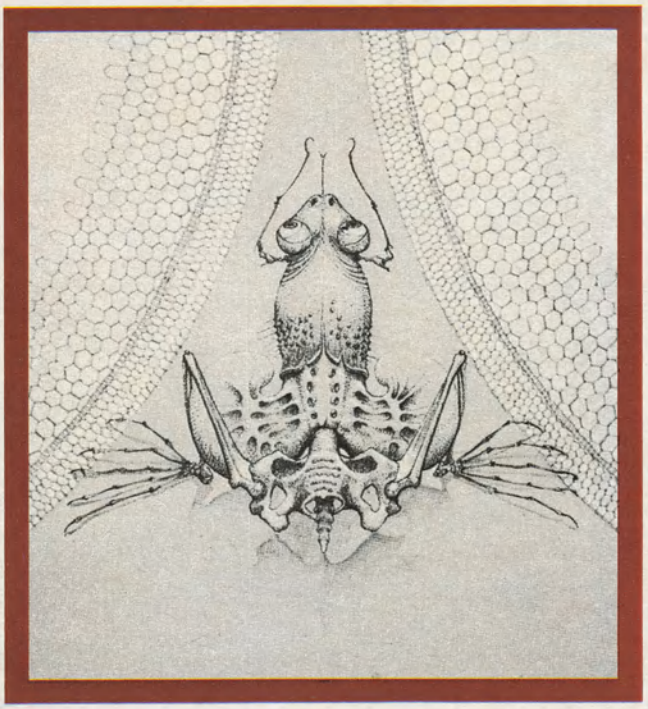
TROPHY STAND NOT AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

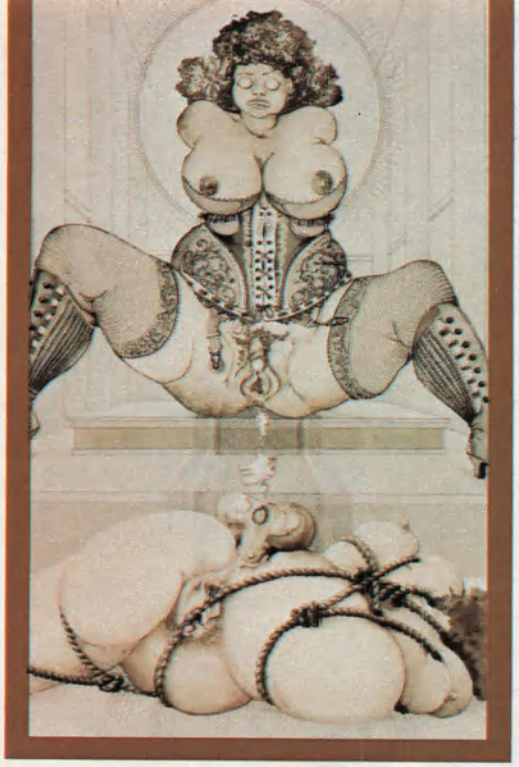




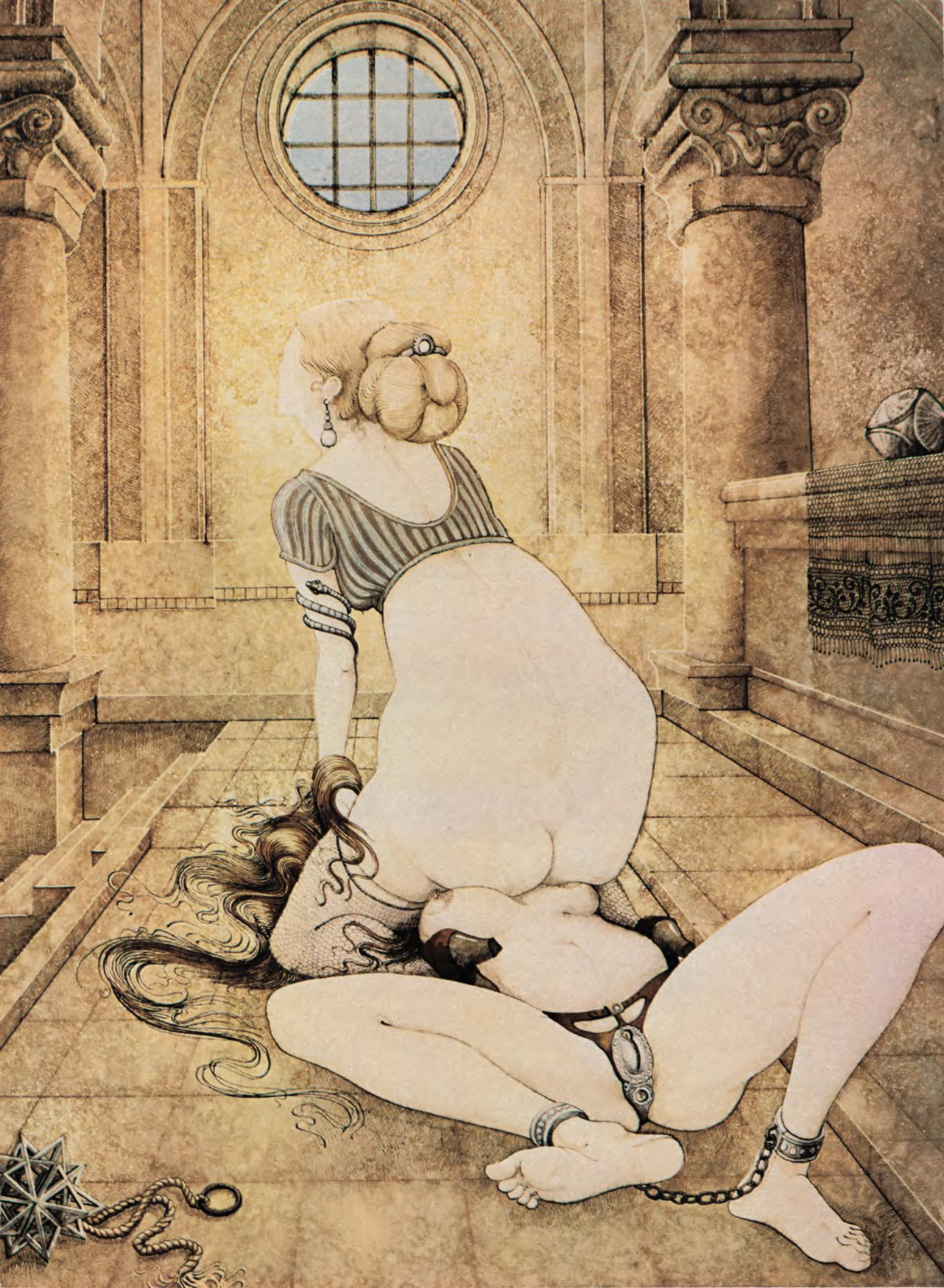
POUMEYROL
A SURREALISTIC PORTFOLIO

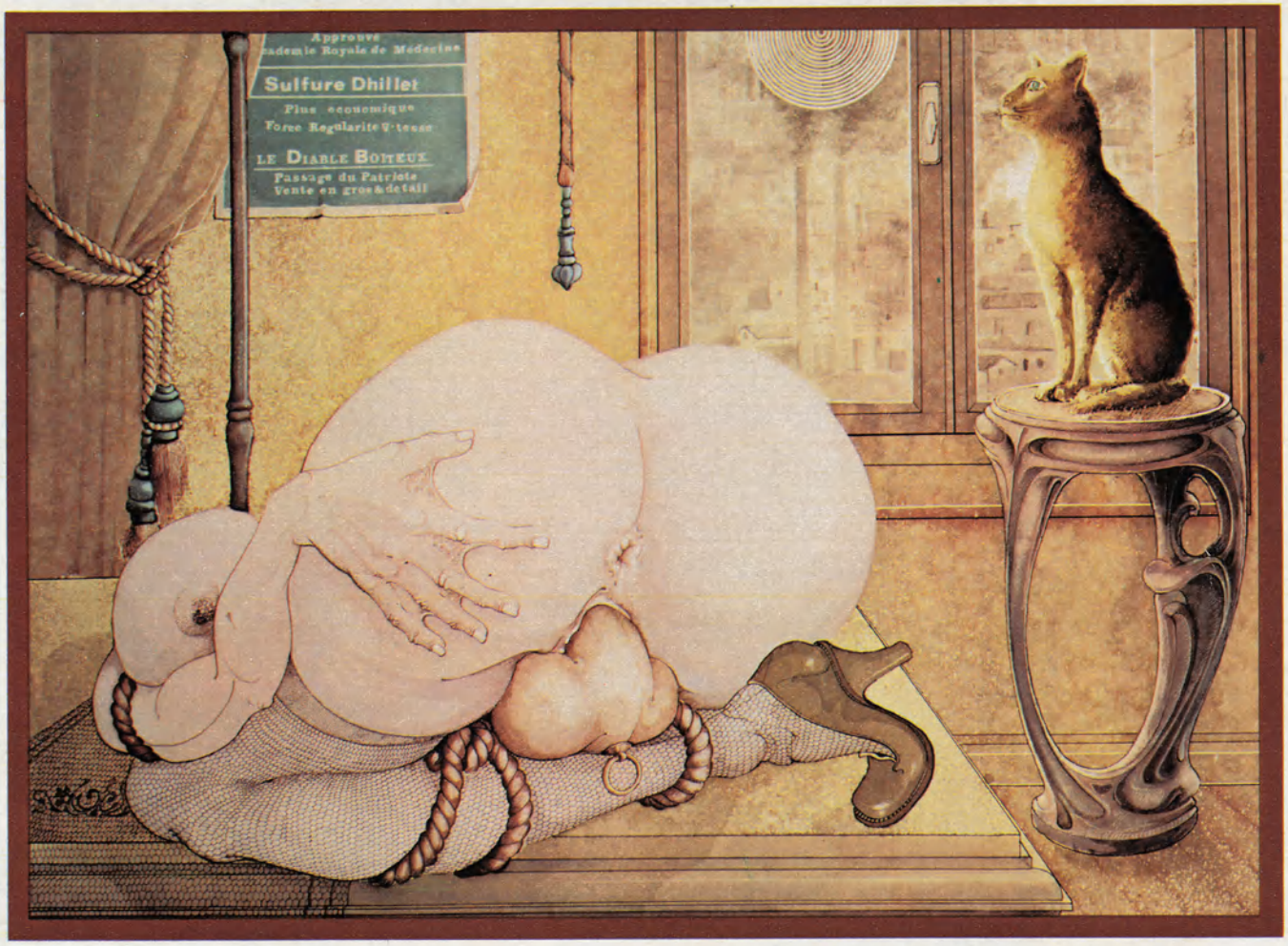
The bizarre erotic art of Jean-Marie Poumeyrol has earned him a reputation as one of France's leading young figurative painters. Although he claims a great debt to the painter Moliniere for giving him the courage to explore his sexual fantasies on canvas, Poumeyrol's complex, paradoxical vision of sexuality as both bleak and joyous, transcendent and defiling, is uniquely his own.





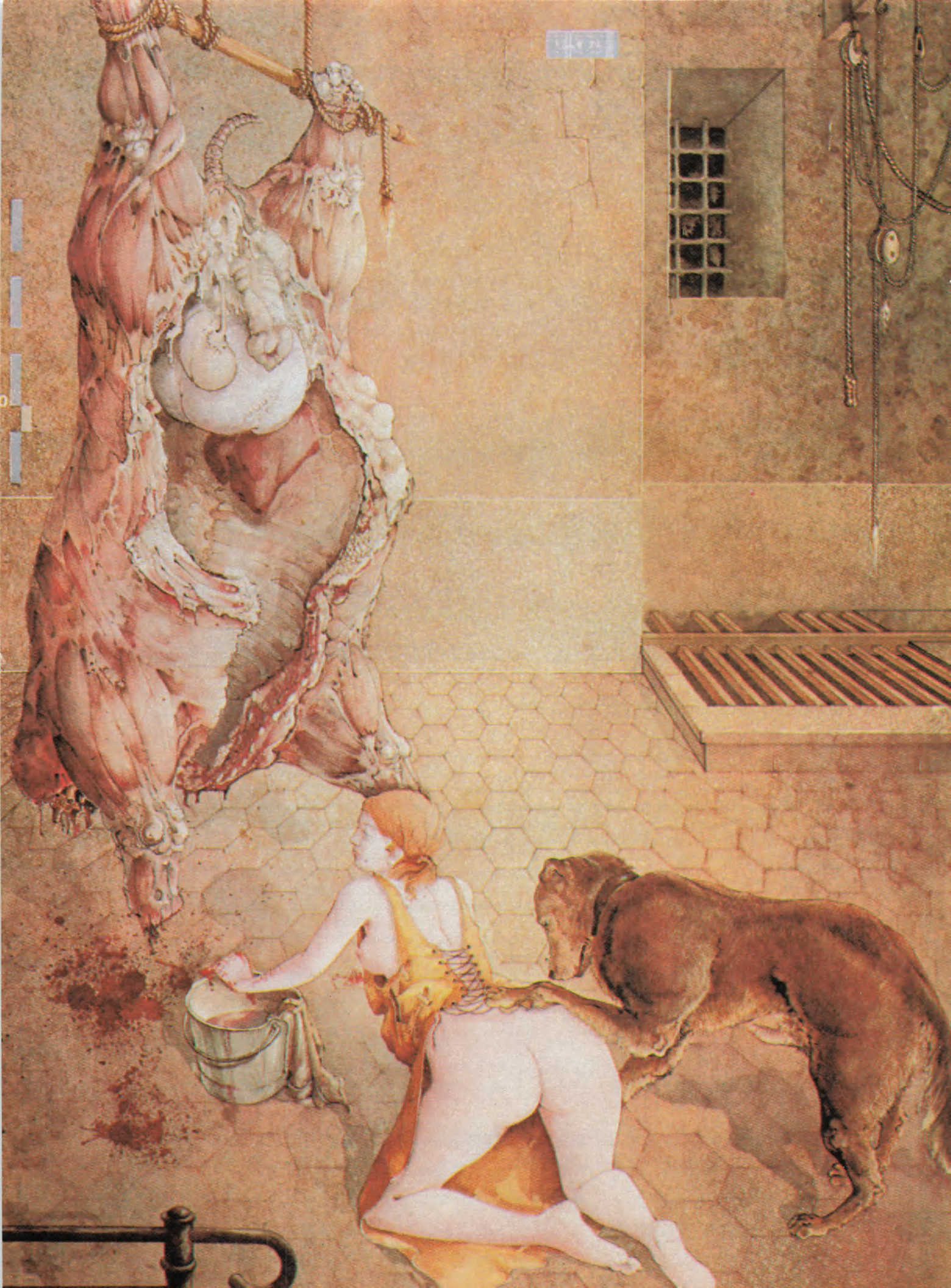
Poumeyrol, now 34, grew up in Libourne, a fanatically Catholic and piously restrictive town in France's Bordeaux region. Escaping at 20 to the comparative beauty and freedom of the countryside, he found his fiercely repressed sexual and artistic urges erupting into stunningly beautiful and flagrantly sexual watercolors. Poumeyrol's early obsession with the ubiquitous, all-consuming ego of his puritanical mother is evident in *Aux Marches du Palais* and *La Femme à la Colonne* (top left). The seductive corseted figures sit with the engulfing derriere of the maternal alter ego. *La Marelle* (bottom left) defies Poumeyrol's early repression with the perversely nostalgic image of a prepubescent girl who is simultaneously a witchlike woman. *Les Inseparables* (right) graphically depicts another taboo. The lesbians' wanton curves are set against the sharp templelike structure of the room—juxtaposing traditional notions of religious piety with ostensibly "pagan" lust.



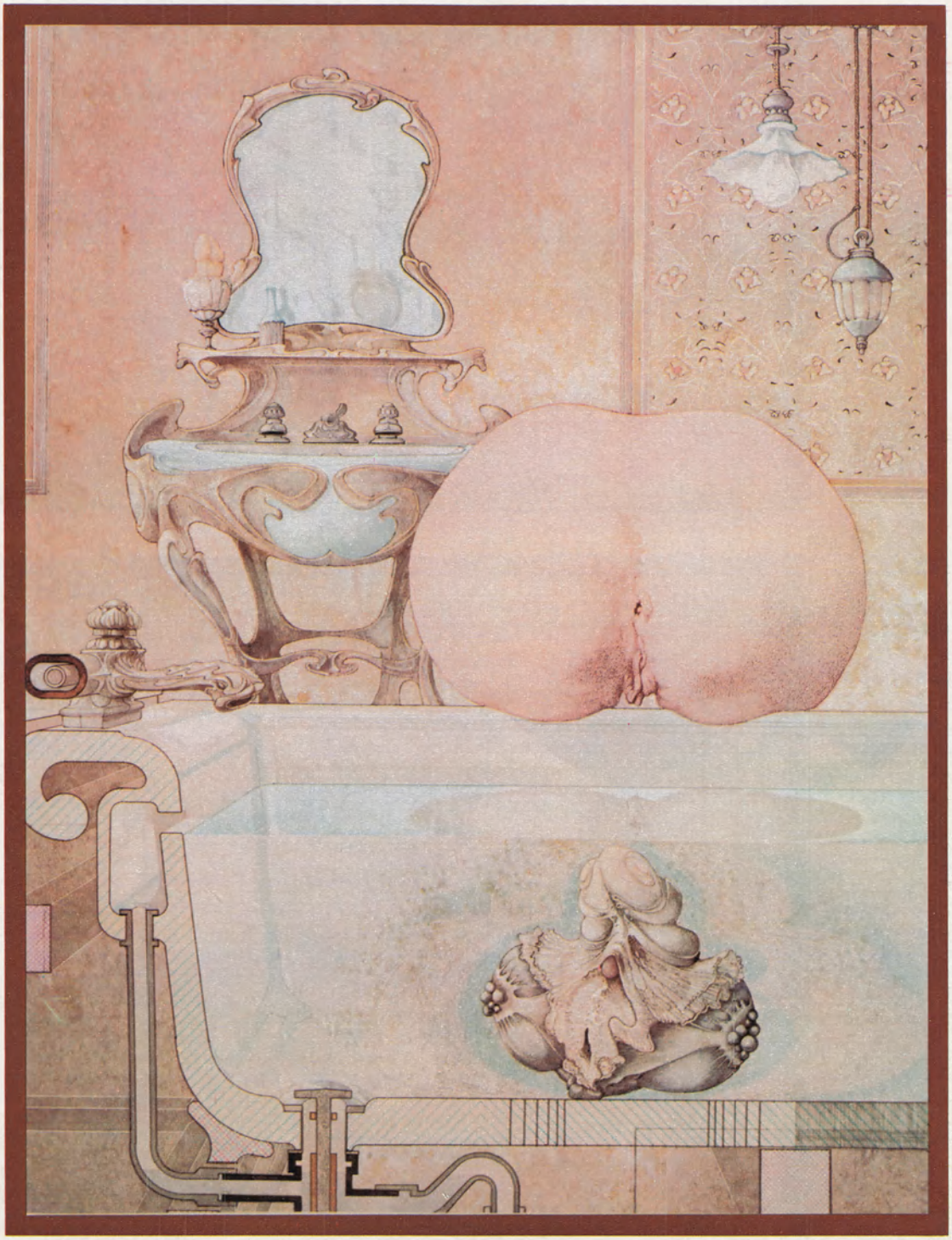


Poumeyrol's own first illicit love affair was painfully terminated when the young girl's outraged father, discovering their secret liaisons, nearly murdered the young artist. The experience helps explain much of his thematic preoccupation with the desperate plight of love, especially when it is pitted against societal hypocrisy. *La Chat* (above) depicts a a coldly sterile sexual encounter accomplished in an equally sterile room located in a bleak German city—hinting, perhaps, at the corresponding social depravity of the Weimar Republic. In *Les Petites Filles Modeles* (left), two schoolgirls, left alone in an empty classroom, indulge in amoral bliss: torturing an insect and lazily indulging in forbidden masturbation. Here, as in much of Poumeyrol's work, he depicts a closed world where the inhabitants are miraculously freed from their restrictive settings. The painting also seems to reflect his dim view of formal education. Except for a brief stint at the famous École des Beaux Arts, Poumeyrol is self-taught.

"Poumeyrol's vision of sexuality is both bleak and joyous, transcendent and defiling..."



Though chiefly interested in liberating the erotic imagination, Poumeyrol has as a secondary theme a metaphysical concern with the cruelly inevitable passage of time, which destroys love and ushers in decrepitude and decay. In *L'Abattoir* (left) the specter of death takes the fantastical shape of a mutilated steer, whose dark mysteries so fascinate a corseted young woman that she is oblivious of the aroused dog preparing to mount her. Bestiality, the ultimate taboo, is again explored in *La Causette,* as young girls become suddenly aware of animal sexuality, and in *L'Écuyère* (top right), where the horse—majestic and godlike—elicits total surrender from the female. (Above their heads, a hovering sphere symbolizes the promise of life.) In *La Foudre* (right), the sphere is engulfed by an amorphous phallic mass that both enters and emerges from the lifeless body of a woman.



The paintings of Jean-Marie Poumeyrol can be obtained through Gallerie Bijan Aalam, Paris, France

Poumeyrol's work stretches the outer limits of surrealism, defined by André Breton, one of the movement's founders,as "the dictation of thought, free of any control by the reason and of any aesthetic or moral perception." In Poumeyrol's vision the mind can create horror even in the airy splendor of a beautiful room or, conversely, find rapture and solace in the bleakest of settings. In *L'Eau Vive* (above) a frog-phallus happily regards the exposed, vulnerable sex organs of a woman basking in the lovely privacy of her ornately feminine room. This contrasts dramatically with *Les Mutants*, in which a grossly mutilated body will soon be encountered by one of the many mute, unsuspecting voyeurs who populate the artist's work. By creating a world as compelling and mesmerizing as it is chilling and repellent, Poumeyrol also makes voyeurs of those of us who witness his work—and leaves us to our judgments.

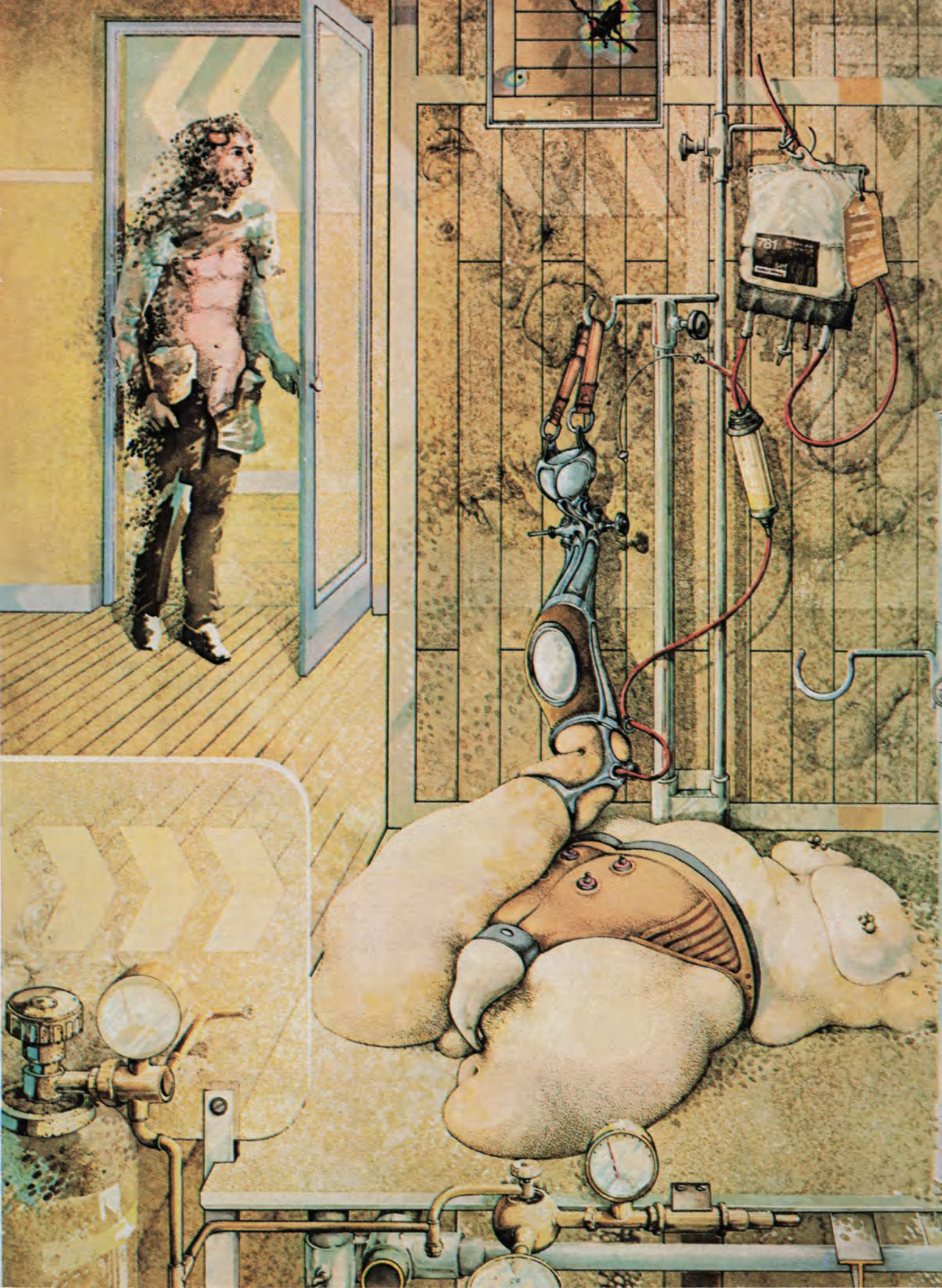


Illustration by D. Kuhn/Calligraphy by Julio Vega

Princess Misha'al, the 20-year-old grandniece of the king of Saudi Arabia, and her student boyfriend, Musleh al Shaaer, made the fatal mistake of thinking that they could escape their heritage.

Death of a Princess

BY ANDREW DUNCAN

The one certain fact is that 20-year-old Princess Misha'al and her lover were executed before a large crowd in a squalid parking lot in downtown Jidda, Saudi Arabia. That is what the newspapers say and what a new television film shown suggests. But who knows for certain? Nothing is as it seems, and very little truth is allowed to surface in the world's most feudal society.

When King Abdul Aziz bin Abdulrahman al-Faisal al-Saud (known throughout the West as King Ibn Saud) united the country that takes his family name by a combination of vicious conquest, religious compromise, and uxorious excess (he married 135 virgins and 100 "others" and, perhaps understandably, thought the world was flat when he died in 1953), he could not have foreseen that within 50 years his descendants would own a country that today, by a stroke of geological luck, holds the key to American prosperity, yet is on the same level of development as medieval Europe.

It is a country where women are forbidden to drive cars or walk unveiled in the street, where press censorship is absolute, where some villagers believe that boys menstruate because their urine is bloody (a symptom of bilharzia), where the census figures are confidential be-

cause there are embarrassingly few citizens (about 6 million), where adulterers are tied in a sack and stoned to death, where rapists and murderers are beheaded in the main square of town after midday prayers on Friday (equivalent to the Christian Sunday), and where the execution of a young princess on the orders of her dissolute grandfather is unremarkable enough to be ignored.

So it was with Misha'al—at least for a while.

Even now, more than two years after her death, there are many conflicting details. Sometimes the story seems like a romantic novel of the thirties, with heaving breasts, dewy-eyed virgins, secret messages, and passionate elopements. But heroines in those novels were not shot in front of the family. Misha'al was, and it is clear that she became a pawn in a political, religious, and family feud that may one day break open and make the turmoil in Iran seem like a small disturbance by comparison. As one of her cousins, 31-year-old Prince Faisal bin Abdullah, a former Stanford University student, told me: "In our world, money is the name of the game, and you can destroy life with it. We have to ask why we are doing these things and where we are going. Sometimes I really pity ourselves. . . ."

Misha'al, like Prince Faisal, was born into a uniquely inbred family, one that not surprisingly sustains more sexual and social peculiarities than does the average nuclear household. The 43 sons of King Ibn Saud were given no responsibility and little affection by their father, but they had plenty of money and continued his habit of enthusiastic reproduction. Today there are at least 3,000 princes (and 2,000 princesses) whose squabbles are the foundation for future unrest and were a factor in Misha'al's execution.

I met many of them in Saudi Arabia during the summer of 1977, when Misha'al's affair was discovered. Although no one spoke of such matters—how many even knew, or cared, what was happening to one of the women in the family?—I recall a chilling conversation with her great-uncle, 37-year-old Prince Sattam, deputy governor of Riyadh. (Immense genealogical confusion is caused by the al-Sauds' intermarriages and virility. Sattam is King Ibn Saud's fortieth son.) American-educated and urbane, he was attempting to explain the Saudi legal system. "We have much less crime than anywhere else in the world," he boasted.

"That is because your punishments are barbaric," I suggested.

"You say we are savage. Well, what do *you* do if someone comes to your house and kills your children? You say he's crazy and put him in a hospital. That's no good. When we kill one person, we do it on purpose so that a million others will be thinking not to murder. If someone steals three or four times, we cut off his hand. It is not barbaric. It prevents crime. It will continue for ever, I hope."

"And adulterers will be stoned or beheaded?"

"Of course. It says so in the Koran." He shrugged. It seemed an insignificant matter, of no interest to foreigners, and something that could be understood only by the patriarchs of Saudi Arabia. En masse, dressed alike in their gold-threaded *thobes*, the al-Saud men are virtually indistinguishable. Many have faces that glow with a pudgy, effete petulance reminiscent of eighteenth-century European aristocrats—before the deluge.

They choose their leader in a family conclave. After the assassination of King Faisal, they decided that 68-year-old Khalid, a frail veteran of open-heart surgery, was a satisfactory compromise between his two rival half-brothers: Prince Abdullah, head of the National Guard, whose mother is from the Shammar tribe, traditional rivals of the al-Saud but temporarily pacified through marriage; and Crown Prince Fahd, leader of the "Sudairi Seven," who are all sons of Ibn Saud's liaison with his most formidable wife, Hassa bint Ahmad al-Sudairi (besides Fahd, they include Minister of Defense Prince Sultan and his deputy Prince Turki, Interior Minister Prince Naif and his sanctimonious deputy Prince Ahmad, and the governor of Riyadh, Prince Salman).

> Two soldiers fired three bullets each into Misha'al's head so rapidly that she began to fall only as the sound of the last shot resounded.

But in choosing Khalid, the family overlooked his 70-year-old full brother, Mohammed, who, as the oldest surviving son of Ibn Saud, is technically the senior prince. An unstable personality at best, he becomes even more volatile when he has been on one of his frequent drinking bouts and has earned the nickname Mohammed of the Two Evils. (Alcohol is strictly forbidden in Saudi Arabia, and its possession is punishable by public flogging. Such laws do not apply to the royal family, whose large consignments of best-quality Scotch are flown into the country in crates marked "Furniture.") Mohammed characterizes the tensions, contradictions, and hypocrisy of so many leading Saudis. He is a strict theoretical believer in fundamentalist Islamic morality, yet delights in the unholy materialist pleasures that are part of the Western contribution to his country's force-fed "progress."

It was too bad for Misha'al that she was his favorite granddaughter. She inherited his hedonism and was judged by his religion.

High walls and armed guards surround the homes of Saudi princesses—a token of the esteem in which women are held, say some Saudi men without a trace of irony or even a smirk. For years such tyranny was tolerated, and women accepted their fate without question. They knew nothing of the outside world. "It is permissible for women to read the Koran and scriptural literature," declared King Ibn Saud, "but ordinary reading, and especially writing, is an accomplishment regarded as unsuitable." In the sixties, when his son, King Faisal, allowed women to be educated, there were religious riots. "People thought it would be harmful," explained Shaikh Nassar bin Hamad al Rashid, who is now president of girls' education. "But when they realized that responsible men—the *ulemas* (priests)—would be in charge, they changed their minds."

Shaikh Rashid, an elderly cleric with an aura of chilling self-righteousness, blacklisted a 12-year-old girl from all Saudi schools because she wrote in an essay that she "loved" a particular pop singer—a precedent that was to have an ironic echo in Misha'al's story. "For the welfare of the whole world it is important that Saudi Arabia's morals should not decline, and there should be at least one place where good manners remain," Shaikh Rashid continued. Not that he has much chance to see for himself the results of his authoritarian regulations. Like all males, he is forbidden to enter any girls' schools. He communicates with his teachers by letter or telephone. "*Sharia* law—and Christian—does not agree that boys and girls should be together until they are married unless they are brother and sister. They need 100 percent concentration, and if they mix, they will not be able to concentrate. As regards Christianity, I am referring to the Old Testament, which does not allow sex without marriage or the causes which might lead to it.

"But there are other reasons why girls are segregated. We want to pay attention to women, to be generous to them because they need more taking care of than boys. This is the only country in the world where women are given their rights. They don't honor women in the United States or Russia or Britain. We call it honoring a woman. What do you think?"

I told him I thought it was patronizing and priggish. At the time I had no idea that "honoring" a woman could lead ultimately to her sacrificial murder. Nor did Princess Misha'al as, a few miles away,

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she sat in dreamy adolescent solitude at her mother's palace, listening to records, watching television, and fantasizing over the latest blue movie smuggled into the women's quarters.

Misha'al had spent a couple of years in one of Shaikh Rashid's schools, but no one could accuse her of overachieving. She was too self-willed and sprightly to tolerate the 20 hours of compulsory religious instruction a week and too self-indulgent to try for any academic qualifications. It did not matter. Her future as anything but a reproductive animal was of little consequence. When she was 15 years old, her father, Prince Fahd (*not* the crown prince), arranged for her to be married to a cousin from one of the less prestigious branches of the family. Some later reports would say that the marriage was never consummated, but Misha'al's aunt, Princess Moudi, claimed that Misha'al had a miscarriage at three months.

Whatever the truth, the marriage lasted less than a year. Misha'al's husband left to work as a businessman abroad, mainly in the United States, and she was to see him only once more—several years later and purely by chance, coming out of a shop in London's Bond Street. Meanwhile, she returned to the sandalwood-scented, luxurious bad taste (normally Harrods kitsch and plastic flowers in water) and cloistered femininity of her mother's palace, where other single women relatives—the numbers fluctuated from two to six at a time—prattled and preened and ate endless chocolates and waited like whores to be plucked from their gilded cage by some cousin who needed a new wife. The only men she saw were her father, her younger brother, Sa'ad, and her grandfather, who visited the family twice a week—usually at about four o'clock in the afternoon for tea. On these occasions the women wore their finest Courreges, Dior, or Yves St. Laurent dresses, sat talking obediently to the old man for an hour, and then returned to their rooms either to find emotional fulfillment in vapid American soap operas on their video cassettes or to dance alone, like Misha'al, and dream of freedom. Over and over again she played her favorite record, "Save Your Kisses for Me," a catchy tune that in 1976 managed to win the nadir of popular entertainment contests—the Eurovision Song Contest.

A German-born nanny, Rosemarie Buschow, who worked for Princess Moudi, gave some indication of their typical day in her book, *The Prince & I*. "They rose late in the afternoon, ate whatever their perpetual slimming diets advised, had their hair done in Riyadh, or visited a neighbor, or went for fittings with the Palace dressmakers, then took their main meal around midnight, and finally watched video cassettes until morning, when it was time to go back to bed and sleep through the day."

All of which is true—to a point. Riyadh offers few excitements, even for men. There is no entertainment area. (Movie houses and theaters are forbidden, and even coin-operated soccer games have been banned because the "players" were considered to be graven images.) The only good restaurant, serving Japanese food, was closed because waitress service was provided—so determined are the Saudis to keep their women unseen. And naturally there are no bars.

But, as Misha'al learned, the more enterprising princesses have begun to use such puritanism to their own advantage. The *abayas* (thin black cloaks) and veils they are forced to wear in public are an admirable disguise. One "Guinness bottle," as expatriate Westerners refer to the black-clad Saudi women, looks like any other. A woman who was married to a leading member of the Saudi royal family recalls: "I remember when one woman friend came to collect me in her car accompanied by another veiled person. When we were safely away from my husband's palace, she introduced her companion. To my great surprise it was a man—her lover. I felt like a nun alongside some of those women. To relieve their boredom, they led the most intricate and busy sex lives. The most incredible thing is that in a country where the men think they are in charge, it is the women who are the predators. They choose their lovers."

In Taif, a picturesque hill town near Mecca where most of the Saudi royal family move during the hot summer months, one diversion for princesses is to be driven to watch the sunset at Shafa, a plain a few miles from town. There, like some grotesque parody of Western courtship, they will choose a man (also ostensibly gazing at the view) and later have their chauffeurs arrange an assignation. Two of Misha'al's aunts told of more civilized arrangements allowed by their husbands in order not to disrupt the delicate political and social equilibrium within the vast family that their marriages had been arranged to preserve. One traveled alone to Europe for three months every summer and pretended she was Italian in order to pick up men. Another, the wife of a leading government minister, spent several weeks in Beirut for the same reason. One of them told British journalist Linda Blandford, "The Koran says that men and women must wash immediately after intercourse. I'll never forget the first time I made love to a European man, and he stayed there and held me. I felt closer to him than I ever felt to my husband, just because of that."

For Misha'al, the first glimpse of life outside Saudi Arabia came in October

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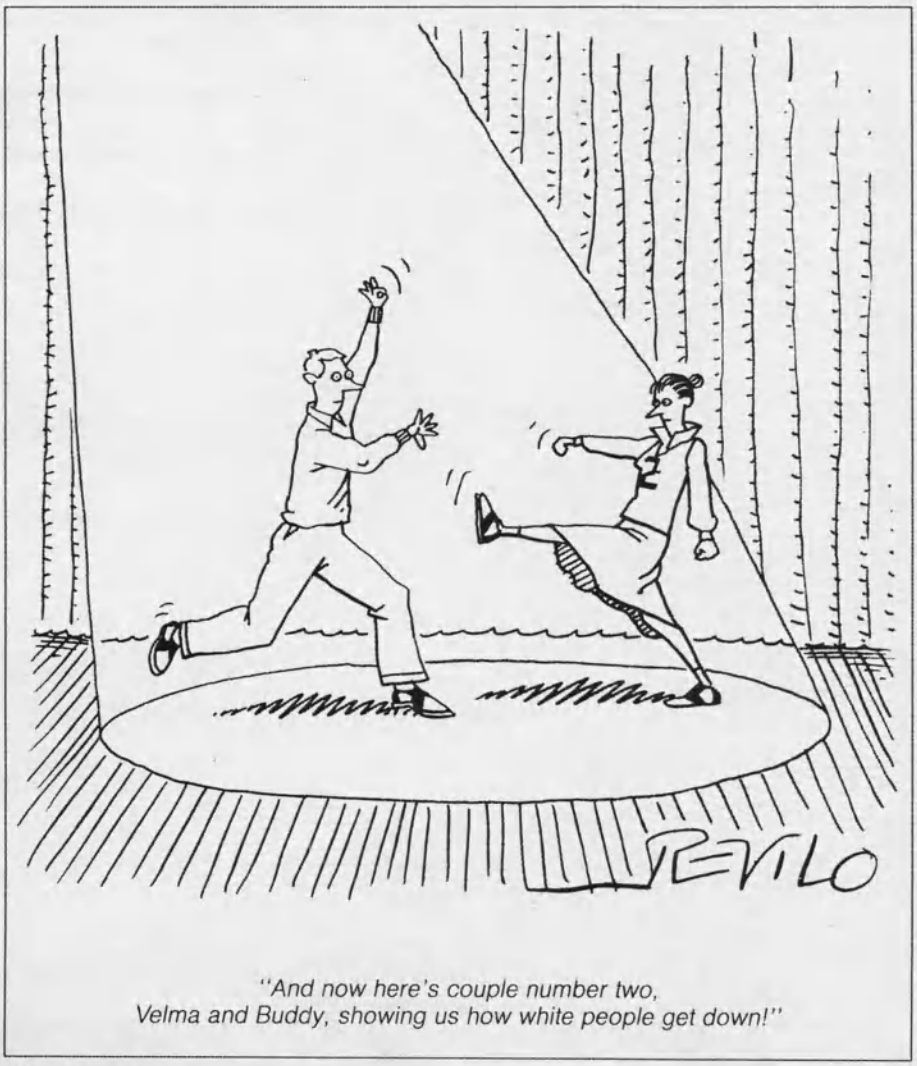

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PART ONE

Weeds

The saga of one white man's twisted roots

As unbelievably frightening as it is, at this writing Kirk White will unquestionably be the next president of the United States! Yes, everywhere you go people are saying it, television is pushing it, and even Barbara Walters recently filmed a four-hour, no-commercial, in-depth interview including Kirk White's toilet habits. Yes, in a world filled with impending global war, total shortage of resources, an increase in ghetto housing, fatal gang wars, and current disco music, Kirk White is being touted as "the one" to pull us through the Eroding Eighties! Even the *Wall Street Journal* proclaimed yesterday in bold print THE ECONOMY NEEDS WHITE, while *Variety* headlined KIRK NO JERK! Was it true a man as young as Kirk—36—could be president? But then the *Wall Street Journal* and *Variety* don't make wild speculations!

Kirk White certainly has the political résumé of a presidential winner: a Harvard education, three years in the Peace Corps, a rich and powerful father who was the senator from North Dakota, a mother who is socially prominent and an alcoholic, a law degree, a photographic memory, *and*, the *pièce de résistance* of a man on the rise, the entire record collection of Helen Reddy! Yes, Kirk White unquestionably has the signs of a winner. He is as pure an all-American as you could

Illustration by James Endicott/Letter forms by Tom Carnase

By the noted and hostile historian Stuart Paul Hale
as told to TOM EYEN

conceivably hope to find these days!

Yes, Kirk's family actually sailed to America with Christopher Columbus, becoming the first WASP family to set foot on what is now Palm Beach. (Columbus had wanted to land at the future and tacky Miami Beach, but more of that "*scandale du low*" later!) Kirk's family, strangely, never spoke about their long lineage, but the moral fiber of this great clan—Grandfather White had founded the Great White Railroad, and Uncle Teddy White had founded the School of Dermatology at Princeton, and on and on—*was* unquestionable! The White family had founded many things to make America White!

And now the election year comes beating down the decaying door of the eighties like a screaming Medea looking for her lost children and the truth! Kirk White, after sweeping the votes of his party at the primary, sits in the seat of the *victorious*, with only one more battle to win: THE PRESIDENCY! Yes, the primary is in his pocket, not to mention the fact that 74 percent of all the major banks are on his side, or that the greatest male singers of our time—Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger, and Rod McKuen—have all offered to sing for his campaign! Nothing can stop Kirk White from beating the President Incumbent and redecorating the peanut-filled White House!

Nothing can stop Kirk White! NOTHING—EXCEPT THE TRUTH! For now, on the eve of the election, it *must* be told—for the safety of the nation! The following document is the result of 14 years of dedicated research to reveal the corruption in 18 generations of the famous American White family—to stop you, the innocent American public, from voting for this man, the contaminated son of a long line of lowlifes in high life—a degenerate man who would surely destroy our great nation! This man Kirk White—scion of 18 generations of the sickest, most brutal, sleaziest white-trash people of our time—MUST BE STOPPED!

But before I continue with my civic duty, I wish to extend thanks: to my senior editor of many years at the monthly magazine *Penthouse* for his editorial assistance in keeping it spicy; to my wife for nagging me to do something with my life other than writing pretentious articles for the *Village Voice*; to Tom Eyen—the noted writer of such classics as "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," the stage play *Women behind Bars*, and the immortal film *Two Dykes from Detroit*—for writing it down; *and*, in particular, to the opposing political party for paying me such an enormous amount of cash for this undertaking. And in the event of any possible lawsuits, I admit it was their idea from the beginning—beginning the day Kirk White became governor of North Dakota while still in his junior year of college. They knew *then* that the cosmic political force named KIRK WHITE had to be stopped! And this is how they'll do it—by getting a stoolie like me to squeal, and *I have done it* with this testament of one man's decadent and rotten roots!!

THE FIRST FILTHY GENERATION

In 1476, somewhere in the outer regions of Norway and Sweden, near where the mighty and freezing Könkämä flows into the land of Ahispo, and beyond the Icelandic valley of Råsto Alono, and just above the crystal snows of Koskullskulle, and then far left of the great glacial fields of Overo Kuyto, there lay the land of *Waspia*, inhabited by only the most beautiful, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, perfect-nosed, tight-lipped people who hated to touch but were always on time.

The capital of this symmetrically perfect, and touchless but punctual, land of Waspia was the village of *Beige*, where all things were in various shades of that tasteful and stunning color. This is where the demon seed of Kirk White began: on the frozen night of August 14, 1476, as a manchild was born to Henryyy and Bendelll WhiteWasp (when the family came to America, they would drop the "Wasp"). The manchild was forced out of Bendelll's quickly overheating body as two midwives kept blowing on her steaming, tight vagina to keep it cool and open. (Years later Jayne Mansfield would portray the heroic mother in the highly political film *Blowjob at Bendelll's*. But, unfortunately for Jayne's career, it was never released.)

> Bobbb had thought that the dreaded Bloomindobs were only a myth created by Waspian parents who wanted to frighten you so you'd eat your dinner or not jack off. But no, they were real!

The men of Beige were just coming home from the diamond fields of Osososo, and Henryyy—as was the custom for a Waspian father—met them, handed them all a rolled *polofolot*, and then slapped each man on his left testicle (a slap on the right testicle meant that it was a girl). And there was merriment and sore testicles in the streets as the sealskin drum-computer thumped out the news to the surrounding villages of OffWhite, Wheat, and MarinCounty that Henryyy and Bendelll had a son, and for eight days and eight nights everyone sat around and drank "dry martinis" (discovered by the Waspians in 1308).

On the ninth day the people of Beige gathered at the local slopping center (later the second letter would be changed to an *h* and make millions) and sat around a large *Conoso Koto*. The elders of the village sat in their ceremonial red parkas-for-skiing (yes, they invented those, too) and read from the Didion Bible (sister of Gideon). Then Henryyy took the manchild in his strong arms, raising him to the sun in the heavens and shouting the Waspian words UTORI HORI MAGUS BELITOS STOPE! "*May the Ice Gods help this Waspian child as he grows so that no country club will be closed to him!*")

And then, as ancient custom, the people of Beige danced the ceremonial Lindy Jump (to hit America years later with Glen Miller, whose forefathers, the Miller-Wasps, also came from Waspia). On the seventh night Henryyy alone offered the child up to the night heavens, screaming the child's name: "LET THIS CHILD HENCEFORTH BE KNOWN IN THE ANNALS OF HISTORY BY THE GLORIOUS AND SACRED NAME OF—BOBBB!" And then, as tradition demanded, into the majestic ice mountain rising above the town he carved the boy's illustrious name!

Then, as was also ancient custom, the village people of Beige for another seven days and seven nights sat around and ate *Quiche Lorraine with Waldorf Salad*. Yes, they were very merry, not knowing what demon spirit was in the child Bobbb and what shame and degradation would soon be brought on their otherwise fine and noble names. Yes, a demon would grow in their midst to shame them forever, a demon almost as dangerous as the dark and evil *Bloomingdobs*, who came to steal them in the shadows of the long winter's night, to rape them and then eat them—or eat them and then rape them. (No one knew for sure which they did first!)

But, miraculously, the next few years passed without any great disasters, save for the night screams of Bobbb's mother, Bendelll, as Henryyy penetrated her moist *pusspuss* with his long and always rigid *daggerstad*. And the child Bobbb grew strong, and soon he had a sister by the name of Deidre with the most perfect tits and ass anyone had ever seen—*and then*, without warning, the Great Melt of 1489!

In 1489, when the Great Winds from the Arctic usually blew their savage cold guts out at Waspia, making the land rich with diamond snow and covering the fields with iridescent ice to create the Waspian's favorite nutrition—frozen foods, there was instead a long, deadly silence from the Ice Gods. Not since the Great Thaw of 1387—incidentally, the same year Chaucer wrote the world's first best-seller, *The Canterbury Tales*—was there such turmoil and grief in the otherwise "everything's just terrific" land of Waspia! The torrid temperature dived up to 82 degrees! The villagers were on edge! Bobbb's parents began quarreling—something Waspians never do!

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Bendelll began attacking Bobbb and his fair-haired, blue-eyed, milk-skinned, nose-tits-and-ass-perfect sister Deidre; and only the nightly insertions of her husband's *daggerstad* into Bendelll's viciously snapping *pusspuss* could ease the hot, edging tension!

It was in that torrid heat, on one sensuous night during the Great Melt of 1489, that Bobbb first saw, through the keyhole of his parents' bedroom, the sight that would later affect his entire outlook on life! He saw—his first Lacoste shirt! But then was not Bobbb almost 14 years of age and ready for the Second Stage of Life, known in Waspia as "PREPPP"? (The awkward First Stage of Life was called "SCHLEPPP.") Yes, soon Bobbb would wear the Lacoste Shirt, the symbol of a man, and do what fine and noble things men did, but we'll skip that filth for now and go back to the tension of the Great Melt!

In the village, on the other side from Bobbb's parents, lived a woman widowed by The Great Icicle Avalanche of 1481—Grolinda, known to her friends for no obvious reason as Cony Stephenz. She befriended Bobbb with cold smiles and cold soup as he passed her igloo every day on the way to tend his father's seal herd. On this sultry morning the seals were semihysterical in the heat, and they began to run amok. Bobbb took special care not to let the seals go beyond the ice gates of the village because of tribal warnings about the evil Bloomingdobs, who lurked outside the gates and who mercilessly and brutally kidnapped Waspians into eternal and hopeless slavery!

Grolinda appeared sweating in the doorway of her melting igloo as Bobbb passed, with a tempting cool glass of *shitsapolotz* (yes, another Waspian discovery, later renamed "*chocolate milkshake*"). Something was strange this morning, for Grolinda—Bobbb did not know her well enough to call her Cony Stephenz—was standing before him *without her ROSOLOMAS*! Bobbb had never seen a woman without her *rosolomas* on before! Deep in the center of his body, under his thermal wear, he could feel the rising of his first, bulging *stad-on*!

Yes, her *naked feet* were driving him mad! (All Waspian women always wore shoes.) Bobbb felt himself sink to his knees, beginning to lick the pulsating milk-filled toes of Grolinda, whose toenails had grown hard from expectation! The forefather of Kirk White was about to suck them, when suddenly he stopped, and in his sleazy mind at that moment was born the beginning of the WASP Business Sense!

"WHY DO SOMETHING FOR FREE, WHEN YOU CAN CHARGE?" After all, was he not an almost ripe 14? "That should be worth a few bucks from an old hag with a tired *looseloose* (a *pusspuss* over 21)!" Bobbb cooled off, while Grolinda wilted from sexual frustration.

"Anything! Anything you want!" Grolinda promised.

"Payment now!" Bobbb demanded. Grolinda handed over three freshly strung tennis racquets and then shoved her finely shaped Waspian toes down his long, bargaining throat.

As Bobbb sucked and licked and finally thrust his *daggerstad* into her totally over-the-hill *looseloose*, he orgasmed into a gross corporate idea: "There are many widowed and single women in Waspia who would pay handsomely for young and succulent *daggerstad*. And are not my many young friends, who are also in the Second Stage of Life, willing to work for me? And while I'm at it, would not my dear and tight-twatted younger sister Deidre, who is quickly growing into a raving beauty whom no man can resist, and her tight but beautiful-bodied girlfriends be willing to take on a few lonely but generous businessmen?" Thus, as Bobbb orgasmed into the shrieking been-

> "Thanks to my strict Waspian training of concentrating on icebergs," cried Deidre, "no rod can penetrate my tight *couscous* unless I say the magic words 'Plow me, baby!' "

around *looseloose* of Grolinda, the world's first organized male-and-female whorehouse was conceived. "I'm coming, Grolinda! Wiggle your toes!" Bobbb collapsed as Grolinda looked cow-eyed at Bobbb and cooed in the voice of a three-year-old, " I LOVE YOU! YOU CAN CALL ME CONY STEPHENZ NOW!" (Years later, Joan Crawford would portray the tragic Grolinda in the heart-wrenching film *I Pay for Dick*. It also, unfortunately, was never released.)

In 1491, Henryyy and Bendelll gave birth to twin sons, and they named them Brooks I and II. They came to be known as the Brooks Brothers, and even at an early age they showed a talent for weaving straight-cut jackets and always-too-short trousers. As for Deidre, she agreed to help run Bobbb's whorehouse but refused to get fucked herself, delicately explaining, "CALL ME OLD-FASHIONED, BUT I'M SAVING MY CUNT FOR THE MAN I LOVE!"

But the major event of 1491 was not the birth of the Brooks Brothers or Deidre selling her friends but saving her own teasing cunt for the right guy. No, the big event of 1491 was the Coming-of-Age Ceremony of Bobbb WhiteWasp! This included four devastating freezings of intensely physical and mental training in a greatly feared village known as Alexander's. For four freezings the young men of the Third Stage (15 to 19, known as FRATTT) were stripped, branded, beaten, gagged, and raped. This, it was figured, would begin to prepare them for the outside world. They were then uncircumcised with a piece of skin, which was removed from their left thigh and sewn around their *daggerstad*. The pain almost knocked Bobbb into unconsciousness, but to cry would be unmanly. And, besides, who wanted a *daggerstad* without a nice little cover?

Then it happened—the first warning! One uneventful evening of the third freezing, as the elders were casually shoving ice cubes up the trainees' ass holes, a strange sound came from the surrounding ice wall. A drill had been set into a section of it, removing a circle of ice. Then, suddenly, there were four young Waspians missing, among them Bobbb's best friends Buzzz and Teddd!

The elders tried to quiet the rumors, before there would be a riot, with more ice cubes. After all, compared with being kidnapped by the *horrific* Bloomingdobs, a few ice cubes up your ass was a barrel of laughs! Bobbb had heard nightmare allegations that they ate their victims as paté after feeding them to starving geese!

But, alas, the fourth freezing mercifully came along with the fathers of the young men to the last day of the Coming-of-Age Ceremony, which included a large circle jerk of all the sons and fathers onto the elderly face of Morajinski, known to her friends for no obvious reason as Auntie Mame. Orgasming together, the 284 sons and fathers screamed out together to the WaspGod of Ice the great words of their forefathers: OMYA RINSKA BADURKO MORAJINSKI LOMO NUITE SOU—which, roughly translated, means, "LIKE MY FATHER AND HIS FATHERS BEFORE HIM, DEAR MORAJINSKI, I JACK OFF IN THY UGLY, FUCKING FACE!"

After the lovely ceremony, a gold watch was awarded Morajinski for 50 years of devoted service to the comings of the Coming-of-Age Ceremonies, and as the ice gates of the training grounds of Alexander's were opened, the young men were free to return home. Soon even the memory of the four missing boys was forgotten as the gates of Beige appeared on the welcome cold, dark horizon. How happy Bobbb was to see his mother, Bendelll, his whorehouse-partner sister, Deidre, his twin brothers Brooks, I and II, and the new addition, which had come in his absence: a new brother named Just Plain Bill. That night there was no talk of the feared Bloomingdobs but only of joy, for now the oldest son of Henryyy and Bendelll was a MAN—but, unknown to his parents, a man whose

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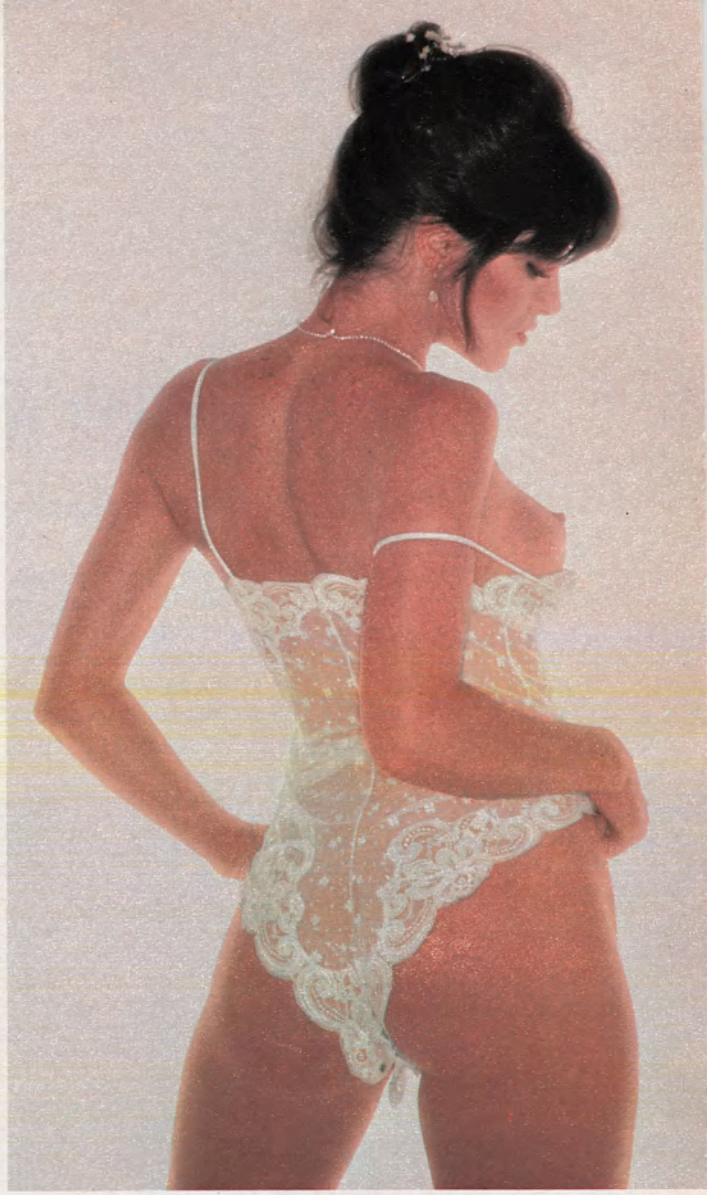
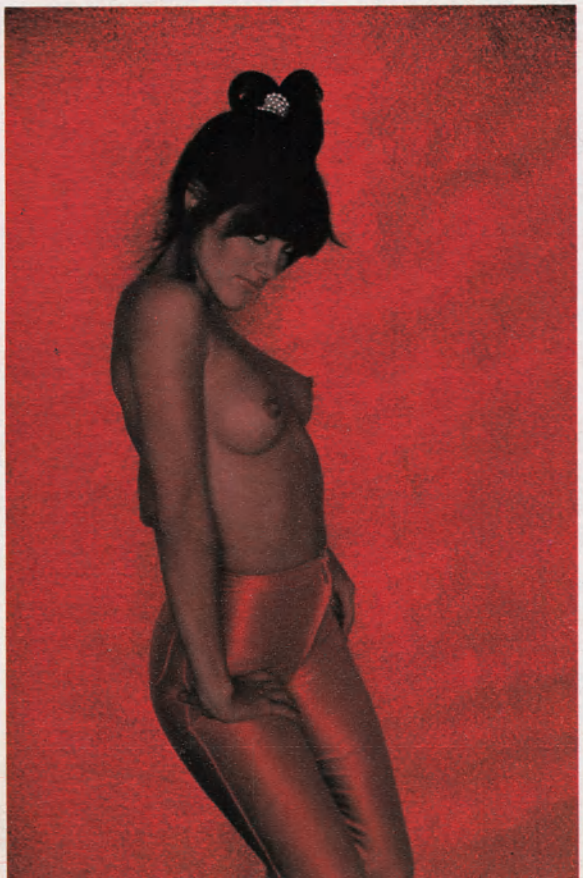
DANIELLE



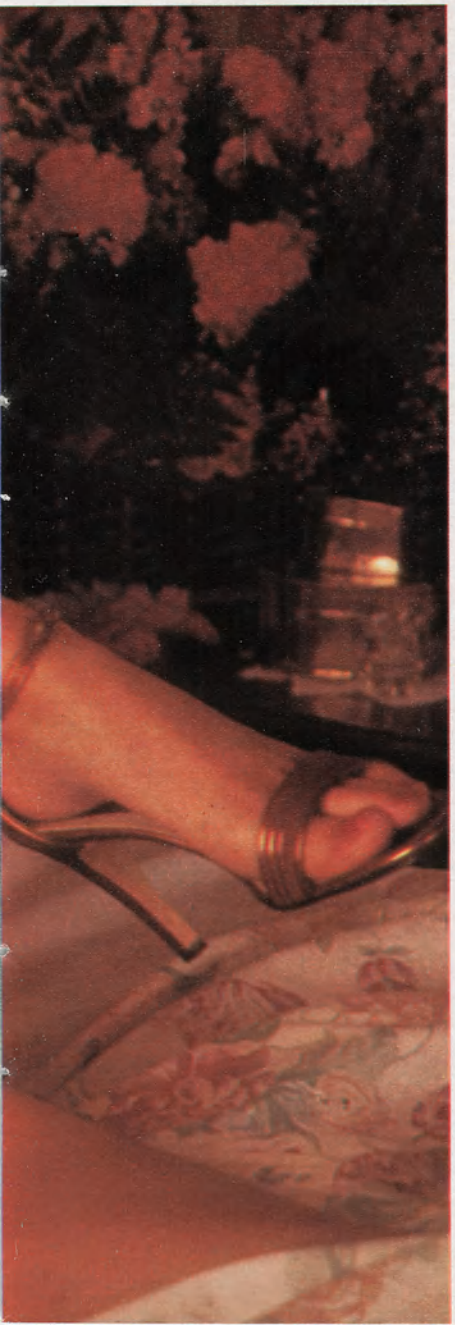


UNCOMPROMISING POSITION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

"I've always been turned on by challenges," declares Danielle Deneux, our jubilant June Pet of the Month. "In a way, I'd rather *direct* traffic than stop it!" And though she's pleased with her pretty face and remarkable 37-25-36-inch assets, "the thing I'm proudest of is my *pride*. I left home at the age of 14 rather than take orders from a stepfather. A few years later I caught my boyfriend cheating on me, and I walked out and never once looked back—even when he begged me to reconsider."

"Men do provide me with certain luxuries, like companionship, affection, and—of course—sex."



"I never intend to settle for less than wonderful treatment from *anyone*. This little fellow can depend on me," she maintains, playfully teasing her kitten Winston, "but I've learned that I can only depend on myself for the essentials. Men do provide me with certain luxuries," she admits, smiling, "like companionship, affection, and—of course—*sex*."

"I've always been turned on by challenges. In a way, I'd rather direct *traffic than stop it!"*

Since working her way through the University of Miami, Danielle has pursued a dual career as a professional accountant and a fashion model. "In both cases I'm convinced that my success isn't based on my looks or intelligence so much as on my personality and the fact that I'm easy to work with."

Antiques and accessories from The Village Blacksmith and Country Store, Redondo Beach, Calif.; special thanks to Carlos & Charlie's, West Hollywood, Calif.

Obviously wise for her 21 years, Danielle will think twice before settling down with any man on a permanent basis. "There have been enough divorces and remarriages in my family to rival the Gabor sisters! I'd prefer to marry just once—preferably to an older man who's intelligent, distinguished, and every bit as sexually adventurous as I am!"

Her favorite adventure to date was "the night I made love right in the display window of a waterbed store. Whenever a car would pull up to the curb outside, we'd stop our tussling around under the covers and pretend that we were mannequins," she explains, grinning at the memory.

"Even if a woman is more beautiful than I am, she'll never have exactly my *kind of beauty."*

Danielle's less adventuresome hobbies include roller skating and playing tennis with her male roommate. "Since he's so young and good-looking," she tells us, "everyone assumes we're lovers. But we're really like brother and sister. Of course, you just never know when things might turn incestuous..."

...My success isn't based on my looks or intelligence so much as on my friendly personality....

Danielle attributes her refreshingly positive attitude to growing up in Florida. "People were more open and easygoing than they are here," she explains. "Most of the women I've met since I've been in California are very insecure—aloof and competitive. That kind of thing doesn't make sense to me. Even if a woman is more beautiful than I am, she'll never have exactly *my* kind of beauty." True enough; a girl as shrewd and sexy as Danielle will rarely, if ever, be outfoxed.

MISS DANIELLE DENEUX/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

WEEDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

daggerstad had for cash serviced well over half the female population of Beige, and Deidre's delicate *pusspuss* was not unknown, either (*known*, of course, but never *penetrated*).

Then, finally, in 1492, the people of Waspia were relieved of the sweltering Great Melt, and the chilled happiness of the Nordic people rose like the bubbles in a bottle of champagne that was shaken to death by an angry German dyke. The snows and ice brought back the people's white-gray color, the herds of seals relaxed, and Bobbb decided it was time to open a branch of his whorehouse in the village of OffWhite, 200 snowdrifts beyond Beige. How nervous his mother was as she packed his tan backpack (another Waspian invention) and his father gave him the family crest, two crossed golf clubs cast in solid gold by the TiffanyWasp family down the snow path!

Yes, Bobbb was now a man and could travel the land of Waspia and, as a man, could choose his companion. He chose his sister, Deidre, for she was fully matured in her perfectly cut white tennis shorts—and also she was the only person Bobbb could find willing to venture past the protective gates of Beige. Yes, Deidre had balls—and the finest pair of tits this side of a wet dream!

Bobbb, followed by his cock-teasing sister, passed through the looming Ultrasuede gates of Beige, carrying their Louis Vuitton luggage, without turning to wave good-bye. After all, men do not turn around but march straight ahead like lions. Six days and 164 snowdrifts later, the two could see the village of OffWhite and its diamond glaciers glistening chicly on the horizon. They sat in a quiet clearing in the frozen birch forest and gazed at the promising new land ahead. THEN SUDDENLY—

"Ahhhh! I can't see," screamed Deidre. "Someone just sat on my face!"

Bobbb went into instant panic as a sack of darkness was thrown over his head! His luscious and available sister kept screaming the seething scream of the Sabine women. Then Bobbb, covered in darkness, felt muscular arms throwing him to other muscular arms. Deidre kept screaming the same seething screams WHEN SUDDENLY—they were surrounded by the barking hysteria of a mad pack of Russian wolves!

Bobbb tried to maintain his Waspian calm as he asked, "Just exactly what in the fuck is happening here?"

"WHOOMMPP!" came the immediate reply of an impetuous club. *What was happening*? Was he being dragged? Was he being killed? Was this a surprise birthday party? Then, sharply, the words of Deidre became like salt in his already bleeding wounds, "Help me, Bobbb! They are *touching* me—*and you just know how I hate being touched!!*"

That was it! "HOLD MY PARKA; I'M READY TO KILL!" Bobbb began fighting like a rabid seal gone berserk. He tore at the aggressors on the other side of the darkness. Clubs banged him; Deidre kept screaming; wolves howled to the devil; and all the while the mysterious beasts kept dragging their two tender bodies away . . . away . . . away from the yellow snow road to OffWhite!

Bobbb began hearing strange words, "THESE TWO LITTLE BASTARDS NEED THE SHIT KICKED OUT OF THEM!" The language of the aggressors was coarse and lewd, with nightmare laughs, nail-tipped fingers, and breaths like penguin farts. In and out of consciousness, Bobbb desperately held onto his sanity as he flashed awake for a second to hear his sister's elegant and arrogant voice telling the aggressors, "I'LL KILL MYSELF BEFORE I LET A DARK DICK IN ME!"

Who were these barbarians dragging him and Deidre away in black garbage bags? *Yes, just who were they*? Could they be—NO! NO! THEY COULDN'T BE! YES! YES! THEY WERE—the heartless and bad-breathed BLOOMINGDOBS! The thought hit him, along with another club, and he slipped into unconsciousness just as the large, soiled tool of a dark-skinned Bloomingdob tried to slip quietly into his sister, Deidre, who lay gagged beside him. Luckily, Deidre closed her silken legs quickly and avoided the tired meat of aggression. Yes, a Waspian woman would rather die than be contaminated by greasy semen!

> Yes, Bobbb was crying! (Thus becoming the first Waspian ever to have done so!) Crying because his own sister was being laid right in front of him—and he wasn't making a dime.

Where were they? Bobbb could feel movement! They were in a sleigh! Yes, being pulled by the Russian wolves! *Where were they going*? WHAT WAS HAPPENING? What were the dreaded, dark Bloomingdobs going to do with the blue-eyed, fair-skinned, perfect-nose-and-ass children of Henryyy and Bendelll? The sexual screams of Deidre kept the nightmare alive as they plowed through the snow and the dark Dobs tried to plow Deidre! "NEVER! NEVER! NEVER WILL I LET DARK DOB DICK PENETRATE MY WHOLESOME WHITE *COUSCOUS* (a *pusspuss* under 18)!" Yes, Deidre was holding out, but for how long? How long can you keep hungry animals at bay? The barbaric men played with Deidre's perfect and succulent breasts as Deidre screamed, Bobbb passed out, and the sleigh slashed through the impeccably arranged snow of Waspia!!

When Bobbb awoke, he felt himself in a drifting object. He lurched up, only to be jerked back by his wrists. *Then, again* other voices, other bodies encircled him! They, too, screamed out with the seething scream of Deidre. "DEIDRE?? Oh, my Godstad! WHERE IS DEIDRE?" Bobbb panicked, causing him to piss on several of the other voices, other bodies, surrounding him. THEN, SUDDENLY, a door opened—creating a stream of light, which revealed hundreds of fellow Waspians and Nordics in the hold of a strange vessel, with large oars attached to their wrists by chains!

Now he knew! They *were* real! All these years he had thought that the dreaded Bloomingdobs were only a myth created by Waspian parents who wanted to frighten you so you'd eat your dinner or not jack off more than you were allowed! BUT NO, THEY *WERE* REAL—*TOO* REAL! As the malicious giant Spanish and black Arab guards whipped his sensitive, white back, Bobbb screamed, joining the screams of the others. And then, above the other screams, shot the seething scream of Deidre!

SHE WAS STILL ALIVE! But where? Bobbb did not know. (Just as he did not know that he, Bobbb WhiteWasp, had been captured to row a voyage originally chartered from Palos, Spain, to the Orient, but one which by accident would become the historic voyage that would discover America!) He looked up at the name carved into the bow. UNREAL! It was the *Santa Maria*, whose captain, Christopher Columbus, kept to his cabin, where he said continual novenas.

"AAAHHHHH!" Bobbb felt the sharp stings of the whip and began to drown in the sea of screams smashing into the shore of his consciousness! Where *was* Deidre? *He must save her!* The pure WhiteWasp line must not be smudged!

Then, without warning, the guard screamed the immortal first words of that historic voyage, "ROW, YOU MOTHERFUCKERS, ROW!" The vessel lurched into the openmouthed sea as the whips grew more affirmative, the screams grew more deafening, and Bobb's anger grew to match the raging and vengeful Atlantic! The hammer waves bashed against the sides as if they were driving the final nails into a wooden coffin! Seething screams, thonged whips, convulsing pain, ravishing hunger—but, worst of all, Bobbb realized, "IF THEY DON'T STOP PLAYING THOSE FUCKIN' CONGAS!, I'M GOING TO GO BANANAS!"

There was no hope! But wait! "LISTEN! THERE'S A SOUND!" The hatch swung open, and it was—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

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ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

Pat Hill

BY TONY SCADUTO

The author is an investigative reporter and novelist who lives in New York City. His last novel, *A Terrible Time to Die*, was published by Putnam.

STOP THE DRAFT

Through all its history this nation has forced its young men into military service only during major wars, and during the Cold War period that finally seemed to wind down when we pulled out of Vietnam. But now our noble political leaders, who habitually invoke the sacred principle of tradition when it suits their needs, are tramping into mud the long tradition of a volunteer army. Seizing upon the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and its potential threat to the Arab oil fields, politicians from the president on down are trying to march us along a road that leads straight to military conscription. Make no mistake about it—the call for a so-called standby registration is only the first step toward the renewal of a draft. And if the president or any senator or congressman tries to tell you otherwise, he's either a liar or a fool.

In his call for a draft registration, Jimmy Carter has tried to convince us that this is a new enthusiasm on his part, that he's only recently come to the terrible decision to register the nation's young men and women because our national security has been threatened by the world's most famous ayatollah and by Leonid Brezhnev. Were it not for the lawlessness of the one and the aggression of the other, Carter would have us believe, he wouldn't be asking the young to put their names into a computer bank in case of future emergency. The president seems to be counting on the public's short memory. The fact is that in 1978 and 1979 Carter was quietly asking Congress to revitalize the Selective Service bureaucracy, in case of future emergency. Back then there was a gnawing suspicion that, although he claimed to be against reviving the draft, he could not be believed.

Today, it is even more difficult to believe him. Carter understandably wants to be reelected. Trading on the public's perception of American impotence around the world—for which his own foreign-policy failures are largely responsible—he has seized the opportune moment suddenly to come on tough. No more trying to be Mr. Nice Guy—he's really mad now; he's going to show those Russians that he can't be pushed around. To bolster this new muscle-flexing image (and his standing in the polls), Carter has proposed putting the draft machine back in business. The prodraft forces in the Congress are jubilant, naturally. They recognize that a call for renewed registration inevitably leads to the return of the draft. After the next election, of course. Once again a president and a Congress have no qualms about sacrificing a couple of years out of the lives of young men, and perhaps women, for political expediency and a convenient short-term response to an international event that, Carter's assertion of doom notwithstanding, is not in the same league with the Berlin Wall, the Cuban Missile Crisis, and several other critical post–World War II events.

There can be only one good reason for a draft—a direct and massive threat to the nation. The history of this country's response to a real threat, to a cause that was just, shows that Americans have always turned out in massive numbers. There is no evidence to suggest that volunteers would not join up by the millions if Russian aggression seriously threatened the nation; if a war in Afghanistan and the Middle East becomes reality, and if it is a just war, there would be more volunteers than the armed forces could absorb. But if the only way we can persuade our citizens to join in the defense of the nation is to threaten them with jail, then our leadership will

•Where is it written in the Constitution . . . that you may take children from their parents, and parents from their children, and compel them to fight the battles of any war in which the folly and the wickedness of Government may engage it?—Daniel Webster, 1814•

have failed to convince us that the United States is endangered, that there is a valid reason for going to war.

And that's just the point about this most recent attempt to dragoon young men, and maybe women, into enforced service—the latest shift of power around the Persian Gulf and in South Asia doesn't make a strong case for reviving the draft. To the contrary. A military draft would be essentially worthless in an actual military emergency. Spending hundreds of millions of dollars a year to get millions of names onto computer printouts would actually save only a few days of mobilization in the event of a sudden big war. It would take four or five months to contact the registrants, induct them, and train them—if there were training facilities available. With or without advance registration, the end result would be the same—hundreds of thousands of teenage soldiers, without training or experience, many of them serving reluctantly, flooding into the military many months too late. Advance registration and a draft would not solve the army's problems. Thirty years of corruption and stupidity have destroyed the professional army. We rely now on our already obsolete and ill-advised technology, instead of on really trained combat units. Too many valuable experienced NCOs are quitting in mid-career, but a draft won't solve that. The ready reserves are dangerously low in manpower, but registration and a draft won't solve that. Registration cannot be persuasively supported for its ability to solve our *immediate* military problems.

Carter rests his case for registration on the need to demonstrate to the Russians our "resolve" to halt their aggression. He is sending a message to the Russians, Carter says. But he is sending the wrong message. The Russians know as well as the president does that taking down the names of millions of the young and drafting some of them won't lead to an improved military preparedness. Registration would, in fact, divert attention and funds from the truly essential job of improving our existing volunteer military force. And reimposition of the draft, with its certain renewal of protest and turmoil, its inevitable return to the "Hell no, I won't go!" days of the sixties and early seventies, would send the Russians the message that we are again seriously divided, and it might encourage them to try further military adventures.

Why, then, is there such a blind, obscene haste to reinstitute registration and—without question—to restore the draft?

To understand the government's exploitative use of events in Iran and Afghanistan to force young Americans to register for an eventual military draft, we must go back a year or two, when draft proponents began making speeches and introducing bills that would have legislated some form of what they were then calling "National Service"—a compulsory draft, to put the proper name on it. These political leaders claimed that the return of the draft was absolutely necessary, for a variety of reasons. One was that the volunteer army had turned out to be a ghastly failure. Another was that young people had become too selfish and would benefit from compulsory service because it would infuse some good old American character into veins whose red-bloodedness has been polluted by hedonism and narcissism. In other words, draft the sex-crazed, dope-smoking bastards and force-feed them patriotism and all the other moral values that made America great.

Of course, that sounds rather ridiculous after 20 years of adult pursuit of such grand concepts as "global strategy" and "balance of power" had taught the young certain other moral values: murders, break-ins, bribes, lies to Congress and the people, attempts to assassinate foreign leaders, the crimes of the Nixon gang, shooting down students on their campus, and the senseless killings in Vietnam. But in Washington the ridiculous too often gets wrapped in the flag and codified into law. Once the registration machinery is established, and even after we've come through the crises in Iran and Afghanistan, those legislators who'd rather force patriotism on us than correct the ills of the volunteer army will have their way—millions of men and women at ages 18 to 20 will be conscripted and divided between the army and some massive bureaucratic agency that will assign them jobs no one else wants to do.

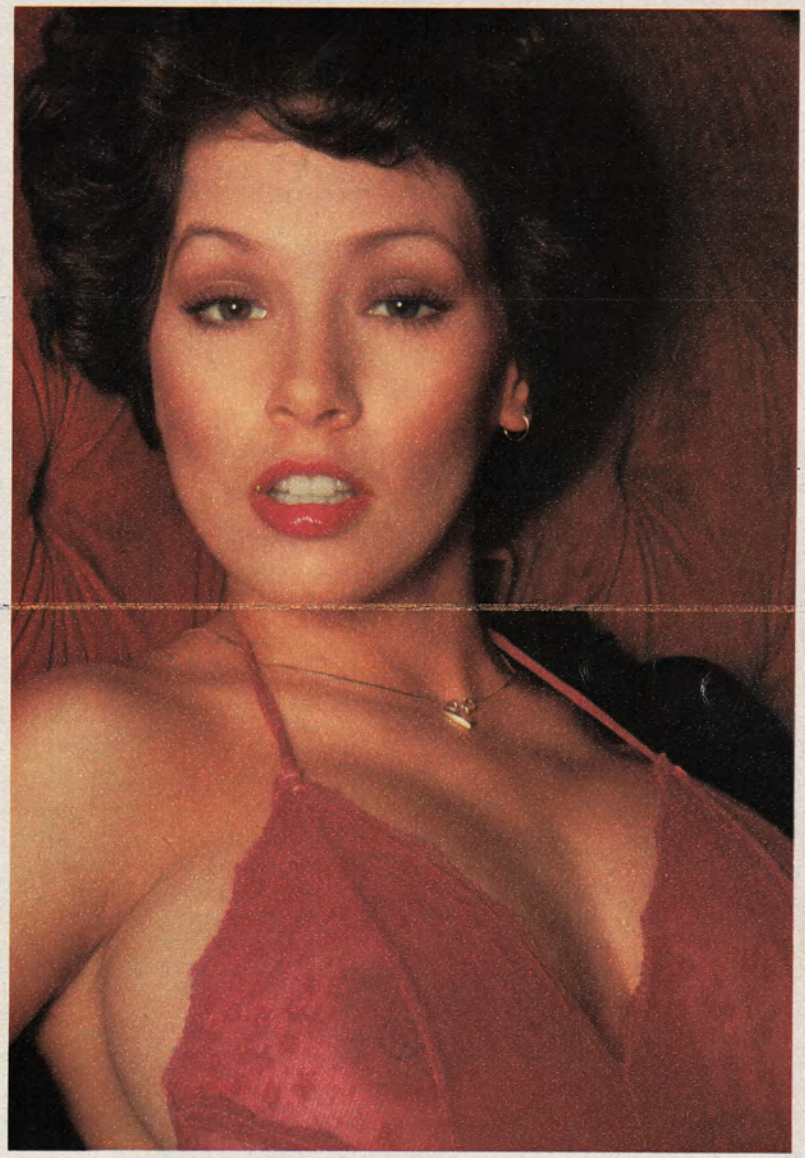
Behind these attempts to revive peacetime conscription lies a governmental arrogance, which holds that it is the "responsibility" of every citizen to bend to the will of the bureaucracy even when there is no real national emergency and that it is the special responsibility of the young to give up their freedom and several years out of their careers and college educations.

To both liberals and conservatives, a system of National Service seems to be the most attractive draft proposal because it would induct *everyone* and give each draftee the option of going into civilian "service" instead of the military, thus cloaking enforced labor in the public-relations robe of a latter-day Peace Corps. But when you strip away the propagandistic glamour terms, National Service, whether for the Pentagon or for some civilian commissariat, can be seen for what it really is: a hidden tax levied upon a small minority of citizens by confiscating its labor for the financial benefit of the rest of the community, at hourly rates lower than the law normally permits. For, although National Service has been played down by its supporters, it would provide a lot of underpaid labor to perform the mindless, filthy work that many Americans are refusing to do. Inductees who choose not to go into the army could perform alternative civilian chores. They could empty bedpans in nursing homes, sweep offices and carry out trash in government buildings, work as school monitors in the ghettos, shovel snow or sweep streets, dig graves in military cemeteries. Perhaps they could even help process the next batch of demonstrators rounded up in violation of the Constitution. All at poverty wages, of course. This kind of involuntary servitude—or living in a barracks for two years—is being touted as an experience that will "teach true citizenship."

It is hardly credible that a single one of the politicians shilling for National Service or for the simpler conscription into the army by lottery believes his own rhetoric for a minute; I'm willing to bet that those invoking patriotism to sell the draft know damn well that they're lying flat out about the need for conscription, once more confirming Samuel Johnson's insight that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

I'll say it again because it's growing late for polite dialogue: proponents of the draft are lying scoundrels. They lie, first of all, by claiming that the volunteer army doesn't work simply because it is made up of volunteers. They lie when they say that the army can't get enough manpower because most volunteers flunk intelligence tests, even though intelligence stan-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180



BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"I'm half-Sioux Indian and half-Sicilian," warns hot-blooded Sharon Sorrentino. "So when I go on the war path, you'd better watch out!" Despite her 18 years, our five-foot-four-inch, 38-24-36 pet is obviously all woman. "I haven't found what kind of man I really need or want, or what kind of career I should devote myself to... and my feelings and opinions about things seem to fluctuate all the time," she says, sighing. "I guess I really don't trust my instincts yet."

Sexually, she admits, she's merely an eager beginner. "But I'm quick to learn, and in the hands of a skilled teacher I know I'd be a pretty daring student—I'd stay up all night long, trying to feel the earth move. And if it did, if he really succeeded, well, I'd buy him some breakfast at Tiffany's!"

By day Sharon takes ballet lessons, though she claims she's too shy ever to turn professional. "I *am* proud of the grace and the good muscle tone it's given me," she admits, "but I'm more excited by the strength of my body than by its shape or its beauty, even though I know most men wouldn't see it that way." We have the strangest feeling, Sharon, that most red-blooded men would gladly see anything your way. Honest Injun.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

LITTLE MICHAEL LORD

When I was two years old, the Lord actually spoke to me in a voice, just like you are talking to me now. He said, "Little Michael, I want you to be a preacher."

Michael Lord is 13 years old, blond, blue-eyed—a kind of husky cherub who might have stepped out of a Norman Rockwell drawing. But when he talks, people listen. And when he stands on a platform and touches them on the forehead and cries out "Sheeeeezuss!" (Jesus!), they drop like tenpins and then awaken to announce that they no longer suffer from the physical and psychic pain that afflicted them before Michael came into their lives.

Little Michael Lord is an evangelist. Since the age of five he has amazed the country with his preaching and faith-healing powers. He has been interviewed on most of the major television talk shows, including those of David Susskind and Mike Douglas. On the one hand, Michael has been praised as "touched by God," a saint capable of focusing the healing energies of the universe. On the other hand, he has been called a pawn and a hoax, just another in a line of child evangelists who have been exploited by parents and clergymen.

Michael's father, Dr. Michael Lord, Sr., is an evangelist with a degree from Kingsway Bible College in Des Moines, Iowa. He began preaching at the age of 15. Michael's mother came from a family so strict that her father would not permit card playing or the reading of comic strips.

At the age of two Michael took the microphone from his mother's hands and began singing to the congregation. Within a few months he was found preaching to empty pews after a church service.

The general assumption in such a case would be that his father, knowing a good thing when he saw it, encouraged Michael and brought him up to become a big-time breadwinner. But Dr. Lord denies this. "I wasn't thrilled at the idea of Michael's continuing in the family tradition of preaching," he says. "It's a hard, demanding, and materially unrewarding life." But Michael was too taken with his own talents to give them up. He continued to sing with the family and to plead for a chance to preach. His chance came when a misprint in a newspaper ad listed him as preaching as well as singing. He was then five years old. And so Michael was launched on his preaching-healing career.

Penthouse spoke with numerous people who claim Michael cured them. His grandmother's case—in which he told her to get up and leave the wheelchair to which she had been confined for years—might be discounted as family mythology. But the fact is that she has been walking ever since and now even jogs.

More impressive was the case of Mrs. Peggy Dewey of Concord, Calif. Though almost helpless with arthritis, she vehemently resisted her husband's pleas that she attend a Little Michael meeting. He literally forced her to go. "I didn't believe in that stuff for one minute," she told *Penthouse*. "And then this little boy looked at me and touched me and, O God, the pain stopped. It stopped!" Mrs. Dewey said she thinks there's "too much show business in the Lord family's approach. But I'm grateful for that little boy."

Mrs. Alda Wigle of Kingsville, Ontario, told *Penthouse* a harrowing story of years spent in agony with migraine headaches. She suffered partial paralysis and was for a time misdiagnosed as an epileptic. "I was taking twenty-five pills a day, four or five different medicines, plus hypodermic injections. Nothing worked. One night I threw away about a hundred dollars' worth of prescriptions, and they took me to Little Michael. He didn't look at me. He didn't even touch me. He turned his back on the audience and said, 'I feel this terrible pain. Someone is in pain. Head pains. God will take away that pain.' " At that point, Mrs. Wigle toppled from her seat, unconscious. "When I woke up," she said, "the pain was gone. That was June 2, 1978. I haven't been sick a day since."

Whatever Michael does, whatever it is that convinces people they are no longer ill, it happens. Not *all* the time, not *most* of the time. But it happens enough to establish his credentials.

Those who feel it is wrong for children to engage in such serious adult work as preaching religion ("practicing medicine without a license," as one disgruntled physician called it) can never be persuaded that Dr. Lord and his wife are not doing serious damage to their son as well as arousing false hopes in the breasts of many sufferers who are not healed.

There is no doubt, also, that the Lord Family Singers are as much show people as they are preachers of the Gospel. They have an act. Dr. Lord, whose singing style has been compared with that of Elvis Presley and who fits religious lyrics to such Presley standards as "Love Me Tender," admits that they are in show business. The family deducts from income taxes the expense of the clothes

Photograph by Antonin Kratochvil

they wear at meetings—items such as velvet-trimmed tuxedoes and ruffled shirts. For those who want their religion straight, this may be offensive, just as many are offended by a high mass or the chanting of the Hare Krishna believers.

The Lords, including Michael's nine-year-old brother, Eddie, who sings, plays drums, and preaches on occasion, travel around the country in a Lincoln Continental, accompanied by a van bearing their musical instruments and audio equipment. They spend a few months of the year at their modest Atlanta home. The children are taught by their parents and by tutors.

If the Lords are like the classic, grasping evangelists, it is not apparent from a survey of their worldly goods or from the financial statement, dated July 31, 1979, given *Penthouse*. The statement, which is subject to Internal Revenue scrutiny, lists total liabilities and equity for the year as $38,900.80.

In conducting this exclusive interview for *Penthouse*, writer Richard Ballad spent several days with the Lord family while they were conducting a revival in West Palm Beach, Fla.

Penthouse: You must be aware that many people look with suspicion on evangelists. Many believe that your revival meetings are too frenzied, that people go out of control, and, even worse, that revival preachers are frauds and money grubbers if not downright crazy. How do you react to this?

Michael: Well, like I say in my sermons, if I'm crazy, then, honey, don't change me, because I'm happy just as I am. If they think I'm crazy, then I'm being a fool for Christ.

Penthouse: Isn't it natural for people to be suspicious of a child who says that God talked to him and told him to be a preacher when he was only two years old?

Michael: Did you see the movie *Oh, God!* Well, it was the same thing there. God spoke to John Denver, and everybody thought John was a lunatic. But the message of the movie was that God appears in different forms to different people, in ways they can understand. I like that. You don't have to be a special person to have God speak to you. We are all special. He can appear to anyone.

Penthouse: Tell us how God first spoke to you.

Michael: I was two years old, and I vaguely remember the Lord came to me and told me I should be a preacher. He actually spoke to me, in a voice, just like you are talking to me now. He said, "Little Michael, I want you to be a preacher." Well, since Dad was a preacher and there were 14 preachers in my family and I'd been around it all of my short life, I asked Dad if I could preach. And he told me that it would be better if I would just sing, just join in, because preaching would be too much of a hassle for me and I wouldn't enjoy it.

Penthouse: Do you remember where you were when God first spoke to you?

Michael: I was most probably asleep. Because most of the time when the Lord speaks to me, I'm sleeping or just going to sleep or just waking up.

Penthouse: So, did you sing rather than preach for a while?

Michael: Yes. But I preached to my neighborhood friends and dogs and cats and to empty pews. I remember one time in Alabama. I was preaching to the empty pews, and the pastor came in and said, "What's he doing in the church?" My parents came in quietly and watched me, but when I noticed them, I quit.

Penthouse: How did you persuade your father to let you be a preacher?

Michael: One time, when I was five, we were in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and the paper made a mistake and said I was supposed to be preaching instead of just singing. So the people came out to hear me preach, and I asked my dad if I could. One thing I appreciate very much about my dad is that he didn't say, "Well, okay, since the people are here, just go ahead and preach." Instead, he sat me down and said, "I don't care if there are ten thousand people out there—I want you to pray about it." And I distinctly remember him taking me into the prayer room, and I prayed. And I remember Dad turning to me and saying, "Son, are you sure this is what you want to do?" And I said, "I sure am." And I went out there to preach.

Penthouse: How do you prepare your sermons?

Michael: After my first sermon, Dad took me into an office and told me a lot of Bible stories and gave me some pointers and some messages I could use. And he asked me to write a story line. You see, I always have a story line in my sermons. Like David. Here was a boy who was anointed by the king. He killed a lion. He killed a bear. One day he went to check on his brothers, and he saw this giant. And he killed the giant. That's the story line. And then I relate the story to our day and to things of the spirit.

Penthouse: And now you don't need help from your dad?

Michael: Well, a little bit. Mainly I study and pray. But I owe a lot of it to my dad.

Penthouse: What is your basic thinking about religion? You're certainly not a Bible scholar.

Michael: Some reporters expect me to be! Some ask me if I've been to Bible college. Well, I'm only 13 years old!

Penthouse: How do you view the relationship between man, God, and Jesus?

Michael: I feel the whole thing is like your hand would be if you had only three fingers. One is the Father, one is the Son, one is the Holy Ghost. But they are all just one part of God, just like I am. Just like I'm Michael but am still part of Dad, too.

Penthouse: What is the Holy Ghost?

Michael: The Holy Ghost was, as God put it, the Comforter. Jesus said before he went back to heaven that he was going to send a Comforter. I believe that the Holy Ghost is the Comforter. The Holy Ghost is also sort of your radar system to tell you what is right and what is wrong. Your convictions. You have to have the Holy Ghost so that people can speak in tongues, right? When someone gives a message in tongues, the Holy Ghost always picks out someone to interpret it into English or whatever language.

Penthouse: Can the spirit enter a person if he or she doesn't believe in it?

Michael: It can. I've seen people stand there in the church and tell me, flat out, "Not me—I'm not coming up there. I don't believe in this junk." And the next thing you know, wham, they're down on the floor, and the spirit has entered them. That's because they really wanted it, but they were afraid to say it, afraid to give themselves up to God.

Penthouse: What are your feelings about Satan?

Michael: The story is that Satan was an angel in Heaven. His name was Lucifer, and he was one of the best and most beautiful angels in heaven. But he got jealous of God, and he said, "I will exalt myself." And God had to kick him out of heaven. I guess his intention was that if he couldn't overthrow God, he wouldn't stay. So Satan is the reigning prince of darkness. He is the antithesis of God.

Penthouse: How do you explain the presence of disease and natural disasters that bring torment and death? Are these things God's will or Satan's victories?

Michael: I feel that hate causes war. And greed. Hate comes from bad. And God is good; so hate can't come from God. So these things must come from the devil.

Penthouse: Do you think of God as locked in a battle with Satan?

Michael: I think the Christians battle the devil. The Bible says we fight not against flesh and blood. So, yes, I believe that spiritually God and the devil are having a battle.

Penthouse: Does God ever punish us? How can we tell the difference between God's punishment and Satan's evil?

Michael: I feel that if we do something wrong, God will punish us. He has different ways of punishing us. I don't feel that when God punishes one person, he has to punish the rest of the world so far as wars or things like that. As a matter of fact, God may not have anything to do with punishment. That may just be the people punishing themselves.

Penthouse: What about specific social problems that you as a minister have to deal with, such as gambling? Is that a sin or a crime?

Michael: I always thought gambling was wrong.

Penthouse: Is it a sin or just a dumb thing to do?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

PENTHOUSE SALUTES . . .

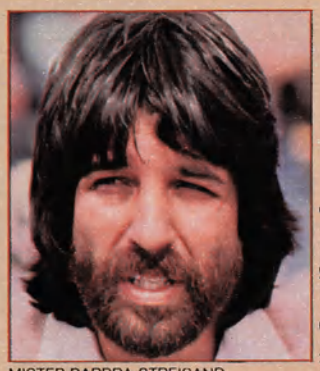
THE WORLD'S GREATEST MISTERS

BY BILL LEE

Behind every great woman there is a man—cooking, scrubbing, laundering, caring for the children in order to allow his better half to achieve the greatness that is rightfully hers. Male dedication that has allowed these giantesses to reach the heights of their chosen professions should not go unnoticed by the world at large. The following is a list of the well-hung but unsung masculine persons who have dedicated their lives to basking in the shadow of feminine superiority.*

Michael Evans/Liaison

MISTER LINDA RONSTADT
(JERRY BROWN)



Ken Regan/Camera 5

MISTER BARBRA STREISAND
(JON PETERS)

Liaison

MISTER QUEEN ELIZABETH II
(THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH)

U.P.I.

MISTER ELIZABETH TAYLOR
(JOHN WARNER)

Karin Galanaugh

MISTER DONA JOHNSON
(BILL LEE)

Retna

MISTER ALICE COOPER
(ALICE COOPER)

Liaison

MISTER ANNE BANCROFT
(MEL BROOKS)

U.P.I.

MISTER BETTY FORD
(GERALD FORD)

U.P.I.

MISTER LUCILLE BALL
(GARY MORTON)

Peter C. Borsari/Camera

MISTER FARRAH FAWCETT
(LEE MAJORS)

Mark Sennet/Camera 5

MISTER JANE FONDA
(TOM HAYDEN)

Liaison

MISTER MARGARET TRUDEAU
(PIERRE TRUDEAU)

*Honorable Mention: **Mister Bo Derek (John Derek)**—unable to get his hair done in time for a photograph

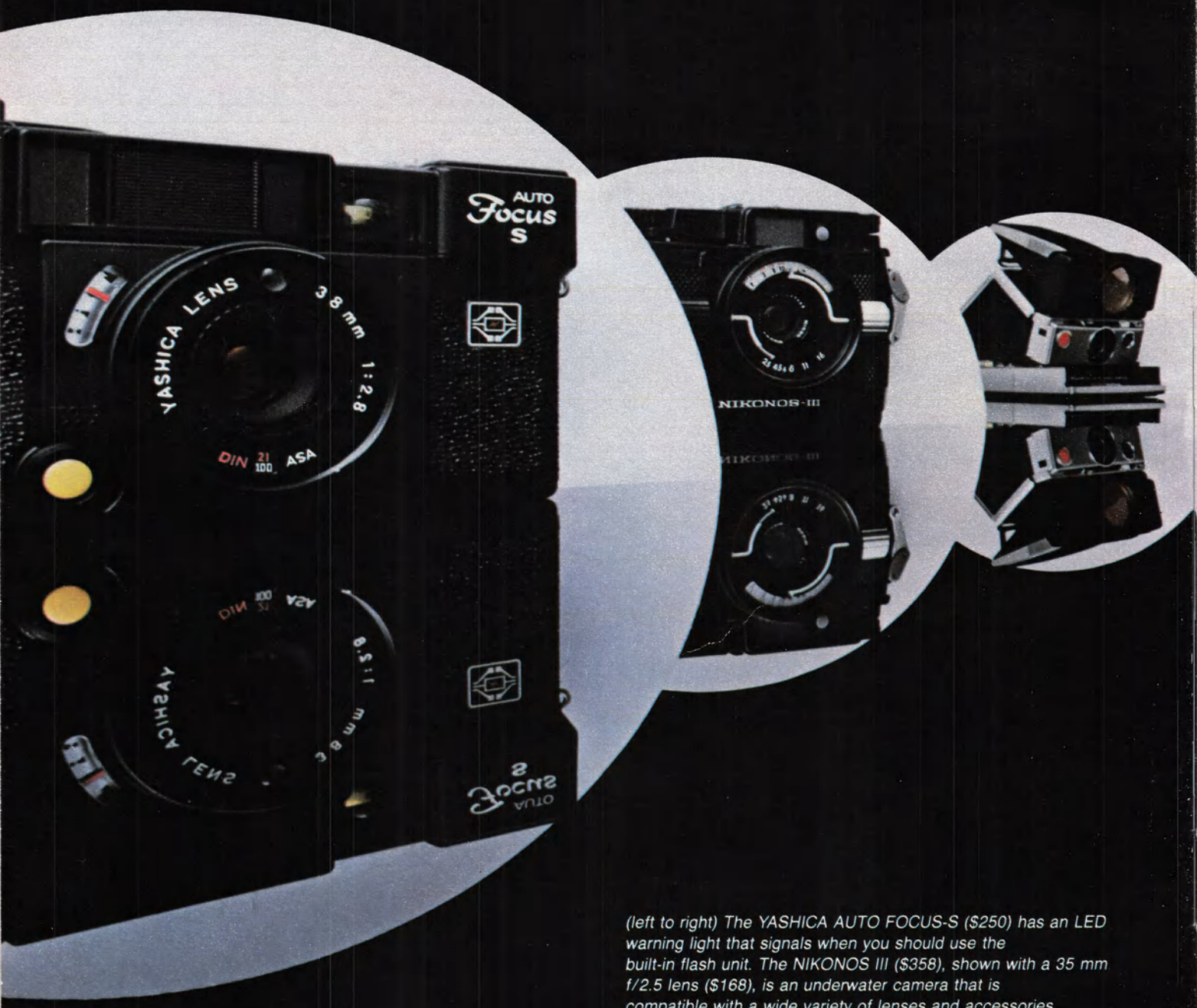
Photographic innocents abroad should remember that you may pass that way only once—but your camera will preserve the memory forever.

A FOREIGN EXPERIENCE

BY RICK SAMMON

It's summertime, and the traveling is easy. Those of us who have not already escaped from our nine-to-fivers are likely to be gazing out the office window, dreaming of faraway places and exotic vacations. The lucky ones have a range of delightful options ahead of them. A romantic trip for two—or an adventurous sojourn alone? A deserted tropical isle—or a bustling, exciting city? Jet age technology has given us literally hundreds of vacation spots from which to choose, most of them only hours away.

No matter where you decide to go for your vacation, you will undoubtedly want to document your trip with photographs. Here again, technology has presented



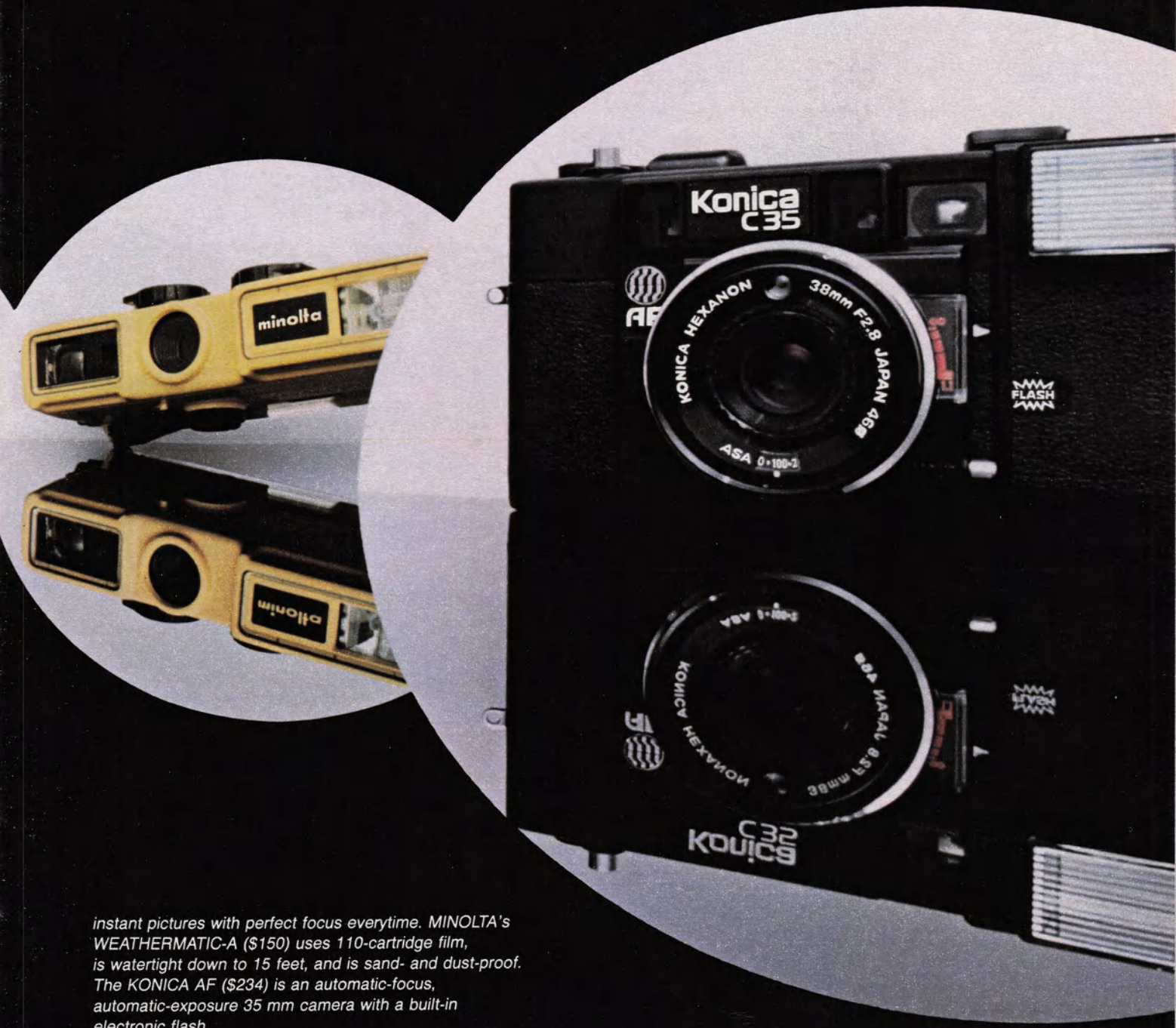
(left to right) The YASHICA AUTO FOCUS-S ($250) has an LED warning light that signals when you should use the built-in flash unit. The NIKONOS III ($358), shown with a 35 mm f/2.5 lens ($168), is an underwater camera that is compatible with a wide variety of lenses and accessories. POLAROID's SX-70 SONAR ($249.95) gives you

us with a myriad of choices in cameras, accessories, and film. Deciding how to equip yourself can be almost as difficult as choosing your destination and deserves at least the same amount of thought. What accessories do you want to take? Do you want to shoot movies or stills? Will you be photographing lush scenery or elusive inhabitants? Do you need complete artistic control over your shots, or do you just want to aim and shoot?

If you're knapsacking across Europe or biking or camping in the wilderness, a lightweight and convenient 110 pocket camera would be your best choice. These tiny wonders are small enough to slip into your shirt, jacket, or pants pocket and feature automatic exposure to save time and bother. Perhaps the simplest pocket camera to operate is the Canon 110ED-20. Just drop in the preloaded film cassette, and you're ready to go. A tiny lamp in the eye-level viewfinder flashes if your image will be washed out because of overexposure. If the battery for the exposure mechanism starts to lose power, a check lamp lights up before you ruin an entire roll of film. This camera also has a device that imprints the day, month, and year directly on each frame, a useful feature if you're taking in six cities in fourteen days and can't tell Chartres from Cologne by the time you get the prints back.

If your vacation plans include a lot of outdoor

Photographs by Ted Kaufman

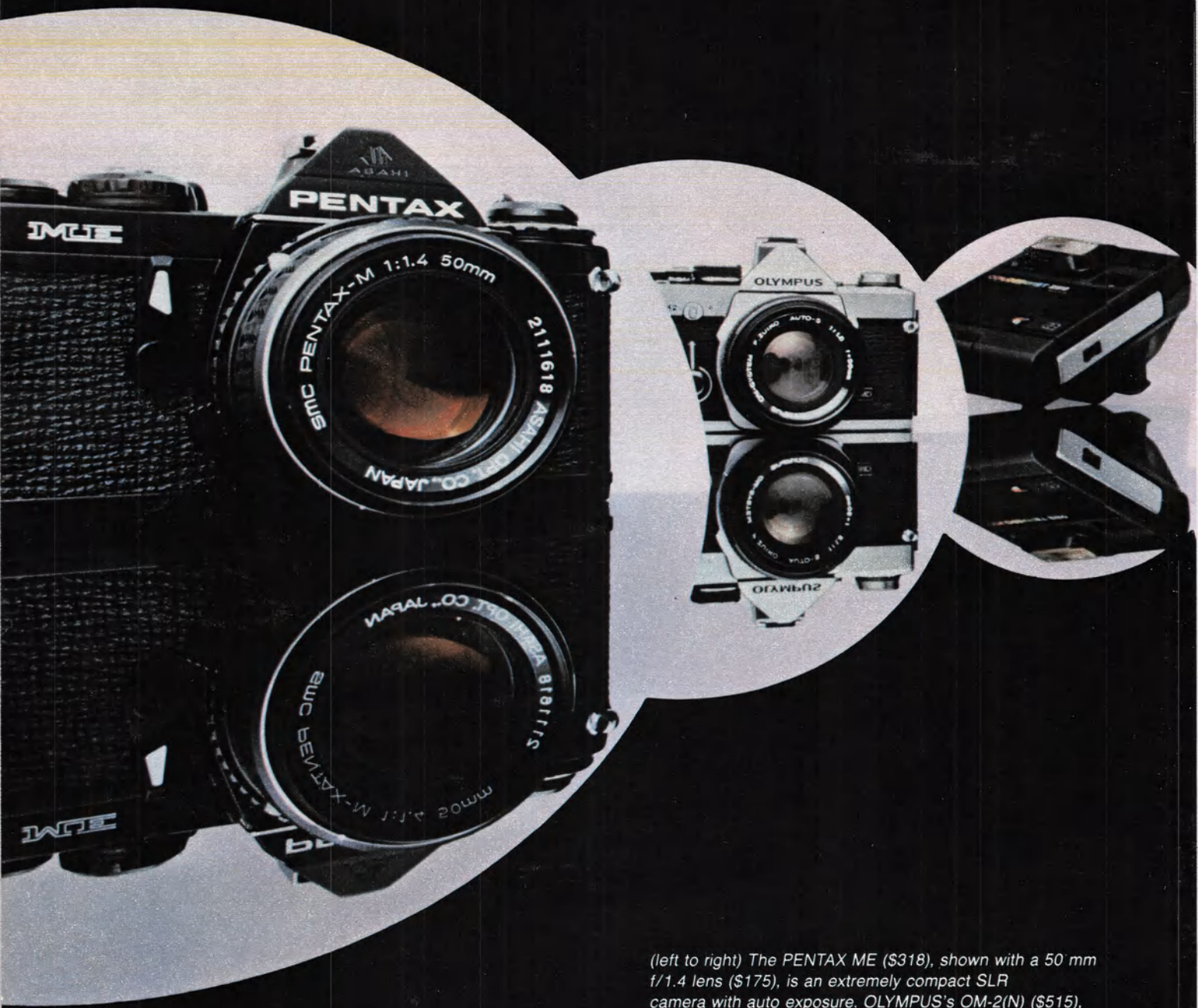


instant pictures with perfect focus everytime. MINOLTA's WEATHERMATIC-A ($150) uses 110-cartridge film, is watertight down to 15 feet, and is sand- and dust-proof. The KONICA AF ($234) is an automatic-focus, automatic-exposure 35 mm camera with a built-in electronic flash.

activities, such as hiking, mountain climbing, or horseback riding, and you want to record your adventures, a Minox 110S would be the ideal camera for you. Its folding doors protect the lens from scratches, dust, and fingerprints, all of which affect image sharpness.

The Minox and Canon Pockets both have fixed, semiwide-angle lenses, which means that if you want more (or less) of the background in your photograph, you have to move away from (or toward) your subject. The Minolta 110 Mark II, however, features a built-in zoom lens that offers wide, medium, and telephoto views from the same vantage point. An accessory auto-winder is available that advances the film so that you don't have to lift your eye from the viewfinder and miss that once-in-a-lifetime shot. The Pentax Auto 110 also gives you the option of an auto-winder and changing the angle of view. But instead of a zoom lens, Pentax has designed a unique three-lens system: 18 mm (wide-angle), 24 mm (normal), and 50 mm (telephoto).

While both slide (transparency) and print film can be used in 110 pocket cameras, enlargements bigger than eight by ten inches and projected slides tend to look a bit soft. In addition, only a limited variety of black-and-white and color films are available in the 110 format. So, if you plan to make a jumbo-size print



(left to right) The PENTAX ME ($318), shown with a 50 mm f/1.4 lens ($175), is an extremely compact SLR camera with auto exposure. OLYMPUS's OM-2(N) ($515), shown with 50 mm f/1.8 lens ($93), has aperture-priority metering. The KODAK COLORBURST 250 ($76.50)

for your office or study wall, expect to be shooting under many different lighting conditions, or enjoy viewing your vacation slides on a big screen, you should look into a 35 mm camera.

For the travel photographer who doesn't want to fuss with f-stops (lens openings), shutter speeds, and focusing, Canon, Chinon, Konica, Minolta, and Yashica all make auto-focus, auto-exposure 35 mm cameras. The auto-focus capability allows you to concentrate on your subjects, rather than on assorted dials and reading meters. Canon's auto-focus 35 works on an invisible infrared beam of light, which lets you shoot sharp pictures in dark places, such as underground caverns and European cathedrals. All of the other auto-focus 35s work on a reflected light system, making these cameras a good choice for general travel photography.

Although auto-focus cameras produce properly focused images, they do not offer the creative possibilities of varying depth-of-field (the amount of a scene that is in focus) or of selecting shutter-speeds either to blur or to stop action. Therefore, if you're looking for a camera that offers more creative control over your photographic images, you should consider purchasing a more sophisticated 35 mm SLR (single-lens reflex) camera.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

delivers instant photos and has a built-in electronic flash. ROLLEI's 35 SE ($290) has an easy-to-use LED metering system and a fast f/2.8 HFT lens. The CHINON CE-4 AUTO ($490) has an automatic exposure system but still allows you full manual override. (All prices suggested retail.)

At last, a motion picture that moons a man on the land.

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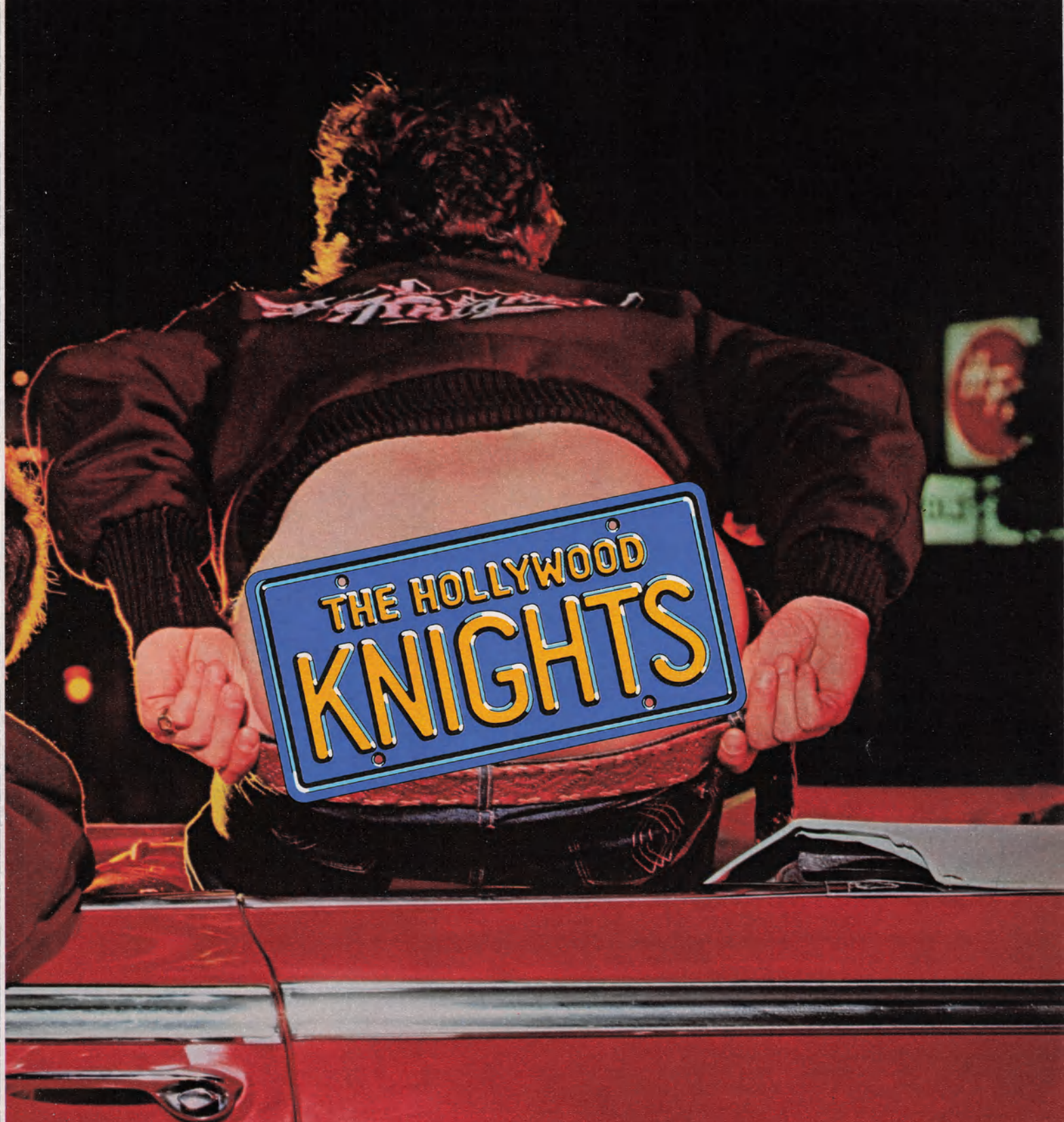

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WALKING ON AIR

FICTION BY PIERRE DELATTRE

Everyone here is upset because Boomie has taken another lover. Mamouli and Papouli say we have no choice but to find a role for him and include him in the circus. That won't be easy. We are a very small circus whose mystical purpose can be destroyed by the slightest loss of equilibrium. Our situation has been precarious enough since the Great Grand-Papouli died four years ago. But thanks to the audience, upon whose energy we have learned to rely in ever more subtle ways, we have survived without further loss to humans or animals. Twice we almost lost Boomie. Now, for the third time, Boomie has stayed in her wagon with a man and won't come out to perform. She took him into her wagon a week ago, and they've been there ever since. All of us at the Great Papouli Circus fear for what she will end up doing to herself if we don't handle this just right. We love her, of course, and we are also bound to her.

It is Boomie's vocation to be erotically exciting, and nobody who sees her can fail to respond. But our circus family, as one body, is so tuned to her that she is literally the source of sexual generation among us.

Boomie's aficionados, some of whom tracked us down from thousands of miles away, even from distant countries, are growing restless. I've done the best I can by building them a little campground with tents and privies and a canteen, but most of them are at the end of their patience. She can't stay in there forever, we tell them. Make her come out now, they say. Who's the boss around here, anyhow? Oh, no, say I, this is an entirely voluntary circus; it couldn't work any other way. Papouli isn't one of those ringmasters with a whip.

So we go on performing for the small, disgruntled crowd, and we watch Boomie's wagon and wait. The birds perched on her roof are singing more cheerfully than ever. At least they're pleased by what's going on. Boomie's wagon is in its usual place, far from the others, in a corner of the field where we've encamped at the outskirts of this town. It's an attractive

From the forthcoming novel *Walking on Air*, to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

wagon with red-spoked golden hubs, bright butterfly designs on both sides, shuttered windows, and a silver stairway leading up to the door. Her flying motorcycle is parked in front. That's what she picked him up on. She was bringing up the rear of our caravan when she pulled over to the ditch to talk to a young man lying in the wild flowers against his pack. For several hours she wasn't with us, and Papouli was about to send someone to see if she was all right when she came roaring around the bend with the youth seated behind her, pressed against her back. I suppose they've been that close ever since.

Her shutters have been open at night. A constant flicker of candlelight glows. We've tried to get Polyphemus to kind of amble on over and have a peek inside, just to make sure Boomie's okay. Tall as he is, he could glance in the window. But, like every other giant I've known, he's too much the gentleman. Annie the Elephant communicates only with Mamouli, and whatever our circus mother knows, she's keeping to herself, or perhaps she told Papouli, because he certainly doesn't seem worried for Boomie's immediate safety. He says we have to accept her as the difficult one of the family. Someone with so much sexual energy is bound to get into trouble now and then. Mamouli sees in Boomie's sporadic urges to mate an instinctual need not only to complete her own body but also to complete the mystical body of our circus, whose connection to the cosmos has become so tenuous since the death of our patriarch. How many near calamities have occurred since then? Yet we've maintained the balance, haven't we? Though Boomie's choices of men thus far have been useless for the circus and disastrous for her, Mamouli says we should have compassion for her and not begrudge her the right to be sated by the lover of her choice, even if the repercussions terrify us and we don't know how to allay them.

Like the rest of us, Boomie has a number of acts. She dives from on high into a four-foot tank of water. Impressive, but only a trick, seeing as how Jack and Jill, our performing dolphins, are waiting in the water to snatch her and whirl her around. Boomie's bird act is breathtakingly beautiful, especially in summer when many birds from the fields join the ones that travel with us. Boomie stands in the ring with arms outspread. From out of the night, pairs of birds swoop into the tent and settle upon her body until she herself becomes a large bird entirely covered with feathers. It's my control of the spotlight that makes her seem to spread wings of her own and fly out of the tent. All she has to do is walk away quietly and climb into the glass dolphin tank. Jack and Jill hold her on the surface between them until later, when a light glows up through the water as she emerges magically from the deep and rides them round and round the rising vortex.

Boomie didn't train the dolphins. They trained her, with a little help from Mamouli. The birds conceived their giant-bird stunt out of the sheer pleasure of flocking into the shape of her body. Birds are so attracted to Boomie that they don't need to be coaxed to join the act. Pairs of birds sometimes flit in, local birds she has never met before, eager for a new diversion. Some only visit; others stay to become part of the regular troupe.

As far as her attraction goes, Boomie seems to have been born with it. Most of her tricks rely more upon image than discipline. Flying her motorcycle over barrels, snapping cigarettes from my mouth with her bullwhip, playing various sexy lady parts on the spinning rope we call the web. But her main act has required a tremendous amount of training and has had to emerge from deep within her own character, as all great acts do.

How will her passion for this young man affect her greatest act—the one she performs as Boomie the Boomerang Lady? For those of you who have never seen the Great Papouli Circus, let me describe it.

Boomie performs her finale in the nude, except for the pair of waterproof, ruby-red, patent-leather boots she has worn in recent years to disguise an artificial foot. Let me say that hers is not the tanned, full-fleshed body the rest of us possess. Her figure is slim, willowy, almost frail, her skin absolutely white, and the absence of a left arm below the elbow has somehow not only added to her vulnerability but also made her more stunningly attractive. Her flame-red hair falls to her knees, with aery strands that reflect glints of gold from the floodlights. Her bush is a nest of flame, set on a full mound below her long, flat belly. She enters the tent bareback, astride a white horse.

Boomie slips off the horse, he trots away, and she stands against a board, the kind you may have seen a woman place herself in front of while a man throws knives at her. I arrive with the knives, but not to throw them. As far as I know, Boomie the Boomerang Lady is the only performer in the world who throws knives at *herself*.

The knives are bright blue crescent moons with silver blades along the entire curve of the outer edge. A wire net drops around the far-south curve of the arena. I hand her one knife at a time and step back. She flings the boomerang. It swirls slowly and silently into the dark upper regions of the tent and then reappears, winging toward her, its blade flashing until, as she stands with arms outspread, it strikes home, stuck in the board close to her body. Twelve blades I hand her. They strike to either side of her hips, her knees, her ankles, her chest, her neck. She steps out each time to throw and then steps back against the board. Next to last, the boomerang thunks deep into the wood just about her head. An inch lower and she would scalp herself. For

"In addition to the members of the Music Academy, I'd also like to thank my druggist—without whom this award would not have been possible."

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"And when did you first discover that you could see into the future?"

the last throw she asks for a mirror, steps a few feet back, facing the board this time, and, looking into the mirror, throws the blade so that it flies upward to the north, circles south, drops low, swoops down the center, and zings home between her legs. That is when the crowd goes wild and the birds fly in.

Papouli gathered us together to discuss the Boomie situation. I don't know why Papouli bothers to ask our opinions, since his ideas are the only ones that count. I love the man as much as anyone else, but I'm not afraid to say there's a bit of fraud in his pretense at democracy.

Mamouli started out with her usual offer to save the show by dropping the tightrope for the final act and walking on air. Mamouli has long believed that she once walked on air and will do it again some day.

Papouli rolled his eyes. "Are you through?"

We all laughed. I'm ashamed to say, as Papouli goes, so go we. That's our weakness and our strength. Why do we make fun of Mamouli? Which one of us hasn't secretly believed that some day he'll be able to walk on air? Mamouli has more nerve that we do; that's all. More of the ultimate spiritual *chutzpah*.

Mamouli's going to take off one of these days. Wasn't it I who predicted on paper that Papouli's father, the Great Grand-Papouli, God rest his soul in seventh heaven, would continue to perform in the circus even after the so-called doctors had pronounced him "only a vegetable"?

I suggested we could grab Boomie's boyfriend when he left the wagon to take a leak or something and then we could not exactly do him in, just take him for a long ride and have him disappear. "I'm only joking," I hastened to add when I saw the exasperation on Papouli's face.

He took a deep breath, scratched his huge, round stomach, and folded his arms high over his hairy chest. "Next."

The twins spoke up in properly serious tones. I can never tell whether it's Bimbo or Bimba talking when the Papouli children talk at once.

An invention the twins are onto now is supposed to revolutionize the carnival industry. All that's left to make is the springing device, and that can be copied from the cannon. Equilibrium is the twins' *métier*. They twirl at the end of the long bar during Papouli's walk on the high wire. They are the secret of his balance. They're the circus mechanics, and now, since Polyphemus has undertaken to educate them in quantum mechanics, they have become inventors. Their dandy little machine, as they call it, is to be billed officially as the Black Hole in Space. This as yet untested carnival ride puts couples side by side in a single chair, explodes them out of the darkness into a blinding white light, loops them to the left, sucks them back into the black hole from behind, and shoots them out the front again for a loop to the right. A figure eight designed to give the riders a rush into androgyny, swinging them from male to female and back again a hundred times or so, until they emerge entirely yin-yang, intellect and intuition in precise balance. The twins' idea now was to make Boomie and her lover our first guinea pigs, in the hope that they'd come out sufficient unto themselves, no longer needing each other.

"How long would the effect last?" Papouli asked, taking them seriously just to be polite.

"A year, maybe two," said Bimbo and Bimba.

"Two months at least or at least a month," said Bimba and Bimbo. "A day, two days. Two hours, an hour. Long enough and maybe forever," they said.

"Or not at all," said their father. "Just give me some good, solid advice on how to deal with this situation. I don't doubt your machine might balance Boomie for a little while, but then she'll start to wobble. It'll all come back to her. She'll feel hot and bothered again. She'll look around for relief and see she's been jilted. Abandoned by her lover. Then, watch out, folks, because she's liable to throw a boomerang right into her neck. Your machine'll be her guillotine. Look at the facts, children. When Boomie loses her lover, we lose a part of Boomie."

Your machine'll be her guillotine. Look at the facts. When Boomie loses her lover, we lose a part of Boomie.

Papouli was referring to the time he carried Boomie's first lover out to the highway and dumped him. She boomeranged her ankle the next night. The second lover was allowed to stay, useless as he was to the rest of us. ("We could use him as the peg in a game of ring toss; that's about it," Papouli joked.) He-Power Big, as we called him, left of his own accord because he was bored with nothing to do but take care of the pet he kept in his pants; so Boomie chopped off her arm.

"Her mutilations may lend a certain gory publicity to her act," said Papouli, "but it absolutely can't happen again, and there's only one way to keep her satisfied."

"That's to let her have a man who's a permanent part of the circus," Mamouli said.

"But how?" asked the twins. "The seventh spot?"

"No punk kid Boomie picked up in a ditch is going to know how to fill the place my father left open."

"Now, now," said Mamouli. "Let's not pass judgment before we've met the lad."

"Well, we're talking about the top position. It's too high. We've auditioned the very best in the world. Some of them might have left their bodies and still kept the connection. They might have gone out and come back, but you couldn't see a thing. It was boring as entertainment."

"Why wasn't Great Grand-Papouli boring?" Bimba asked. "He just lay there."

"He didn't just lie there. He listened to the harmony of the spheres. People brought their binoculars just to stare at his smile. The fact that he'd been unconscious all those years added to his attraction, of course, but it was his reputation and presence, and the beauty of that smile. Its transfiguration."

"Boomie's lover could fill one of our six spots," ventured Mamouli, "and one of us could go to the top to be transfigured."

"You never give up, do you, sweetheart? Transfiguration just happens when it happens. You can't go around on rooftops, trying to figure out the technique. Besides, who's going to fill the heart spot if you ascend? An earth mother's as hard to find today as a thirty-year-old virgin showgirl."

"Chauvinist!"

"Exhibitionist!"

"Power hungry!"

"Glory thirsty!"

Polyphemus stood up calmly, walked over to Mamouli and Papouli, and laid his huge hands on their shoulders. "Calm down now. Listen. It's going to have to be Boomie's lover this time for sure. We'll think of something, you'll see. We'll find him an act."

To break the gloom, I suggested that Boomie's boyfriend could learn how to roll over and play dead. "Fetch can do it. Why can't he?"

This time everybody except Papouli laughed. Maybe he thought I was making fun of the act the Great Grand-Papouli performed when he was alive, though I would never have mocked the old man. I revered him as much as anyone.

Papouli's brow began to fold itself like an accordion. "You won't think it's so funny, Bobby, if we don't figure this one out. You're the one who cleans up after the acts. If Boomie comes back to the circus in the wrong mood, you'll be standing right next to her. It's in your face the blood will fly, and it'll be your job to stick her head in a bag."

I know he was upset, but I don't think Papouli had a right to use that tone with me. Nobody ever gets to talk back mean to him. He was a lot more respectful

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...Anneka di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner contributed something beautiful and lasting to the history of motion pictures.—Bob Guccione

CALIGULA

"We knew we could trust each other and that we would be beautiful together."

ANNEKA AND LORI

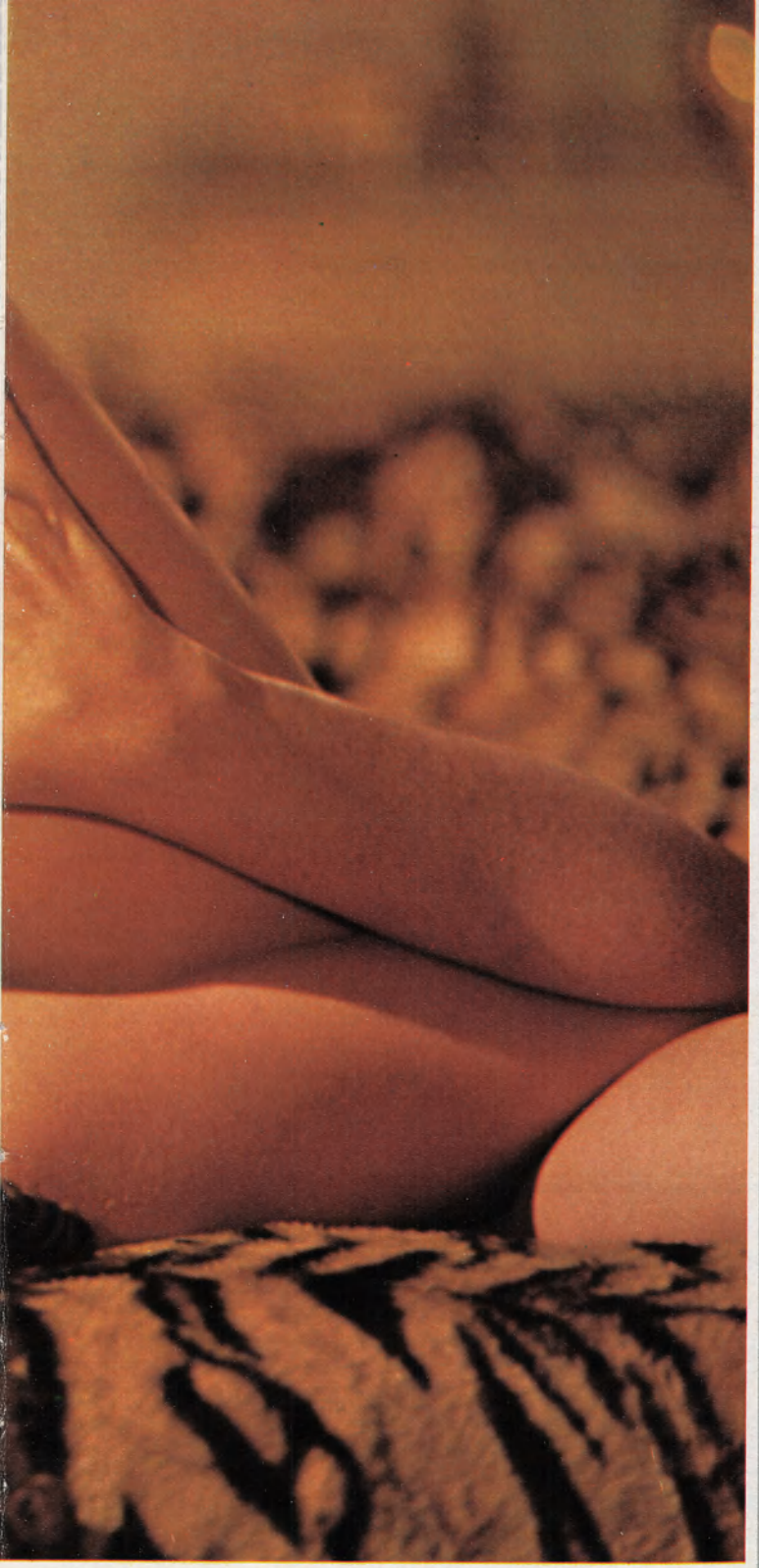
The sublimely lyrical lesbian scene that highlights the Bob Guccione/Franco Rossellini production of *Caligula* is perhaps the most intimate portrait of romantic love between women ever depicted on screen. The passage is made even more memorable by the electric performances of *Penthouse* Pets Lori Wagner and Anneka di Lorenzo as the sensuous courtiers Agrippina and Messalina. The most promiscuous woman in ancient Rome, Messalina was also shrewd enough to become the wife of the Emperor Claudius, who succeeded Caligula after his death. Relishing the challenge of such a difficult and daring performance, both Anneka and Lori considered the love scene vital to the aesthetic and popular success of the film.

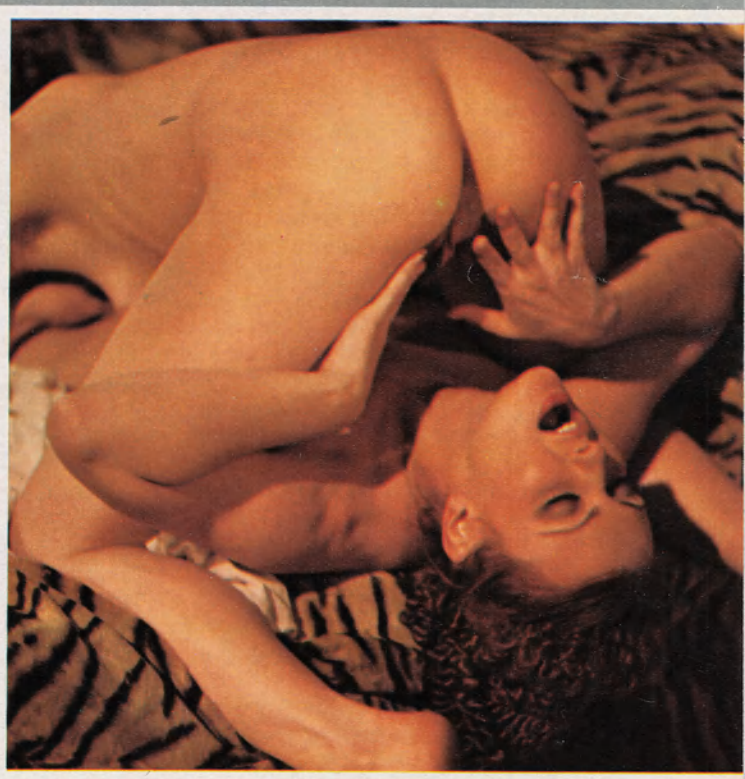
"I feel that our mission in *Caligula* really succeeded," reports Anneka. "When we appear on the screen the audience becomes absolutely silent. I suppose that that's a true indication that what we did and how we did it had the right kind of effect."

Lori Wagner, recalling the events that culminated in the spirited on-screen coupling, explained, "Anneka and I were good friends, and when we were chosen to appear in *Caligula*, we decided we'd prefer to do something with each other, knowing that we could trust each other and that we would be beautiful together."

"We didn't preplan it in any detail," Lori continued. "It was spontaneous and real and there was no tension or jealousy." In Anneka's perspective, "performing sexually on film, especially with such a beautiful partner, was a wonderful way to live out a fantasy in larger-than-life fashion."

"Portraying such a strong character was quite easy for me," Anneka explained, though hastening to add that she wasn't enamored with Messalina's untimely end: "Eventually Claudius, her husband, becomes tired of her promiscuity and all her murderous court intrigues and has her poisoned!"





"To me, the controversy that surrounds *Caligula* is a sign that it's far ahead of its time," Anneka concludes. "I feel that Lori and I are pioneers in the truest sense, and that the use of tasteful, erotic love scenes such as ours will help change people's attitudes toward the traditional cinema in the future." Record-breaking audiences for *Caligula* seem to be suggesting that the future is now.

PRINCESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

1976, when she went to stay at her grandfather's London home in the Boltons, a prestigious crescent in South Kensington (known locally as Saudi Kensington because of the influx of Arabs). Here Mohammed's family—sons, daughters, grandchildren, cousins—acquired sophisticated un-Islamic tastes, although he encouraged them to partake of innocent local customs that he felt gave delicacy, even sophistication, to those who a generation ago were reared in the rugged traditions of desert life. English tea, for instance, was served every afternoon—cucumber sandwiches, scones, cream, strawberry jam, and delicate pastries collected by Rolls-Royce from Harrods. Misha'al also enjoyed another popular activity of Arabs in London: she went to the hospital. At the Wellington Clinic, overlooking Lord's cricket ground, she booked in for a couple of days ($250 a night, exclusive of medical treatment) and had her nose "bobbed." Now she could be taken for an Italian, like her aunt, "or an American, a German, or an English woman. I can be any nationality," she exulted. Mistakenly.

With an innocent smile and flattering remarks, she persuaded her grandfather to let her remain in London for a while after he returned to Saudi Arabia. He booked her into the Park Tower Hotel, owned by a friend, Mahdi al-Tajir, reputedly the world's richest businessman ("I have never really bothered to find out how much I am worth," he told me) and also ambassador to London of the United Arab Emirates. Other members of the family kept a watchful eye on Misha'al, but during the next few weeks she went out with at least one boyfriend. "I didn't see her do anything wrong, but I knew her man was in the country," says the romantic, if slightly prim, Miss Buschow. There is no evidence to prove that the lover killed with Misha'al ever visited London.

For Misha'al, though, the visit had dramatic repercussions. Her vivacity was allowed to surface, her friendliness to be reciprocated; her desires were now limited only by her vivid imagination. By the time she returned to Riyadh in December and unwillingly covered her jeans and T-shirt with an *abaya* just before the plane touched down, she was incapable of accepting the petty restrictions of the women's palace. "She forgot you must switch off as soon as you leave the plane. You have to," explained the English wife of a prominent Saudi. Then she added, "Where have we gone wrong? Why does everyone try to leave so quickly and so often if Saudi Arabia is so wonderful? We are doing everything except develop a society and an environment that is pleasant to live in."

For a month or so, memories of London escapades made life tolerable for Misha'al. At a birthday party in January for Princess Moudi's son, Saud, she was photographed dancing by herself, looking pleased, happy, and almost content. But the exhilaration could not survive endless days of sexual frustration, bitchy gossip, and limitless trivia (sometimes her friends changed clothes three times a day, just for something to do). There are several versions of what happened next. The Saudi Arabian government subsequently manufactured an "unofficial" story that seemed to make its role understandable, if not excusable. Rosemarie Buschow said, without proof, that Misha'al had known her lover for at least eight months. But a royal princess told another story to Antony Thomas. (Thomas is the director of the television film *Death of a Princess*, which does not mention Saudi Arabia, although it is a reconstruction of Misha'al's life and death.) The princess claimed that Misha'al was watching television one afternoon in spring when she saw a guitarist, Musleh al Shaaer, fancied him, and sent her chauffeur to arrange a rendezvous at a local boutique—such establishments being, apparently, the Saudi equivalent of a singles bar.

> Misha'al was a pawn in a political, religious, and family feud that may one day make the turmoil in Iran seem like a small disturbance by comparison.

Bingo. Musleh, a 20-year-old student at Riyadh University, fell immediately for the princess, and she for him. Although not from the royal family, he did have some "class": he had been brought up mainly in Beirut, where he was looked after by his cousin, Gen. Ali Shaaer, the Saudi ambassador to Lebanon. During the next few months, romantic love developed in the improbable setting of a Riyadh summer, where the sun is so unbearable in its intensity that it curtails every thought, limits every action, yet is not so anesthetizing that it prevented well-paid spies from reporting the lovers' furtive meetings to Mohammed, her grandfather. In July, when the family made their annual move to his fortress-like castle and estate at the fashionable Red Sea resort area the Creek, near Jidda, Misha'al's request to return to Europe for a few weeks was refused. Once there, she and Musleh had planned to elope, adding to the problems of a long-suffering counselor at the Saudi embassy in London; he spends most of his summer trying to locate the missing daughters of wealthy Saudi families.

Misha'al was undeterred. In England she had heard much talk of a former British cabinet minister, John Stonehouse, who had left his clothes piled neatly on a Florida beach and then disappeared—presumed drowned, until he was found a few months later in Australia and was then imprisoned for fraud. On Sunday, August 3, 1977, Misha'al told her servant that she was going for a midnight swim . . . and never returned.

A search began immediately, and King Khalid, on the urging of Mohammed, issued a decree forbidding women to leave the country alone. At the Al Attras, a rundown and isolated hotel a few miles north along the Creek, Misha'al and Musleh hugged, giggled, and watched the boats sent to search for their bodies. Misha'al's long, dark hair had been cut short like a man's, and in her handbag she had an air ticket to Beirut made out in the name of her chauffeur.

By ten o'clock in the morning of Friday, August 8, 1977, the temperature in Jidda was already 100 degrees, and lethargy hung heavy over the dusty main street. No one took much notice when tow trucks arrived at a large open space near the International Hotel and police began to move away all the cars except, inexplicably, a yellow Suzuki pickup.

An hour later another truck, piled high with sand, pulled up and waited. From a nearby mosque the tape-recorded voice of the muezzin called the faithful to midday prayers. At the same time, police and soldiers began to close the adjacent roads. One of the cars they stopped contained Barry Milner, a 24-year-old joiner from Yorkshire, England, and three colleagues. They had been working on a construction site since six o'clock that morning and were returning to their hotel, the Khayam, which overlooked the open space. Milner had been in Saudi Arabia for six weeks and, like the others, tolerated the country only because he was earning $600 a week—three times his British wage. He thought that Jidda was a "smelly tip," and from the moment he arrived he had realized that it was not the place for him. He persevered because he had a fiancée back home and wanted to save enough for a deposit on a house.

Earlier that morning he had been told by the hotel porter of a rumor that a man was to be executed in the afternoon; so now, after climbing down from the car, he made his way to his hotel room, quickly hid a miniature camera in a cigarette pack, and returned "out of curiosity," he told me later, to the front of the hotel, where a crowd of several thousand had now gathered. After a while a Toyota Jeep drew into the center of the open

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space. Two figures were bundled from the back of it, and, at the same time, the truck began to dump its load of sand. One of the figures—"a tall, slim girl dressed in black robes," according to Milner—was led to the mound of sand and made to kneel down. Two soldiers, dressed in brown uniforms, came to within three feet of her. They drew their pistols. Each fired three bullets into the head of the girl, so rapidly that she began to fall forward only as the sound of the last shot resounded around the parking lot. Then she lay there, blood seeping through her veil. Her companion, who looked drugged and was supported by two robed men, was forced to watch the scene before he, too, was pushed into the center of the open space, had his hands tied behind his back, and was forced to kneel, bending his head forward slightly.

Milner, meanwhile, had edged his way around the outside of the crowd to where an eight-foot-high wheel rested against a wall. He clambered up just in time to see an elderly man, dressed in a flowing, somewhat grubby *dishdasha*, step forward and raise a small sword. To Milner, from his perch about 50 yards away, it looked as if it could even have been a bayonet. The crowd was silent now as, without ceremony or emotion, the executioner brought the sword down sharply on his victim's neck. Blood began to trickle from the wound, but the blow had not been hard enough to kill the man, although he lurched forward, cracking his forehead hard into the earth. There was another blow, then another, and another, around both sides of the neck—five in all—before the panting executioner was satisfied and stepped back. Even then the head was not completely severed.

The crowd cheered and clapped and then dispersed for an afternoon siesta before the next call to prayers. The bodies were placed on stretchers, taken to the Toyota, and driven off. No one bothered to clean up the blood. It was still there, a brown stain on the sand, several days later. Milner, trembling, returned to his room and lay down. He did not know the identity of the victims, but the episode reinforced his feelings about their country, and he left a few weeks later, having saved $6,000 from the $7,500 he had earned.

The executions also persuaded another person to leave, although she did not witness them and was told a different version of what had happened. Rosemarie Buschow, who had found Misha'al "an adorable child, innocent, effervescent, and delightful," was horrified when Princess Moudi explained to her that the young girl "brought disgrace on our family. She should have known we would have to kill her. My father said we do it to the poor people; so we must do it to our own family. They covered Misha'al's eyes; they tied her arms to her body. They put her in the street. They hurt her until she died." Rosemarie took this to mean that Misha'al had suffered the traditional Islamic penalty for adultery—stoning.

Such discrepancies would later be used by the Saudis as a convenient way of discrediting any version of the executions and even to suggest that Misha'al was not really executed, although it was admitted that Musleh had died. Crown Prince Fahd telephoned Ambassador Ali Shaaer in Beirut at four o'clock on Saturday morning to inform him of what had taken place. (Shaaer, distraught, left Lebanon for several days for an undisclosed destination but did not resign.) It was assumed, then, by the royal family that the matter, although distasteful, was closed. There were more important things to attend to: weapons to be bought and tested, luxury goods to be imported, hospitals and schools to be built (regardless of the lack of adequate staff), the world's most modern airport to be constructed at Jidda. A whole new nation was emerging, and these minor traumas were but a hiccup in the face of progress.

"You must understand that it is a curious thing for us, too," the Saudi minister for industry, Dr. Ghazi Algosaibi, told me. "We have suddenly become a world power without any of the normal attributes simply because of this oil, which is neither permanent nor really important. Sometimes we feel like a pretty girl. No one knows if we are liked for ourselves, or as sex objects. But with all the pressures of becoming an important country, I hope our traditions will keep us in order."

And if some of these traditions seem a little brutal, why would the rest of the world know about them? Few foreign journalists are allowed to visit (it took me a year to obtain a visa), and those who write anything but the most anodyne reports are generally banned. Anyone within Saudi Arabia who criticizes is rewarded with imprisonment. And, besides, everyone knows that executions take place.

Why worry about the murder of a young girl and her lover?

Early in 1978 vague reports began to circulate in Europe. The London *Times* reported on January 23 that the previous November "a Saudi Arabian princess and her husband [were] executed in public because they defied the royal family's decree forbidding women to marry outside the family or a closely associated line."

In the new house that Barry Milner had bought at Hebdon Bridge, known locally as the arsehole of the West Riding be-

"The purpose of today's meeting, gentlemen, is to determine what we're all doing out here in the hall."

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

cause of its inhospitable climate, he read a similar story in the *Daily Express*. The pictures he had taken six months previously were now curling at the edges and fading, but he telephoned the local newspaper to see if it was interested in buying them. It was not. The *Express* was, however. It sent two reporters from its Manchester office, and they paid Milner £1,000. "I thought I might get about £250," he said.

The next day's publication of the pictures across the whole of the front page caused an international sensation when they were reprinted throughout the world (a grateful *Daily Express* syndication department paid Milner a further £1,000, ex gratia). The main photograph, blurred and scratchy, showed a man kneeling while another struck him with a sword. Dr. David Owen, then British foreign secretary, was moved to call the execution a "tragedy." Even such a mild rebuke caused apoplexy within the Saudi government, which, although it did not deny that the picture depicted Musleh al Shaaer, demanded and received an apology from the British for "comments on this particular news item. To clarify the issues: the sentence carried out was passed in an Islamic court as punishment for the adulterous acts committed by the two accused persons. It is a crime for which the punishment, according to Islamic law, is death. The couple were not married, as stated in the news story. The marriage of a princess with a man unrelated to the royal family is not considered a crime. The news story published could be regarded as showing neglect of traditional values, ideals, and beliefs which do not accept such immoral acts."

Of course, of course, agreed governments throughout the world, dependent upon Saudi oil. The supine British Foreign Office added, "The last thing Dr. Owen would have wanted was to add to the distress which the tragic events must have caused to the royal family." Rosemarie Buschow, reveling in the financial bonanza that now presented itself to her, became an instant authority on the Saudi royal family and its judgment on the lovers. "Prince Mohammed and King Khalid were in tears. The two men were wise and fair leaders. Now they were heartbroken. With heavy hearts they passed judgment on the lovers," and so on, ad nauseam. Mohammed, she recalled, "was the kindest man I have ever known. His expression was so benevolent and loving I thought of a dark-eyed Father Christmas."

The Saudis began their own whitewashing campaign, which even managed to suggest that the mild and somewhat naive Barry Milner was a CIA agent—a view hinted at in the Lebanese magazine *Monday Morning* on February 6, 1978: "To many in the Arab world who heard how the 25-year-old 'self-employed' Briton smuggled the film out of the country, his story supports speculation that the scandal-mongering which the execution sparked was a well-planned campaign. The inconsistencies in his report [specifically over the timing of the execution] have triggered speculation that the spotlight has been turned on the incident deliberately, by quarters interested in discrediting Saudi Arabia and Arabs in general at a time when the peace initiative of Egyptian president Anwar Sadat was threatening to improve the carefully built image of the Arab as a bloodthirsty savage."

In Saudi Arabia several rumors were started within the diplomatic community. One suggested that Misha'al had been spirited out of the country by her grandfather and a servant executed in her place. "It's a bit like working in the Soviet Union," one American diplomat told me. "Accurate information is almost impossible to come by. You have to know the undercurrents and develop an instinct for what really is going on."

> The most incredible thing is that in a country where the men think they are in charge, it is the women who are the predators. They choose their lovers.

Abroad, a more subtle campaign was begun by the head of intelligence, Kamal Adham. As a trusted adviser of the late King Faisal (he is the Turkish-Albanian half-brother of Faisal's favorite wife, Iffat), he was disliked and feared by the present royal family clique, but his poise and sophistication were recognized as an asset, particularly at embarrassing moments. Guests to his $1 million apartment in Grosvenor Square, London, were treated to an entirely new, and plausibly detailed, version of events.

Misha'al, said Adham, begged her family to send her to Beirut for higher education. There she mixed with Left Wing students and became a sort of crypto-Communist, determined to flout the conventions of her upbringing. She persuaded her lover, Musleh al Shaaer, to return with her to Saudi Arabia, where they lived openly together, even staying overnight at hotels. Such behavior appalled Mohammed, who ordered his granddaughter to be more discreet. She refused; so there was no alternative but to take her before an Islamic court, where conviction for adultery rests on the evidence of four independent male witnesses (or eight females)—an improbable scenario. Or—and this is where Adham usually spread out his hands in a gesture of helplessness—a woman could condemn herself by standing up in court and admitting three times that she had committed adultery. And that is what Misha'al did, in spite of tearful pleadings from the family.

There is nothing wrong with that story except that Misha'al was not educated in Beirut, did not live openly with Musleh in Saudi Arabia, did not admit adultery, was not tried in any court, and was probably not guilty of any offense, as it seems likely she was divorced (an unverifiable assertion, however, as the Islamic qualification for divorce is the husband's triple renunciation of the wife, and Misha'al's husband has not been located).

The truth is that Musleh and Misha'al (disguised as a man and using her chauffeur's passport) went separately to Jidda airport on Tuesday, August 5, checked their baggage on the same flight to Beirut, passed through customs control, and were stopped for a hand-baggage and body search just before boarding. Misha'al, perhaps knowing that she would be caught, perhaps reacting with instinctive puritanism instilled through generations, refused to be searched. She was arrested, and her own passport was found in her baggage. Musleh gave himself up, and the couple were taken by police van to Mohammed's estate. "Father Christmas" who, according to one report was in the middle of a drinking bout, condemned them to death instantly. King Khalid refused to sign the execution warrant but knew that he could not safely defy his elder brother's demonstration of family power. He declined, therefore, to insist on clemency.

The only inconvenience for Mohammed was to be denied use either of the main square or a qualified killer. His senior retainer did the job instead.

Saudi Arabia will be largely responsible for the quality of life in the West during the 1980s. As in Iran not so long ago, American policy seems to be based on flattery. American financial commitment to Saudi Arabia is now greater than it was to Vietnam at the height of the war. Saudi Arabia provides 20 percent of American oil imports and has $30 billion on deposit in American banks. America sells military equipment worth $9 billion each year to Saudi Arabia—more than it did to Iran. It is the United States' largest military customer.

Hundreds of people are executed without trial every year in Saudi Arabia. Many thousands are imprisoned for "political" acts. Under those circumstances the murder of two young people is relatively unimportant. It is, anyway, surely a private family matter, not to be investigated too closely. Any businessman will tell you that it is foolish to condemn those upon whom you depend.

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BIG OIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

It used to be that the world's currency values were fairly stable. A person could be reasonably certain from month to month what the dollar would be worth in comparison to, say, the yen or the mark. But for the past decade—and particularly since the oil profiteering began in earnest in 1973–74—the world's monetary systems have suffered from chronic instability. There has been no way for the finance ministers—the central bankers—of the major industrial countries to impose stability because there was too much money in circulation outside their jurisdiction.

While this is a problem that afflicts all major currencies, it is especially critical in the way it afflicts the dollar, because the dollar is traditionally the standard by which all other currencies are measured.

The heart of the dollar problem lies in the "Eurocurrency" market. Eurocurrency is an ocean of "stateless money"—dollars from the United States ("Eurodollars") and currencies from other countries, all floating beyond the reach of national regulators. The Eurocurrency market is a rather new phenomenon. It is the offspring of the multinational era.

Multinational corporations, including multinational banks, of course, do not like to be regulated by national governments. In this country the Federal Reserve Board tells banks what percentage of their deposits they can lend out and how much they must keep in reserve. Being able to control the money supply to some extent in this way, the Fed is also able to help control inflation. The central banks of most developed nations operate in the same way.

But with the spread of the multinational corporations around the world, the giant U.S. money changers went after the greater profits that could be made by throwing off the restraints of nationalism. They began setting up branches and affiliate banks overseas—where the Federal Reserve Board could not interfere with their operation. The big banks of other industrial nations also began to set up foreign branches to escape the regulations of their home governments. Most of these "escapees" are concentrated in England and in Europe, and into them have poured the stateless Eurocurrency, with Eurodollars making up about 80 percent of the fund.

Twenty years ago there was no such thing as a Eurodollar. Ten years ago there were probably less than $100 billion Eurodollars. Today there are an estimated $900 billion Eurodollars, a stunning amount that is playing hell with all efforts to control the world's money supply (and inflation) and all efforts to stabilize currency rates. This was most dramatically illustrated in the United States by what happened after the Fed pushed interest rates to 15 percent (plus) in October 1979, hoping to cut inflation by making the price of money prohibitively high and thereby reducing the amount in circulation.

But the money supply didn't dry up. Eurodollars kept seeping into our economy. The big banks, faced with the Fed's restrictions, simply tapped the virtually bottomless resources in their European branches and lent them out. Inflation kept right on going up. The Fed was completely frustrated.

And how does OPEC fit into the Eurodollar adventure? Very heavily and very dangerously. "Experts" (actually there are no experts at this guessing game) believe that the oil producers have more than $60 billion—and some guesses go up to twice that amount—bouncing around the Eurodollar market. And, of course, their share of the market will probably continue to grow as their profits grow. What makes the OPEC presence so scary is that the Arabs are totally unpredictable and unstable. At any moment they may decide, for whatever cockeyed reason, to shift a sizable hunk of their wealth from dollars to some other currency, throwing the world's money kite into at least a temporary tailspin. Shifts of no more than $10 billion in the Eurodollar market have had harmful effects in the past. Or the Arabs, deciding that they want to get out of the dollar altogether, could continue the gold-buying binge they began in late 1979, a binge that drove gold prices into the sky and at the same time seriously weakened the dollar. If the Arabs were to continue to play with their billions in that rambunctious fashion, we may discover that all the Fed's horses and all the Fed's men can't put the dollar's pieces together again.

> Toward the end of the shah's regime, Iran had nearly $3 billion on deposit with Chase . . . quite enough to keep David Rockefeller on a very short leash.

To understand this particular mess, one must go back again to 1973 and review the oil bankers' scheme. At that time, when world oil prices made their first great surge, the bankers said not to worry; OPEC's profits would be "recycled." By that they meant OPEC nations, being unable to spend much of their loot, would deposit the bulk of it in the Western-based international banks; the banks would then lend the money to oil consumers, which would pay OPEC for more oil; OPEC would again deposit this money in the big oil banks, et cetera, with the money going in a circle.

The international bankers were so euphoric at the prospect of all the big bucks coming their way that they predicted the money cycle would go on forever, with the banks, oil companies, and OPEC profiting endlessly.

This was a very tricky game the bankers were playing, and recent results show that they did not know how to play it nearly so well as they thought they could. The recycling apparatus has begun to break down under the sheer weight of OPEC's deposits.

OPEC's latest price increases are expected to give the oil-producing nations at least a $130 billion surplus from 1979 and 1980 production alone, with other huge surpluses in the years ahead. (The oil companies, of course, are floating high on the same sea of cash. In 1978 the major companies had a stunning $26 billion combined cash flow, and the decontrol of domestic oil—pegged to OPEC prices—is expected to dump an extra $49 billion to $80 billion, after taxes, in their pocket by 1984. That's $49 to $80 billion *on top of* present record profits.)

Once delighted to wallow in such riches, now the oil bankers are afraid that they may drown in them. The glut has become almost unmanageable. "Increasingly," says Ann Crittenden, financial writer for the *New York Times*, "individuals close to those [money] markets are warning that the private banking system may not be able to handle the new stresses."

One of the closest observers of the "new stresses" is Rimmer DeVries, senior vice-president and chief international economist for the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company. He warns that "the oil numbers [OPEC money surpluses] are getting to a point where we may be on the brink of severe trouble." He thinks that OPEC's foreign investments and cash assets will probably reach $500 billion by 1983. "Amounts of that magnitude feeding into the system could produce enormous exchange rate instability, particularly as the oil producers have shown that they want to switch their funds as much as possible out of the dollar.

"There is also concern within the banks—and here I have to be careful, for I am a banker—about those deposits. There is a growing concern with . . . bloated balance sheets, and a question whether the banking system itself can accept a great increase in these deposits."

The bleak question confronting the bankers is this: *To whom will they lend these enormous new surpluses?*

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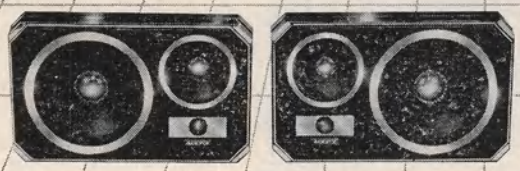

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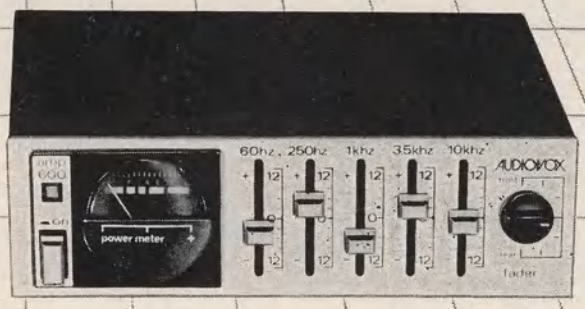

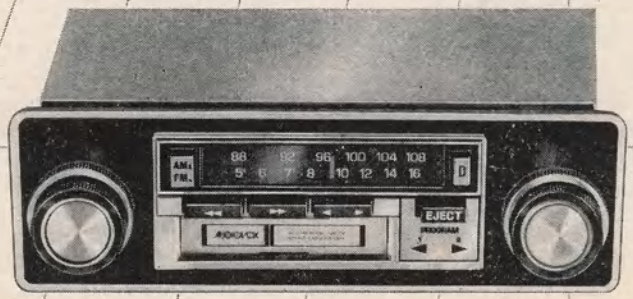

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SHEIK

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Ah yes, for a few years the "recycling" of the oil money seemed to go beautifully. No sooner were OPEC's surpluses deposited than they were borrowed at a high interest rate; much of the borrowing was done by the smaller consuming nations—the non-OPEC Third World nations that don't have much money but have a pitiful need for oil. As OPEC prices climbed, these nations literally would have been driven back to the Dark Ages if they had not been able to borrow the difference.

The trouble is, they have borrowed so much during the past six years that they are dangerously in debt. As borrowers, they are beginning to look very risky. The oil bankers are afraid—with good reason—that one of these days the shoeless nations, being unable to pay the interest on their mounting oil debt, much less the principal, will simply declare bankruptcy, leaving the oil banks with such a mountain of IOUs that the banks themselves will go bankrupt. As of this year, the commercial banks of the industrial world are holding an estimated $150 billion in IOUs from some very shaky Third World debtors, and of this, U. S. commercial banks are holding nearly $80 billion—$41.6 billion from Asia, $3.6 billion from Africa, and $33.8 billion from South America and the Caribbean. And that debt is expected to climb by at least $10 billion a year from now on. What if some of these nations, weary of struggling with their "recycling" oil debts, were to say to hell with it? Our commercial banking system would be in very, very deep trouble.

The recycling breakdown means that the banks will sooner or later drop the rate of interest they pay to OPEC depositors in the hopes that this will drive them away. When that happens, the Arabs will undoubtedly cut production. Why sell oil for dollars that are declining in value and then deposit the dollars in banks that are lowering their interest rates? Obviously, it would make more sense for the producers to keep their oil in the ground until a better business day dawns. And that's exactly what the Arabs will do. Saudi Arabia has already told the world to prepare for that day.

This is the cloudy precipice to which the oil-banking complex has brought us. Where will they take us next? Over the edge? Who will stop them from taking that step? "Governments," noted Walter J. Levy, the oil economist, "are still watching a continuous erosion of the world's oil supply and financial systems, which, if nothing is done, could be comparable in its potential for economic and political disaster to the Great Depression. The time is late; the need for action, overwhelming." But what action? Driven by greed, the oil producers and the oil bankers have brought us to a unique moment in history when one crisis—take your pick, oil or monetary—cannot be helped without exacerbating the other to intolerable proportions.

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HUMOR BY CATHERINE HILLER

Bill Robertson, traveling by Trailways bus from Woodstock to New York, tore the page out of the magazine. He felt fucked out, fucked over, fucked up. He wanted to sprawl on a bed and sleep for a week. He wanted cool sheets and white noise. He wanted peace. But he faced another two hours on this crowded bus and a full day of work in the city. He folded the ad and put it in his wallet. The message had reached him at just the right moment.

For he was, this Monday morning in June, thoroughly disgusted with the sexual itch, disgusted by erotic tricks tried or imagined, disgusted with pumping and coming and groaning. Why, then, did he think about pussy all day? How frivolous! How egotistical! How humiliating! Finally, how *boring* it was, this constant preoccupation with ways to get off and women to get into. Robertson hated the hypocrisy sex seemed to impose. He hated the intimate questions it often engendered. Above all, he hated how sex made him act like a fool. His Porsche, his precious Porsche!

Six hours earlier, maddened by Cheryl's hands and Ann's mouth, Robertson had driven his beloved car off the road and—slowly—into a telephone pole. Alas for his 911 with the bored-out 2,000 cc engine, the black-glass windows, and the fully reclinable seats! By the waters of Esopus, by the light of the moon, Robertson grieved for his once-perfect car. Cheryl and Ann, naked and frisky, tried cheering him up, but he pushed them away. Undaunted, they grabbed at him merrily, forcefully. When the state troopers arrived, guns drawn, flashlights blazing, Cheryl was pulling off his shirt and Ann was sucking at his shoulder. "Jeez, Tony, take a look at this!" Laughter, derision, shame! Then the grilling at the station; then a sickly gray dawn; then this terrible bus, which seemed to stop every two miles. After years of too many parties, too many women, too many dreary variations on the sexual theme, Robertson was ready to reform. How effective he'd be, on the job and at the club, if he could only get out of his rut! He thought: but can Sexenders really work for a two-time-a-day man like me?

WEEK 1

There were several people in the room, sitting on chairs in a circle. Out of unconscious habit, Robertson chose the seat near the looker. She was slender and young, with long, black hair and glowing skin. She gave him a smile, and the familiar tom-tom began in his gut. Perhaps after class, Robertson was thinking—when he remembered just *what* class they were in.

A brown-haired man of about 40 walked into the room. "Welcome to Sexenders," he said heartily. "My name is Jimmy—no last names here, please—and I am your facilitator." Jimmy was energetic, freckled, exopthalmic. He reminded Robertson of an aging Howdy Doody, and when he spoke, he lay equal, smiling emphasis on every syllable. "For the next six weeks," Jimmy said, "this class will be the most important thing in your life. Your classmates will become like your brothers and sisters." (Robertson glanced at his neighbor and repressed lively thoughts about incest.) "Now I'd like you to give your new family, and yourselves, a round of applause just for being here—your first step toward successful ex-sexing. Let's have a big hand, please, for being sex-free!"

Robertson joined in the applause, feeling rather foolish. "That's the only kind of clap you'll get from now on," said Jimmy. Robertson started to chuckle, but one look at Jimmy's earnest expression, and the laugh died aborning. Jimmy continued. "We start our sessions by applauding each other to show you the power of 'group-ap.'" Robertson wondered briefly what "group-*pap*" was, but Jimmy immediately explained that "group-*ap*" was group approval. "Group-ap will be very important to you over the next few weeks. The Sexenders program relies upon positive thinking and positive reinforcement, and in group-ap the two are united. We believe that undesirable behaviors—or *ubs*—are best changed, not by punishing their emergence, but by rewarding alternate behaviors—or *abs*. The best way to down the *ubs* is to up the *abs*. As each of you moves toward a successful displacement of *ub* by *ab*—that is, *abstinence*—you will get rewarded, or stroked, by the others."

Robertson imagined his pretty neighbor stroking various parts of his body, but his hopes were quickly deflated. "Of course, the *stroking*," said Jimmy, "is purely metaphoric. But you'd be amazed at how well some praise from your peers can *keep the lid on the id*."

Jimmy began handing out questionnaires. "This little quiz," he said, "is just for your own self-knowledge." Robertson took out his pen and began.

Do you ever need a "quickie" to start the day?

Do you ever go on irrational sexual binges?

Do you often have guilt and remorse after sex?

Do you ever start having sex when you're not really aroused?

Do you give too much time and thought to sex?

Do you often have sex alone?

Do you ever plan secret sexual assignations?

Have you ever missed work because of sexual activities?

Have you ever had sex on the job?

Does your sexual addiction make you or others suffer?

Jimmy gave the group a few minutes to take the test. Then he explained the scoring. Two affirmative answers meant you were a problem fucker. Four yeses

meant you were a borderline sexaholic. Six or more yeses indicated severe sexual addiction. Robertson glanced at his test again. He had checked yes to all ten questions. Perhaps he was too far gone to be helped.

"Now I'd like you to turn your tests over," said Jimmy, "and list all the reasons you first started having sex." Robertson wrote:

(1) I started fucking to seem more grown up.
(2) I wanted to be "one of the guys."
(3) It felt good.
(4) It was a good way to relieve stress.
(5) It was fun to do on a break.

When everyone had stopped writing, Jimmy led the group as they discussed the various reasons why people start fucking. Robertson's reasons were fairly representative—and he soon saw how fallacious they were. How silly of teenagers to think there is anything glamorous or sophisticated about fucking! And how foolish of him to have thought fucking relieved stress!

Jimmy smiled tolerantly. "That's a common misconception," he said. "At Sexenders we call that the Squirrel Cage Syndrome. You feel nervous. You have to have a fuck. You get calm. You hug and stroke your partner gratefully. Soon

Illustration by Ivan Powell

you start feeling nervous again. You have to have another fuck. You're like a squirrel in a cage, chasing its own tail." (More like a *rabbit* in a cage, thought Robertson.) Jimmy continued, eyes shining with fervor. "Sexenders will help you break this cycle. You will learn that when things are bad, *fucking doesn't make anything better*. You will learn how to deprogram yourself, how to detox with dispatch, how to 'x' sex from your lives. You will learn how to summon up strength and control. You will supplant masturbation by maturation. And every night, before bed, you will say the Sexenders Prayer." Jimmy bowed his head, closed his eyes, and intoned: "I will stop fucking. I will work better. I will feel better. I will be free."

WEEK 2

Once again, Robertson sat beside the girl with the long, black hair. He was surprised that he hadn't noticed her perky breasts the week before. Her name was Nicole, and during the group discussion of compulsive sexuality, Robertson kept trying to decide whether or not she was wearing a bra.

"Now we're going to do a little free-associating," said Jimmy. "Will each of you please say what first comes to mind when I say the word *sex*. We'll go around the circle. You start, Betsy. Sex . . ."

"Darkness."

"Sex . . ."

"Bed."

"Sex . . ."

"Warmth."

"Sex . . ."

"Pleasure."

"Sex . . ."

"Love."

"Sex . . ."

"Pussy." (This was Robertson.)

"Very good," said Jimmy, with another hearty Howdy Doody smile. "What we have here are some very familiar sex pairings. To stop a habit, we must understand and isolate it. If you know that sex and darkness are linked for you, dark rooms will always remind you of sex—unless you can *dissociate* the two."

"How do we do that?" asked Betsy.

"It's very simple," Jimmy replied. "This week, you, for instance, must do all your fucking with the lights on. If you pair sex with 'bed,' you must fuck only on tables or floors. If you have a sex/warmth linkage, you must fuck in cold rooms or cold showers. And this week I want all of you to start breaking the common sex/love and sex/pleasure pairings."

"*How?*" asked Susan.

"Two ways," said Jimmy. "You will have sex only with people you dislike. And you will try to couple sex with fear. You will do this by *focusing on your phobias*. Let us now join hands and speak from the psyche." Everyone in the circle held hands self-consciously for a few seconds. "David, you start. What are you sexually phobic about?"

"It sounds silly," David began.

"If it wasn't silly, it wouldn't be a phobia."

"Well, all right. I seem to be scared of, er . . ."

"*What?*"

"Tall women. Any woman who's even half an inch taller than me makes me feel—I can't see how *any*one . . ." He broke off, gibbering.

"David, are you all right?" Jimmy asked.

David swallowed and nodded.

"Good. Because your assignment this week is to take a female basketball player to bed. And you must keep your eyes open." David began gibbering again. "Nicole?"

"Well, I'm phobic about being watched or overheard during sex. I have to shut all the windows and close all the curtains before I make love. If there's a mirror near the bed, I start worrying that it's really one-way glass and that people are behind it watching me. It makes me all nervous and tense."

"This week," Jimmy said, "you will have sex *only* near mirrors. Keep your windows and curtains wide open—and the lights on, of course. Bill?"

Robertson frowned. "I can think of only one thing, and it's not really about sex, and it's not really irrational."

"Stop bullshitting, start talking," said Jimmy.

"Well, I'm very allergic to feathers. If I'm having sex and there's a feather pillow on the bed, I start sneezing uncontrollably. I hate it when that happens."

"Excellent!" said Jimmy. "Your assignment this week is to put a feather pillow under your partner's ass."

Robertson sneezed several times at the thought. Jimmy smiled.

That week, Robertson went home with Lucy, a dullard from the accounting department. She wondered why he burst out laughing when he saw the pet parakeet in her bedroom—and whether he always sneezed 20 times when he came. She also wondered at the seeming mumbo jumbo he muttered before sleep. Robertson was saying: "I will stop fucking. I will work better. I will feel better. I will be free."

WEEK 3

"How's it going?" asked Jimmy.

There was a chorus of complaint. "I hate fucking under fluorescent lights." "I was too cold to come." "Sex is so unpleasant this way."

"That's the *point*," said Jimmy. "This week you must carry your phobia farther. David, take tall women to bed while they're wearing high heels! Nicole, you're to fuck at the movies! Bill, wrap your lovers in a feather boa! Remember, fear is nature's way of saying 'No fucking.' It shrinks the cock and dries the cunt." Eyes shining with pleasure, Jimmy went around the room, giving out his assignments. He gets off on getting *us* off getting off, thought Robertson.

When the general shuddering had subsided, Jimmy said, "One more thing. My assignments should succeed in making sex unpleasant. I also want to make it awkward. We all have a dominant side. For most of us, it is the right side. We tend to hold with the left hand and stroke, or insert, with the right. From now on, you will *switch sides* so that your left hand does all the 'dirty work.' To make sex thoroughly uncomfortable, you will also switch sides in bed so that you lie, say, near the wall instead of the window—or on bottom instead of on top."

Everyone was writing quickly, trying to keep up with the latest Sexender commandments. When the scribbling had stopped, Jimmy asked the students to pair off into telephone buddies. Robertson looked at Nicole, and she nodded. "I want you to think of your buddy's phone as your Sex-tension Extension, for your buddy will help you whenever you're tempted to stray from the Sexenders program. You should call your buddy every night to go over any possible sexual encounter you plan to avoid or undertake the next day. May I have a pair of buddy-volunteers? Thank you, David and Ricardo. I'd like you to pretend you're on the phone with each other."

"Hello, Ricardo?"

"Hi, David."

"Uh, how you doing?"

"Okay," Ricardo responded.

"About tomorrow," prompted Jimmy.

"About tomorrow," David began quickly, "I'm probably going to wake up with an erection. I'll ignore it and take a cold shower. I will not brush up against women on the subway. I will not kid around with the receptionist with the great tits. I will take Hannah to the movies and then to the right side of my dining-room table."

"Tell me about Hannah."

"She's six-feet-t-t-t-two."

"She sounds perfect!" said Jimmy.

Nicole's telephone voice surprised Robertson: it was lower and softer than he'd expected. He was also surprised to find himself growing angry and indignant when she told him, sadly, that the next day she had a rendezvous in the park.

WEEK 4

Jimmy had asked them to bring their sexual toys and paraphernalia to this session; so Robertson had brought his $40 vibrator, his coconut oil, and his Donna Summer collection. He added these objects to the untidy pile on the floor. He saw French ticklers, manacles, black garter belts. At a signal from Jimmy, the students reached into the pile and began wreaking destruction—smashing vibrators, tearing up photographs, ripping lacy lingerie to shreds. When everyone was panting from exertion, Jimmy began to clap. Robertson, who was stomping upon a red rubber phallus, could have done without the "group-ap" at that moment, but he was as surprised, and pleased, as the rest of the class when Jimmy handed each student a crisp ten-dollar bill as a reward for showing what he called fine sex anger. "You must keep rewarding yourselves for your *abs*," he explained. The students tucked the bills into their wallets and purses. Delight and incredulity shone from each face. It was as if they had quite forgotten that they had each spent $300 the month before to enroll in the Sexenders program. "Use this ten dollars," said Jimmy, "for some kind of treat for yourself." Robertson decided to get hold of some Demerol, for he was suffering from insomnia and irritability—common signs, he was assured, of sexual withdrawal.

"Just imagine," said Jimmy, "all the extra cash you'll have when you become totally sex-free. Consider the money you'll no longer spend on perfumes, lubricants, and aphrodisiacs—to say nothing of expensive restaurant meals for two!" At this, Nicole's face fell; so Jimmy hurried on. "Of course, you can still eat in restaurants. But when you're no longer courting a lover, when you've shaken the monkey off your back and the lust from your groin, just imagine how happy you'll be!" Nicole did not look convinced.

WEEK 5

"Are you all having less sex than you did last month?" Jimmy asked the group.

Everyone nodded. Robertson hadn't had any sex at all since encircling whining Winnie with his feather boa ten days earlier. Jimmy smiled, showing many teeth. "The Sexenders program is working," he said. Then the Fear-o-Drama began. Nicole went first.

"My worst sexual scenario," she said slowly, "seems very inappropriate now that I'm over eighteen. And for the first time I see how it's linked to my fears about windows and mirrors. I see the connection! I do!". For a moment she seemed almost happy.

"Go on," said Jimmy.

"Well, I imagine I'm making passionate love to this guy. We're really going at it—when I look up and my parents are watching."

"And what do you feel?" Jimmy asked.

"Shame. Guilt. Loathing."

"Good, healthy emotions," said Jimmy. "We want to strengthen them." He quickly assigned the roles of lover, mother, and father to various students. Robertson was to play the father. Then they proceeded to enact Nicole's fear, to make it more vivid, more real.

Robertson enjoyed playing the father more than he'd expected. "You filthy little bitch!" he shouted down at her. Then he had to crouch to hide his erection. But he wasn't quick enough for Jimmy.

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"Er—nothing."

"Stomach cramp?"

"No."

"*Creep!* You're afraid to admit that you're hard! *Pervert.* Getting off on degrading a woman. Tell him what you think of him, class."

"Scumbag!"

"Asshole!"

"Prickhead!"

Robertson lost his erection. "That's better," said Jimmy. "Who's next with a nightmare sexual scenario?"

Scenes of rape, impotence, and castration were duly enacted by the group. There were tears, screams, moans. "Just remember this class," Jimmy said, "when you *think* you miss sex. Because this week, my friends, you're going to give it up for good. Are you ready to become sex-free?"

"Yes."

"Are you?"

"YES."

"Again."

"YES!!!"

That week was tough for Robertson. Visions of Cheryl and Ann—and even Lucy and Winnie!—kept running through his mind. Was it really good-bye to all that? He did a lot of swimming. He took a lot of Demerol. He discussed his ordeal every night with Nicole. Sometimes just hearing her soft, low voice as she sympathized with him and confessed her own temptations made everything worse, made it harder than ever—so that he had to take himself in hand. Afterward, Bill Robertson felt deeply ashamed.

WEEK 6

For the sixth and last session, they met at a restaurant for a Celibacy Celebration. "Congratulations!" said Jimmy. "You're sex-free at last! How do you feel now? What's changed since you joined Sexenders?"

"I've gained twenty pounds 'rewarding' myself," Betsy said, "but I've also gained my self-respect."

"I've been focusing more completely on my studies," said Ricardo, "and less on extracurricular stuff."

"My husband walked out on me yesterday," said Susan, "but I figure if all he wants is my you-know-what—good riddance to *him*!"

Robertson didn't say a thing, but he felt like a failure and a fraud. He was still getting hard when he saw a tight ass, and a loose walk. He was still having hot dreams at night. He supposed that he was still addicted to sex, but now he was also addicted to Demerol. In addition, Robertson worried that instead of creating new, unpleasant pairings for sex, the Sexenders program had only broadened his pleasure potential. It had been curiously exciting to pull Winnie on top of him and stick his left thumb in her mouth. He supposed he was simply incorrigible. If the Sexenders program couldn't help him, then nothing could. He noticed that Nicole was also silent and morose at the celebration.

Three days later, she called him up. "I need to talk," she said. "I feel myself weakening again."

Remembering how all their telephone conversations worked him up and set him back, Robertson suggested that they talk to each other in person. That way, he thought, I won't be able to abuse myself to the sound of her voice.

She arrived at his apartment half an hour later. "I'm so unhappy," she said. "The program hasn't worked for me."

"Nicole, don't be sad. It hasn't worked well for me, either." He decided to confide in her; it might cheer her up. "Do you know why I said we should meet in person tonight?"

She shook her head, her eyes wide and melting.

"Go on, try to guess," he said.

She was pulling off his shirt, sucking at his shoulder.

"You darling!" he said, pressing her to him. "That wasn't the reason. But go on! Please go on!"

"Mmm."

"Mmmmmmm."

Then she pulled away from him. "Just a moment, my love," she said softly. She got up to open the curtains and turn on the lamps. "That's how I like it these days," she said, returning to him.

Meanwhile, Robertson had pulled his feather boa from the closet. He tenderly wrapped it around Nicole's waist, then he put his left hand against her nest. Blissfully, uncontrollably, Robertson began to sneeze.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU YOUR OWN MAN?

HOW INDEPENDENT ARE YOU?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to let you know if you are firm or worm

PSYCHOGRAPH

You may have noticed that more movies have been made about cowboys than about motor vehicle department clerks.

Why? Because the cowboy is his own man. There's nothing we admire more in our heroes than self-sufficiency, and the cowboy—in myth, if not always in fact—is the quintessential independent man: lean, tough, calm, wise, needing nothing more than his trusty horse and a sunset to ride off into.

In the old days it seemed easier to be your own man. If you weren't a weathered, grizzled cowpoke, you were probably a weathered, grizzled farmer or a weathered, grizzled woodsman. You depended upon your own skills and your own sense of worth. But these days—what with international oil cartels, multinational corporations, and puffed-up bureaucracies—it's harder to know whether you possess deep reserves of independence and self-reliance. If you spend your life toiling in the bowels of some corporation or anonymous government agency, you rarely get the chance to face real challenges. Tests of individual autonomy have given way to committee meetings, consensus decisions, Social Security, and prepaid dental plans. When's the last time you had to face down a hired gunslinger, fight off an enraged black bear, or get the harvest in before the big storm?

If you've ever wondered just how self-reliant you are, this psychograph may help. It's based on psychological research in the areas of independence, autonomy, and self-sufficiency. In the last 25 years, hundreds and hundreds of psychological studies on the nature of personal independence have been carried out, pioneered by men like Dr. Frank Barron at the University of California's Institute for Personality Assessment and E. J. Phares at Ohio State. Many of the studies focus on what psychologists call "locus of control." A man who derives his standards from within himself is "internally controlled"; one who relies heavily on the norms and expectations of others has an "external locus of control."

No one, of course, is completely self-reliant. Neither is anyone a total slave to conformity: even Pavlov's dogs acted up. (Indeed, there's an axiom among researchers called the Harvard Law of Animal Behavior, which says, "Under precisely controlled conditions, an animal will do as he damn well pleases."

Definitions of independence and the value placed on self-reliance vary from culture to culture. Several recent studies have found that American, Australian, and Canadian men test out as more independent than men from Scandinavia and the Orient, where conforming to social norms is stressed.

But that's all academic. You're the only person who's interested in your results. For the most accurate results, answer the questions quickly.

Each question on this psychograph consists of two statements. In each pair, circle the statement that reflects the way you think and act.

1. (a) I have a tendency to be tactless, especially if I'm under stress, excited, angry, or preoccupied.
   (b) I always try to be polite, *particularly* when I'm under stress; that's when real class shows.

2. (a) I try to get along with everybody, even if I don't really like them. I figure we all have faults; so who am I to make judgments?
   (b) I make judgments about people all the time. Some people are creeps; some are okay. As far as I'm concerned, the creeps can go to hell.

3. (a) Progress in your career depends mainly on whom you know.
   (b) Skill and intelligence are the main ingredients of career success.

4. (a) If I have a problem, I attack it immediately.
   (b) You'd be amazed how many problems solve themselves if you simply ignore them.

5. (a) I'm in good shape psychologically. I have my good days and bad days, but I'm as sane as anyone around.
   (b) It's hard to know if you're psychologically healthy. Any of us—including me—could go off the deep end without warning.

6. (a) I'm basically satisfied with my life.
   (b) I'm not particularly satisfied with my life. I'm often prevented from achieving my goals, and even when I do, I'm not really satisfied.

7. (a) I'm a fairly dignified person.
   (b) If I tried to be dignified, I'd probably just end up making an ass of myself.

8. (a) Athletes are born, not made.
   (b) In most sports practice and dedication can make up for lack of natural ability.

9. (a) Your own ability as a driver is what will keep you out of, or get you into, accidents.
   (b) It doesn't make any difference how good a driver you are: when you're on the road, you're at the mercy of other drivers.

10. (a) I often feel tense and worried about my job.
    (b) I rarely feel tense or worried about my job.

11. (a) If people promise me that they'll do something, I usually believe them.
    (b) You have to take people's promises with a grain of salt; they usually don't live up to them.

12. (a) People in positions of authority should be demanding but fair-minded toward their subordinates.
    (b) People in positions of authority should be considerate, patient, and helpful toward their subordinates.

13. (a) When it comes to women, I'd rather have many casual affairs than get tied down in an intense relationship with one woman.
    (b) Screwing around with a lot of women doesn't appeal to me. I'd rather have an intense relationship with one woman.

14. (a) It's possible—indeed, desirable—to have many friends.
    (b) You're lucky if you go through life and find one or two real friends. True friendship is extremely rare.

15. (a) If I had to choose, I'd rather have brains than luck.
    (b) Luck is most important. If you have it, you don't need brains.

16. (a) Seniority is a good system. If a man's been on the job longer than

his coworkers, he deserves to be paid more.
(b) Your pay should reflect the quality of your work. If you've been on the job for one day but do it better than a veteran, you should be paid better.

17. (a) I'm a nine-to-five type of guy. I go to work, do my job, and go home.
(b) Working regular hours doesn't appeal to me. When I'm involved in a project, I lose all track of time and work for hours and hours. But if there isn't any real work to do, it's ridiculous to go into an office and just kill time.

18. (a) When people get angry with me, it's usually because I've done something to deserve it.
(b) People often get mad at me over things for which I'm not to blame. If my boss comes in and chews me out, it usually has nothing to do with me. Maybe his wife is a lousy lay or his mother-in-law has come for a visit. I catch the flak, but it's not my fault.

19. (a) I'm a stable person. You can depend on me.
(b) I'm not the most dependable person. Sometimes I'm forgetful; other times I just go off and act recklessly.

20. (a) You can tell when a person is happy. He is at ease, sociable, and friendly, and his emotions are under control.
(b) It's hard to tell if a person is really happy. Human beings are great actors, and it's not easy to tell what they are really feeling deep down.

ANSWERS

These are the answers most likely to be chosen by independent-minded men:

1. a	6. a	11. a	16. b
2. b	7. b	12. a	17. b
3. b	8. b	13. b	18. a
4. a	9. a	14. b	19. b
5. a	10. b	15. a	20. b

SCORING

Give yourself five points for each of your answers that agree with those listed above.

If you scored:

70–100 points:

You'll do exactly what you want, and if people don't like it, they can go fuck themselves. Men with such tenacious devotion to autonomy end up being society's heroes (explorers, independent leaders, self-made millionaires) or its outlaws. In either case, they have no interest in society's rules, mores, and constraints. Those are for people who don't know their own minds, right? There's considerable evidence that the level of confidence you have in yourself is justified: your way usually *is* better. You strongly believe that you can control your own destiny, which makes it possible for you to act strongly and decisively.

You're information oriented. You look for facts and don't care who tells them to you. Consequently you are good at spotting phonies. If somebody important says something stupid, you don't let the speaker's prestige blind you to the inaneness of what he is saying. You'd be the first person to tell the emperor he's naked. People with your independent judgment spot opportunities quickly and capitalize on them. You also are less prejudiced than most people, since you judge each person as an individual. You tend to protect your health and safety more than most people do (a nationwide study, for example, showed that you are more likely than other people to use seat belts). This is because you believe so strongly that you control events. Since you don't believe in the irrationality of chance, you don't take senseless risks. Your greatest fault may be that you yourself are likely to be manipulative and aggressive. But this doesn't seem to hurt your relations with others: studies show that, even though you may be outrageously independent, you tend to be better liked than most people.

35–65 points:

In today's world of corporations and bureaucracies, you may be the man best suited for success. You've got enough faith in yourself to make decisions when they need to be made, but you're not a maverick. You know how the game is played, and you play it well. While you're not a stubborn, egotistical nonconformist, neither are you a conforming, mindless drone. People, your bosses especially, think of you as a potential leader with a sensible head on his shoulders. You're the kind of guy who functions well in the corridors of power. Your actions are considered, weighed, and never flamboyant. Yet you may be troubled by your own smoothness and restraint; you weary of the compromises. This may be especially true if you scored near the upper end of this category. In the middle of their careers, these men often feel like chucking it all. They get a sudden desire to go off to Nantucket and build dinghies. But they usually don't go through with it. After all, they're realists.

0–30 points:

You're a follower, not a leader, and you are probably the first to admit it. You believe that rules exist for a reason and feel that a world full of individualists would be a messy place indeed. You're the proverbial backbone of society: you do your job, you raise your family, you mind your own business. Your main problem is in the area of goal setting. You tend to set goals that are either too low or too high. University of Massachusetts psychologist Bonnie Strickland says that people in this category "are likely to put themselves in situations of low risk so that they easily attain their goals or in conditions of extremely high risk so that failure does not reflect on their own ineptitude." This means that when you achieve low goals, you know that you didn't really test yourself; and when you fail to achieve unrealistically high goals, you feel frustrated and incompetent. If you can learn to rely on your own judgment, you may begin setting more realistic goals for yourself.

Although you're socially minded and like to feel you're part of a group, you tend to keep strangers at a distance. Often, in dealing with someone who disagrees with you, you are likely to rely on coercion rather than on persuasion. You are also influenced by prestige and status. If someone important tells you a lie, you tend to believe it. People in this category believe in luck, chance, fate. When gambling, they will bet more heavily than most people and they are likely to favor long odds. In times of high stress, however, this belief in fate can turn these people into our most daring heroes. We've all heard war stories about the quietest guy in the platoon single-handedly wiping out an enemy detachment. He's convinced that if his number's up, he'll die anyway, but if it's not, he's invulnerable. The problem is that—since he often assesses risk incorrectly—he might end up a *dead* hero.

DEATH WISH

BY EDWARD SOREL

ALL RIGHT... WHAT IS IT THIS TIME? THE COST OF JENNY'S SCHOOL? YOUR BROTHER? THE COMING ICE AGE?
NO... IT'S... IT'S THE RUSSIANS
THE RUSSIANS?!!
LOOK... WE NOW KNOW THAT THE CIA HAS BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH NERVE GAS ON UNSUSPECTING AMERICANS...
AND WE KNOW THAT AN FBI AGENT WAS INVOLVED IN THE BOMBING OF BLACK CHURCHES IN ALABAMA... AND WE KNOW THAT RADIATION FROM THREE MILE ISLAND IS CAUSING BIRTH DEFECTS...
YES, YES... BUT WHAT HAVE THE RUSSIANS GOT TO DO WITH ALL THAT?
DON'T YOU SEE? WE'RE TRYING TO BURY OURSELVES BEFORE THEY DO!!
E.S.

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

was the alleged cause. Van Dong tries to blame the 30-year war just as the Nazis excused themselves by pointing to World War I, as if a harsh war always necessitated a harsh peace.

But, then again, who would be foolish enough to believe any Communist official? *Penthouse* would have done better to have interviewed some of the victims, not the persecutor.—*David Hume, Vancouver, Canada*

Blondie—the group

Thank you, *Penthouse*, and thank you, Debra Rae Cohen, for the excellent article about Debbie Harry and Blondie entitled "Punk's Dream" (February 1980).

I'm not a punk, but I know beauty when I see it, and Debbie Harry is unbelievably beautiful. The pictures are some of the best I have ever seen, and the article was well written and very informative. Debbie Harry is definitely the sex symbol of the eighties. She reminds me so much of the late, great Marilyn Monroe that it's almost scary.—*Sean Daly, Newport Beach, Calif.*

Debra Rae Cohen's article on Blondie finally did the group justice. It was well written. However, I wish it had included more information on the backgrounds of the musicians and Debbie Harry.

Too many times I have heard Miss Harry referred to as "Blondie." This is a gross mistake that she and the other members of the *group* have tried again and again to correct. More emphasis should be placed on Blondie the group, rather than on Debbie Harry, the blonde.—*P.F.C. Christopher Williams, Fort Hood, Tex.*

Agent Orange

Our article "The Agent Orange Time Bomb" (August 1979) described the efforts of a dying Vietnam veteran, Paul Reutershan, to expose and investigate the possible links between the Agent Orange herbicide used during the Vietnam War and various health problems suffered by veterans. Penthouse *has been informed that a documentary about the last six months of Reutershan's life, called* War Shadows, *which was aired this year on public television, is available on videotape at producer's cost to veterans' groups and other interested parties. Contact Jody Eisemann, c/o Agent Orange Victims International, P. O. Box 113, Mohegan Lake, New York, 10547.*—The Editors

Correction

In our May fashion feature, "Italian Fashion Supremacy," we inadvertently omitted the credit for the location, which was Jacques Restaurant, 210 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City.

Bald Eagles once soared above America by the tens of thousands. Today, fewer than 1100 breeding pairs survive south of Canada. For a free booklet on how to help save this extraordinary bird, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Capture the spirit of Eagle Rare.
The 101 proof Bourbon aged 10 years.
Like the majestic bird it was named for, Eagle Rare is incomparable.
The very finest Kentucky Bourbon ever created.
Our 10 long years of aging and careful testing produce a uniquely smooth and mellow flavor no one else can equal.
Eagle Rare. We challenge anyone to match our spirit.
One taste and you'll know why it's expensive.
EAGLE RARE
101
EAGLE RARE
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
TEN

Survival of the fittest in the swimsuit jungle.

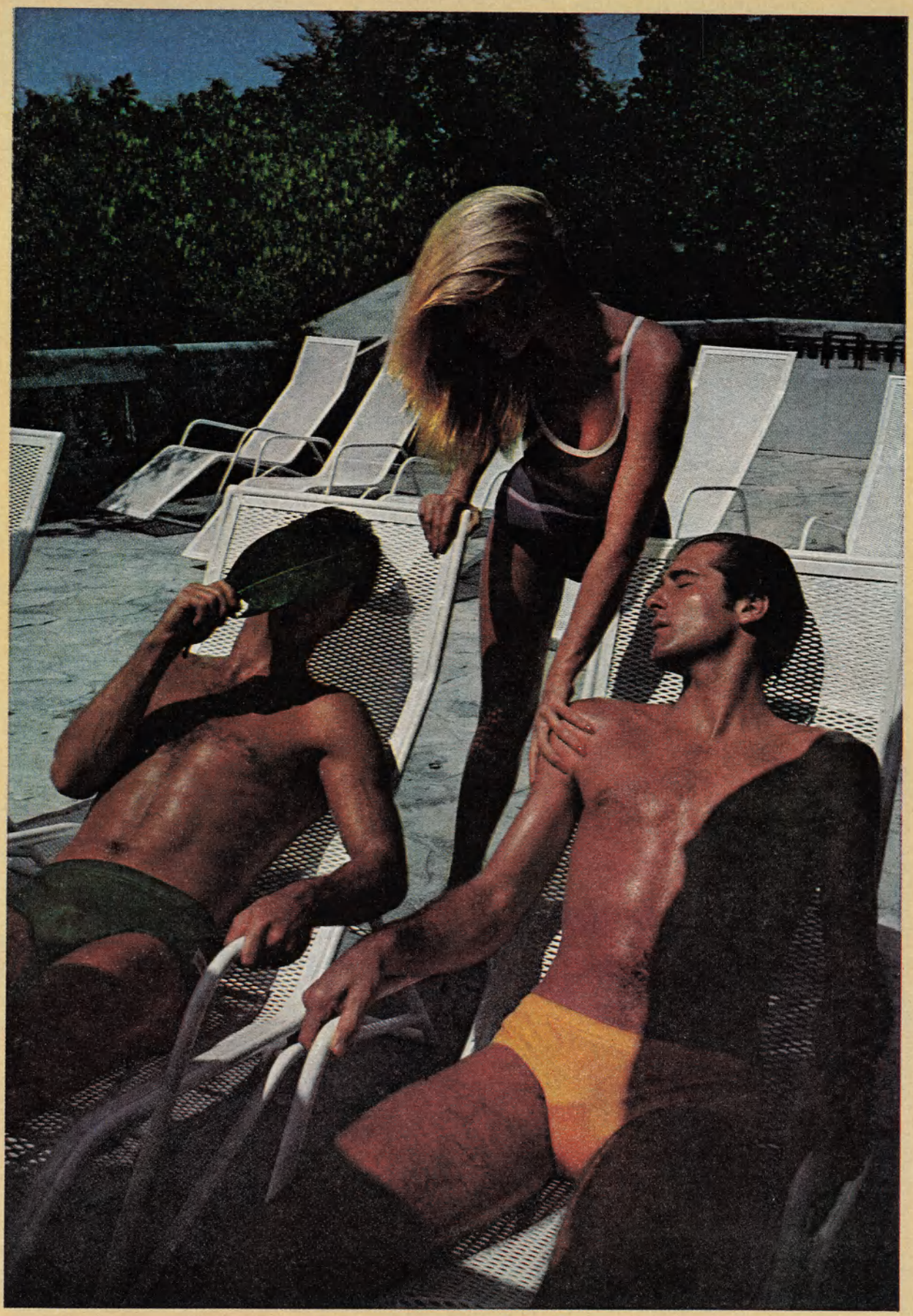
BARE MINIMUM

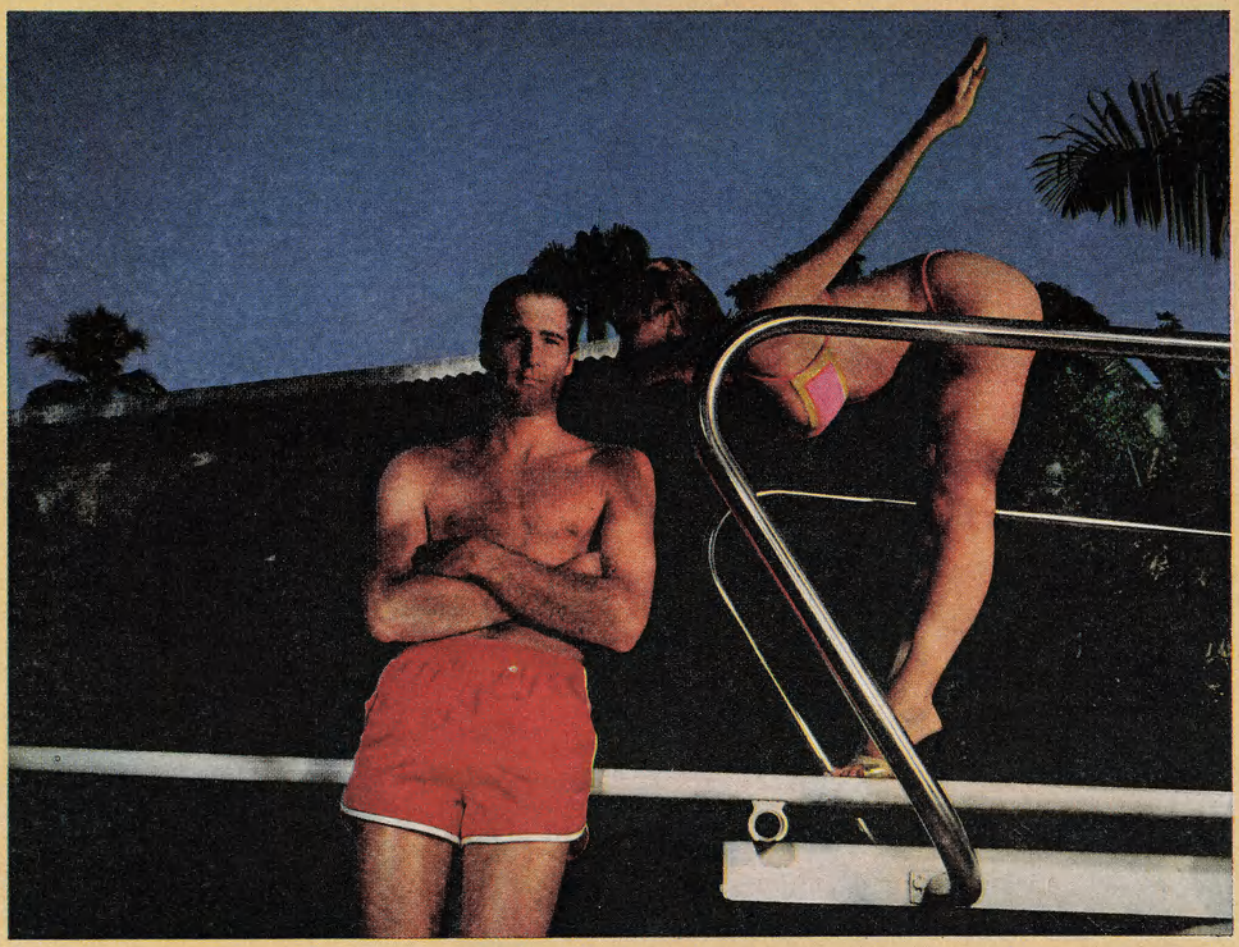
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

Summer brings out the latent exhibitionist in everyone. If you've taken the time to develop a well-tanned and -toned body, you'll be looking for swimwear that will show it off to its best advantage. This year designers have taken their cue from the teasing, revealing swimsuits for women: you'll find men's beachwear that will flaunt what you've got.

If you can't wait a second longer to stretch out under the sun in your new suit, do as *Penthouse* did: follow the sun to Habitation Leclerc, the most romantic hotel in the Caribbean. Here, in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, was created a palatial estate for Napo-

(above) The lushly verdant tropic zone at Habitation Leclerc. (left) The nylon suit in vertical navy and white stripes, broken by orange, yellow, green, and blue stripes at side and back ($6), is Formidal for Boulet. (right) The Lycra spandex suit, in horizontal stripes of gray, white, and black accented by a single red stripe ($43), is by HOM Swimwear.
(opposite) The sun scene at Habitation Leclerc! (left) The emerald-green nylon and Lycra spandex trimmed-down swimsuit ($14) is by Laguna. (right) The suit, in sun yellow (about $9), is by Catalina. Ladies' multicolor one-piece suit by Arena.





leon's notoriously promiscuous sister, Pauline Bonaparte Leclerc. Her estate was transformed into a 30-acre resort, with 44 secluded villas-suites and 14 semiprivate swimming pools.

Forty-five minutes away is a private beach for the exclusive use of Leclerc's guests. Cocoyer Beach is a secluded cove, just made for lovers: powdery white sand and warm, emerald waters, encompassed by towering mountains. If you prefer to do your sunning by the pool, you're certain to spot some faces as beautiful and celebrated as the island itself.

To get to Haiti and Habitation Leclerc, American Airlines offers many appealing and economical tour packages. Their "Pleasure Islands" brochure (available from any of American's

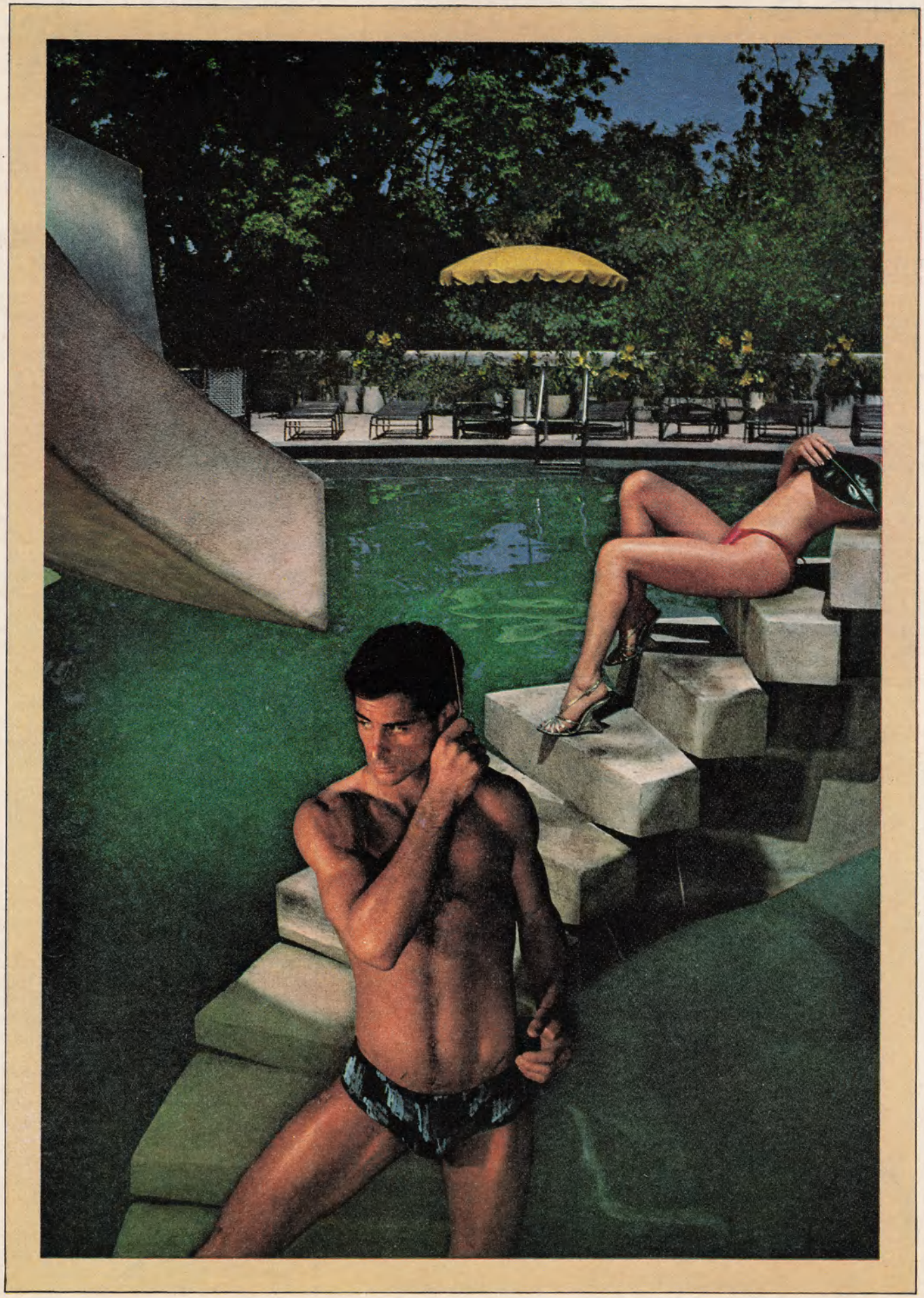
(opposite) A circular pool surrounds the villas named after celebrities who stayed there, such as Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sidney Poitier, Bernard Lanvan, and Michael Bulter. His bold floral-print surfer-style trunks of Dacron-polyester and cotton ($14) are by Laguna. Her one-piece suit by Kamali of Madison Avenue; shoes by Charles Jourdan.
(above) Poolside at the Pauline complex of villas at Habitation Leclerc. His red Dacron-polyester and cotton surfer-length trunks with white trim ($10.50) by Jockey Man in Motion. Her pink and yellow string bikini by Betsey Johnson; shoes by Charles Jourdan.

offices or your travel agent) provides information on a number of different Haitian vacations. Money-saving ITX (individual tour excursion) fares are applicable in conjunction with tour packages. They start as low as $240 round trip.

If you can enjoy sybaritic luxury, perfect service, and fantastic surroundings without guilt, if you can surrender yourself to the same pleasures enjoyed by a French princess, Habitation Leclerc is the resort for you. Here, cocooned in your own flawless world, you can imagine yourself the master of a tropical estate. Leclerc is the ultimate in sensual experiences.

(above, left) The colorful block-print swimsuit of nylon and Lycra spandex (about $10) is by Catalina. (right) The suit in Antron nylon and Lycra spandex (about $11) is by Jantzen. Her red one-piece suit is by Kamali of Madison Avenue.
(opposite) At the giant pool slide near the outdoor dining patio at Habitation Leclerc. His turquoise and brown splash-print swimsuit of nylon and Lycra spandex ($15) is by Robert Buck Leisure for George G. Graham. Her bikini by Kamali; mules by Charles Jourdan.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 190.



WEEDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

"DEIDRE, my perfectly shaped sister! Thou art alive!"

She was short of breath, and her chicly tailored two-piece suit was ripped. "I CANNOT HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER," she gasped. "THEY HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING TO OPEN MY SCISSOR-LOCKED LEGS, BUT THANKS TO MY STRICT WASPIAN TRAINING OF CONCENTRATING ON ICEBERGS, NO ROD CAN PENETRATE MY TIGHT *COUSCOUS* UNLESS I SAY THE MAGIC WORDS, *'PLOW ME, BABY!'*"

Yes, Bobbb was proud of his luscious and strong-willed sister. If incest were not punishable by death, he would have fucked her through a wall or two himself years ago!

Then, Without warning, "RUN, DEIDRE! RUN!"

The garish captors grabbed Deidre, dragging her back on deck and beginning a last attempt to open her delectable and indomitable snatch. Barbarically, seven of the First Deck crew members took turns trying to break asunder her closed "Gates of Lower Jerusalem"! They ran their torrid tongues over her buttery buttocks. They licked the edges of her unviridescent vagina. They grabbed and pawed her brilliantly bovine breasts. They tongued! They chewed! They grabbed! They pawed! Tonguing! Chewing! Grabbing! Pawing! Licking! "HOLD ON, DEIDRE! *HOLD ON!*" *And then* they pushed her face into their corrupted and corpulent crotches! All the while, Deidre kept getting more beautiful than before, in the same way some women grew more beautiful the more they were abused on screen (e.g., Ava Gardner, Marilyn Monroe, Connie Francis). But with all the sexual aggression, Deidre held her own! *THEN* a swarthy Arab by the name of Ahmed brought her a red rose and kissed her tenderly on the lips.

"WHAT A LOVELY SURPRISE!" Deidre said, smiling, as her legs flew open from the shock! Then, "LOOK OUT, DEIDRE!" The swarthy Arab mounted her like one of his wild stallions, and Deidre screamed, seeing visions of ancient Cairo, Marrakesh, and Damascus. Then the rest of the barbaric First Deck crew joined the insatiable Arab. Yes, Deidre had been outmaneuvered by the very ancient 'give-her-a-flower-to-jump-in-her-hole' trick.

The angry waves banged on the prow as the dark Swab Dobs banged on Deidre. All the painful while Bobbb remained chained and helpless below. The waves grew larger, the screams grew louder, and the pure WhiteWasp blood began to boil in Bobbb's brain, consuming him with one monstrous desire, a hideous desire he had never known before! Yes, the loathsome desire was—"SAY IT, BOBBB. SAY IT! YES, YES, IT WAS VENGEANCE! VENGEANCE toward all Bloomingdobs!" The screams of Deidre continued as the crew of the Second Deck started in fucking her. "VENGEANCE," screamed Bobbb, as a new surge of power brought on by yet another treacherous emotion—HATE! His wrists broke free from the negative energy! FREE! *FREE TO KILL*!

"I'M COMING, SISTER! I'M COMING!" Bobbb crawled up the hatch like a snake preparing for attack. AND THEN HE SAW IT! The sight that would disturb the rest of his natural life! Deidre was getting gang-fucked by the Third Deck crew while blowing the Fourth Deck crew while beating off the Fifth Deck crew while getting fucked up the ass by the Sixth Deck crew, and, as always, she was getting more beautiful by the minute!! But the sickest thing of all, and what made him a true White, was—HE LOVED WATCHING EVERY FUCKING MINUTE OF IT! But now was not the time for voyeurism, but the time to save his chief asset, Deidre. Like a power-mad pirate, Bobbb took on the whole crew with one table knife, just as Errol Flynn would do years later in countless adventure films.

But this wasn't the movies! This was real life, and Bobbb didn't have a chance! He was captured again and this time was spread-eagled on the mast and forced to watch Deidre service the rest of the crew from the Seventh Deck, the Eighth, the Ninth, the Tenth—AND, THEN, THE MOST HORRIFIC SIGHT OF ALL—Bobbb WhiteWasp, first male child of Henryyy and Bendelll (in case you forgot), BEGAN TO CRY! (Thus becoming the first Waspian ever to have done so!) YES, BOBBB WAS CRYING! Crying because his own sister was being fucked right in front of him—AND HE WASN'T MAKING A DIME!

It was then that Bobbb vowed THE DARK AND GREASY BLOOMINGDOBS WOULD PAY! Pay for the anguish they had wrought on his people and for the once tight *couscous* of his beloved sister. YES, THEY WOULD PAY! For, the wars of the world were not over jealousy, emotions, or love—BUT OVER COLD CASH! All these thoughts and vows raged in his brain as Bobbb lay spread on the mast, getting whipped by the sharp, huge waves of the Atlantic and Deidre lay spread on the deck, getting fucked by the soiled dingdongs of the Eleventh Deck crew.

"VENGEANCE!" screamed Bobbb WhiteWasp. "VENGEANCE TO ALL THE DIRTY DARK RACES OF THE WORLD! SOMEDAY MY DESCENDANTS WILL BECOME KINGS AND MAKE *THEM* THE MINORITY! I VOW THEY SHALL PAY!" And the rains came, and the lightning struck, and the question thundered over the confused Atlantic:

Would Bobbb WhiteWasp, our presidential candidate's great, sleazy forefather, live to fulfill his vitriolic vow?

(To be continued)

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ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

dards are now so low that "the army is filled with a bunch of dummies," as one senator put it. They lie when they claim that the volunteer army costs too much to maintain and that a draft would save the nation billions of dollars. And, though they are truthful when they say that the ready reserves are a half-million men below the manpower levels the Pentagon says are needed in case of war, they lie again when they claim the army has tried everything to beef up the reserve and has failed, and now only a draft can save the republic.

The truth about the so-called dummies is this. Since the volunteer army began, there has been a significant increase in educational levels of recruits compared with the draft army of Vietnam days. At the beginning of 1979, 85 percent of enlisted men and noncommissioned officers had a high-school diploma or its equivalent; in the last year of the draft the level was only 69 percent. Today about 19 percent of the troops have some college education; only in the period from 1969 to 1971, when men were being drafted off the campuses, was it higher, and then by only a few percentage points.

The truth about the cost of the volunteer army is this: it is more economical than a draft army. Registering every American at 18 and drafting a mere 50,000 of them a year would cost between $25 and $40 *billion* more each year than current recruiting and training costs.

The truth about the shortfall in the ready reserves is this. Only a year ago did the army offer young men the option of enlisting directly into reserve units, to train at nights and on weekends, and raise the pay to $15 a night or $55 a weekend. If Congress would authorize the Pentagon to spend only a fraction of the billions that a draft would cost, if it were permitted to put more money into improved recruiting efforts, competitive levels of pay, reenlistment bonuses, and improved management of our current reserve forces, then the reserve's manpower shortage would be largely eliminated. Money spent on the military instead of on another multi-billion-dollar bureaucracy would significantly strengthen our military capability, without disrupting the life of every young person who comes of registration age. But the politicians would prefer throwing billions into a draft that would cost more and be less effective.

The politicians are misrepresenting the facts about the volunteer army, and they know it. Obviously something else has been going on beneath the surface to bring together an odious coalition of self-styled liberals and right-wing militarists that has been trying to restore the draft. What has become clear is that these honorable gentlemen have suppressed their

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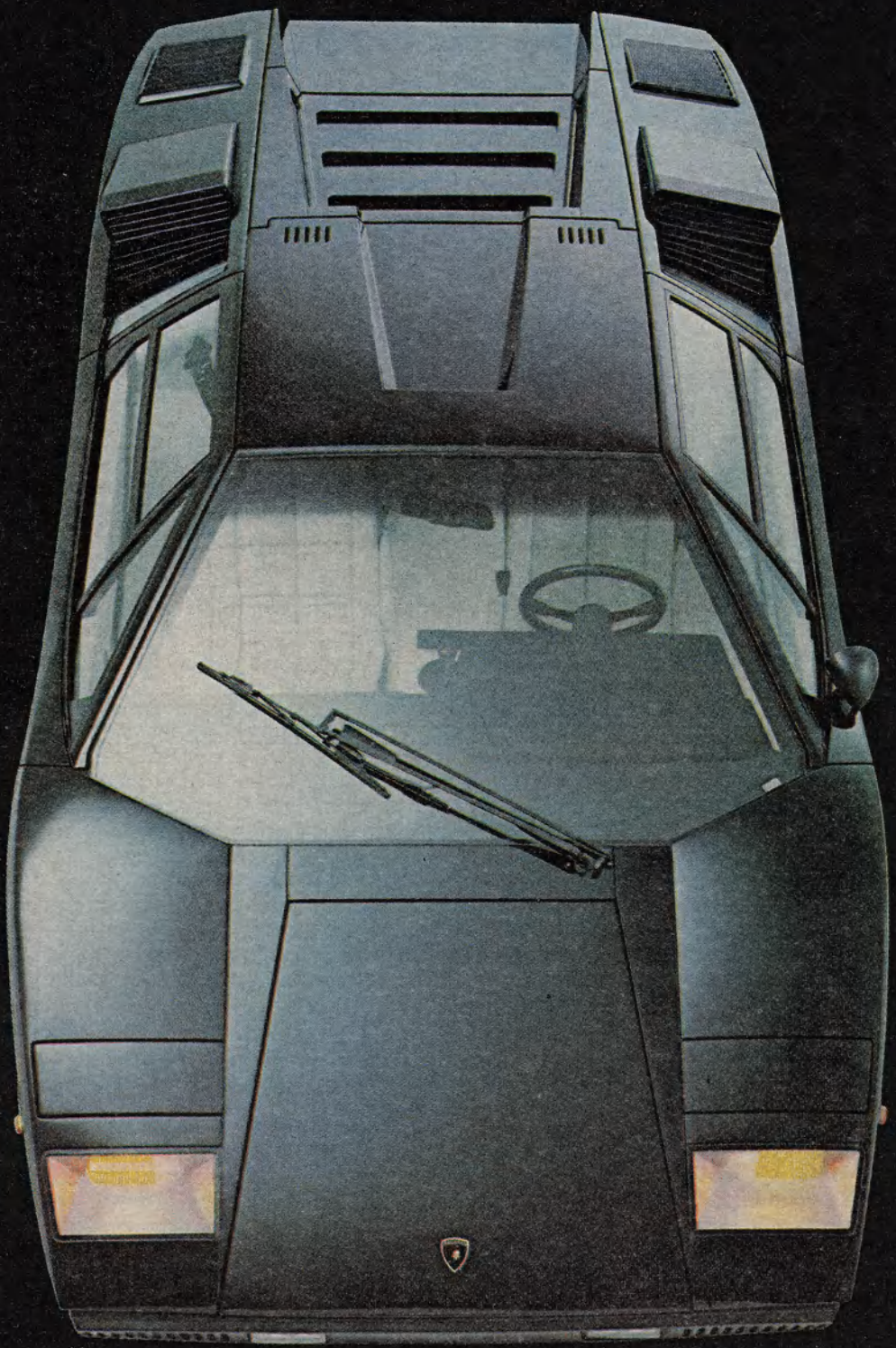

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philosophical differences in their rush to force the draft upon us, not because they really believe the volunteer army is forever doomed and the defense of the nation is in danger, but because they're pushing for social schemes that have nothing to do with the needs of the military.

For different reasons, politicians who are usually poles apart are terribly uncomfortable about the racial content of the volunteer army, which is 30 percent black compared with 11 percent of blacks in the civilian population. Both liberals and conservatives cry that we are wronging blacks by enticing so many of them into what the politicians are calling a "black mercenary army," a phrase designed to raise elemental fears in some Americans. But the real fear of the conservative Right, especially the southerners, goes a lot deeper: how can we be certain that if the government decided on another Vietnam-type intervention, perhaps this time in Africa, some of the blacks in the military wouldn't say, "Fuck you, honky; go fight your own war"? On the other hand, the real concern of the liberal Left is to "integrate" the army by forcing more whites into uniform in order to create a racial balance closer to the national balance. Those fears and concerns, hidden beneath the surface of the lies and the patriotic chest beating, are among the reasons why such strange bedfellows as John Stennis, the 79-year-old senator from Mississippi, and Jacob Javits, the liberal senator from New York, have held hands in the attempt to ram the draft into law.

Most dishonest of all is that both liberal and conservative shills for the draft see compulsory National Service as an economic strategy that doesn't have a damn thing to do with the military's problems. They want to force the young into menial jobs at minimal wages so that the enormous amount of unemployment among teenagers will *appear* to vanish. National Service will not provide job training. It will do nothing to repair educational systems that are producing millions of semiliterates who aren't equipped to fill the jobs listed in the help-wanted columns. It is nothing more than a fast shuffle to get unemployed kids off the streets and out of the politically embarrassing statistics.

What is so abominable about these schemes is that elected officials who probably believe themselves to be decent men are saying that if we can't attract volunteers into the military, and if we are unable to solve the real problems of a deteriorating educational system and the resultant unemployability of millions of the young, then we must force all young men into the army or into worthless civilian slots that the bureaucracy will design for them. If they flee to Canada once more—and my draft-aged sons and their friends are already talking about going—if they flee, then we as a nation will put a red flag of treason in their files and hound them for the rest of their lives. And if they fight it, if they protest and demonstrate, then perhaps we will teargas them and even shoot them down again on a few selected campuses.

As the national debate over the draft begins heating up, the opposition is so far small and relatively disorganized. Several new groups, especially Students for a Libertarian Society, have begun to gather members and circulate petitions and hold rallies on high-school and college campuses. But if the Vietnam era demonstrated anything, it is that adults in government will never listen to "children," and certainly not to those they want to put into uniform. It is important that the young, who are most affected by the draft, know what the politicians are trying to do and that they raise their voices in protest. But more is needed: parents of adolescent boys and girls must be made aware of what the government is planning, and they should be asking some hard, skeptical questions that most parents didn't ask in the sixties, when some of *their* kids grew up to be killed or were imprisoned in wheelchairs or hid out in Canada or went to jail. Questions like: Why do you want my children? Are the political and military strategists dragging us so fast to war that we must produce immediate cannon fodder? Is it in the best interests of the nation to go to war for Arab oil? And if the draft does someday become a necessity, will our leaders guarantee that it will be fair, that there will be no loopholes or privileged positions for the wealthy and powerful, especially the children of politicians?

The morality of conscription has often been debated, long before the draft card burnings of the Vietnam War. Back in 1814, when British troops were actually fighting us on our own soil, Daniel Webster rose in the House of Representatives during a debate on conscription and thundered: "The Constitution is libelled, foully libelled. Where is it written in the Constitution, in what article or section is it contained, that you may take children from their parents, and parents from their children, and compel them to fight the battles of any war in which the folly and the wickedness of Government may engage it?" The Congress rejected the draft bill even as the British were marching on Washington.

Today there is no Daniel Webster to prick at the consciences of our legislators. And if this newest attempt to force our young into National Service or the military becomes law, we will have traveled very far from the original concept of the state's existing for the benefit of the people and not the people for the state. For we will have sacrificed the principles of freedom on which this country was founded in order to further the schemes of politicians whose intentions could not be more dishonorable.

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The convertible didn't die.
It was born again in Osnabruck.

RABBIT PUNCH

BY WADE HOYT

Several years ago Detroit decided that the convertible was dead and phased it out of their model lineups. The logic seemed flawless. At today's highway speeds, a convertible with the top down does more than muss your hair; it's downright inhospitable. Buyers now are demanding quiet, comfortable cars; convertible tops are noisy, drafty, and, after a few years, leaky, too. Since most new cars are generally air-conditioned, there's little incentive to put the top down on a hot day.

What Detroit forgot was that convertibles are fun. Not at 90 mph or in 90-degree heat. But on a pleasant day, on a winding road, a topless car produces a sensory rush that can't be approached by the millions of sunroofs, moonroofs, and T-tops that Motown has tried to use as convertible surrogates. Convertibles are good, clean '50s fun.

Never one to miss a marketing trick, Volkswagen of America has introduced a convertible version of the Rabbit, one of the peppiest and most enjoyable of the front-drive econocars. There's a good reason why the Rabbit is proliferating like rabbits, and it's not just that it is a practical, economical, well-made car. It is that the Rabbit is the first VW since the Beetle that is actually *fun* to drive.

Every time an "improved" model of the Beetle was introduced it was a little duller than the Bug. There *were* improvements—the cars were roomier, more practical, better-performing—but they all lacked that thrill-a-minute Marx Brothers zaniness of the Beetle, that 90 mph feeling at under 40. The Rabbit has recaptured this spirit. A convertible top simply causes a quantum leap in the fun factor.

Like the topless Beetle, the ragtop Rabbit's body is built in the Karmann works at Osnabrück, where two generations of Volkswagen Karmann Ghias were built. Karmann has been a coachbuilder since before the turn of the century, and its Rabbit has the fit and finish you would expect from old-line German craftsmen. The top is especially impressive. Heavily padded and about an inch thick, it provides almost sedanlike snugness and insulation. There is a little wind noise around the edges and a faint rumble as you accompany heavy traffic under bridges, but otherwise you'd never know you were in a convertible. The rear window is glass, which will never yellow, and even has built-in electric defogger wires.

One physically fit person can raise or lower the top, but it is a bit heavy. Two sturdy levers that look like grab handles lock the top in place. This top, like the Beetle's, does not fold inconspicuously into the trunk but instead piles up on the rear package shelf; it locks securely in this position, and there's a well-tailored vinyl cover to wrap it in. But the Rabbit is one of the few convertibles in which rearward vision is worse with the top down than up, which most owners will probably consider just another endearing VW eccentricity. Two outside remote-control mirrors help to compensate for any blocked vision. An integral rollover bar provides a measure of safety not usually associated with convertibles.

Placing a wheel at each corner of the Rabbit not only maximizes its interior room but also gives it the kind of surefooted handling usually associated with mountain goats. The 76-horsepower four-cylinder engine and five-speed overdrive transmission deliver 0 to 60 mph in under 12 seconds, a top speed of just over 90 mph, and EPA fuel economy ratings of 25 mpg in city driving and 40 mpg on the highway. The shift linkage is smooth and direct, making smart shifts a breeze. The fuel injection lets you start up and drive right off on the coldest morning with nary a stall or a stumble.

Our test car had a handsome two-tone brown and tan interior, surprisingly high and deep bucket seats that hold you firmly in the turns, standard AM/FM stereo cassette radio, and instrumentation befitting a sportscar: speedometer, tachometer, resettable trip odometer; fuel, water temperature, and oil temperature gauges; a voltmeter; and a quartz clock. Although the convenience of the standard Rabbit's hatchback has been sacrificed, the rear seat back can still be folded forward and the package shelf removed to increase cargo capacity. The vertical trunk lid has a gas-filled strut, so that you only have to lift it partway up before it magically begins to open by itself. Welcome throwbacks to an earlier era are pivoting front vent windows and rear side windows that actually roll down, if only halfway.

The price for all this fun is 8,895 practically worthless inflation dollars, owing in part to the continuing dollar-deutschemark gap. The convertible is the only Rabbit still built in Germany; all other U.S. Rabbit models are now being assembled in Pennsylvania. Even at almost nine grand, the Rabbit ragtop is competitive with other sportier, if less reliable, convertibles.

Photographs by Antonin Kratochvil

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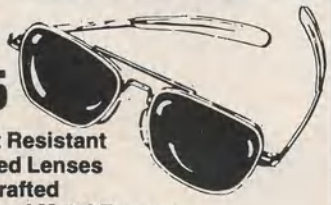

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

Michael: Well, I'm not sure. I feel that gambling is a waste. Nine out of the ten times you put your money in a slot machine, you're not going to get it back. It's like smoking. There's nothing to say, "Thou shalt not smoke." But it says not to do harm to your body, because it's the temple of the Holy Ghost.

Penthouse: Do you consider yourself a fundamentalist?

Michael: Yes—isn't that what we would be, Dad? Fundamentalists?

Lord: *You* are. I don't know about me. According to the textbook definition, fundamentalists believe in the Bible as the literal, inspired word of God. If that is fundamentalism, then perhaps I am one. The only reason I hesitate is that I've seen so many things going under the name of fundamentalism that I don't believe in. Some radical, some ultraconservative, but generally just intolerant types of things. I believe opinions are like belly buttons: everybody's got their own. I believe what I believe, and I give you the same leeway.

Michael: Yes, but we do take the Bible literally, don't we, Dad?

Lord: We take it literally, always remembering that our literal interpretations may differ from other people's.

Penthouse: During the part of your meetings when you call for certain sick or troubled people to come forward, how do you know what to ask for? We have seen you, for example, call out to a woman who had lower stomach pains. How did you know about them?

Michael: The usual way God tells me there is pain out there is that I actually feel the pain myself. I felt her pain deep down in my stomach.

Penthouse: What is this power you seem to have?

Michael: So many people say I perform miracles—that I heal the sick. But man can't do that. I can't do that. I can't do anything. God does it.

Penthouse: Then how do you explain how people appear to be healed by you?

Michael: I can't describe it because I don't know. The Holy Ghost, which is the spirit of God, must move through me in some way. I don't know.

Penthouse: Why do you get so excited when you're performing one of these "healings"? Do you hear a voice?

Michael: I get excited, sure. But I don't hear a voice or anything. I just kind of feel the spirit moving through me. I heard a voice when I was very small, and though I can't remember what it said exactly, it was telling me that I was a special child and that I should preach. But the healing part of it just happened.

Penthouse: People believe that you can appeal to God in a way they cannot, don't they?

Michael: I don't know what they believe. I

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don't think that they can appeal to God only through me. It just happens that when they come to the meetings and they hear me preach and I tell them they must have faith in God, then they do and God heals them. I don't know any other way to explain it. You can't explain God, you know. If God speaks through me or if he heals through me, it's not anything that I have any control over. It just happens. In the Bible story of Balaam and his donkey, God spoke through the mouth of the donkey. And if God can speak through a donkey, then he must be able to speak through me or anybody else.

Penthouse: So it's not through any conscious effort on your part that these people are healed?

Michael: Well, no, but I am praying for them. That part is conscious.

Penthouse: Has anyone ever accused you of setting it up?

Michael: They have even accused us of hiring people to sit in the audience and pretend to be sick! But we don't do that. When you come down to it, people can try to prove anything they want.

Penthouse: Are you aware that other unscrupulous people *have* hired people to sit out in the audience as shills?

Michael: Oh, yes, sure. That's why it's hard, sometimes, because there have been a lot of preachers who do it. And then people think we're going to do the same thing. It's kind of hard sometimes.

Penthouse: Have you ever noticed that some of the people who claim to be saved, who fall into trances, are only pretending?

Michael: Because others are doing it? Sure. That happens. They want to belong.

Lord: At heart, it's a good impulse.

Michael: I feel that that is what is known as spiritual ignorance. They don't know that this is a sacred thing and is supposed to be done through the spirit. But you can't be too hard on them, because it's just like my doing something I know is wrong and my parents spanking me for it.

Penthouse: Do your parents still spank you?

Michael: Sure. If I do something wrong, knowingly. But if I didn't know it was wrong and I did it, they'd know I was being honest and would say to me, "Well, don't ever do it again."

Penthouse: Do you think spanking is a good idea?

Michael: Yes, sir. It's good because if you do something like ground a kid, he's going to go out and do it again. You've got to make him remember. It's just like with a dog. You take a newspaper to a dog when he does something wrong, and he knows just what will happen if he does something wrong again.

Penthouse: When was the last time you were spanked?

Michael: Last summer. I tried to con my brother out of his allowance so that I could buy a comic book. Now, I knew I was wrong; so I deserved the spanking.

Penthouse: How does a child evangelist feel about Santa Claus?

Michael: You know, I always believed in Santa Claus. My parents used to worry about whether to let me believe in him and then find out it wasn't true and be disappointed. But I think Santa Claus is a great idea. See, I never put him over God or Jesus. I always believed he was appointed to the job by Jesus, that he was to make toys and help celebrate the birthday. I believed everything I ever saw on all those television Christmas specials.

But you know something? I never believed in the Easter Bunny. I couldn't believe a bunny could talk and be seven feet tall and hop around. And then there was the tooth fairy—I never bought the tooth fairy. I saw the commercial on television where the kid says, "Oh, Mommy! The tooth fairy brought me sugarless gum!" There's no kid in the whole world who's going to believe that. Believe me!

Penthouse: Do you have female groupies?

Michael: Well, the papers said that when I started singing, the teenagers started fainting or something like that. I don't know. When young girls see a young man singing and preaching and involved as much as I am, well, I don't know... You know what I'm getting at, don't you? They like it. They identify with me.

Penthouse: What was your experience with groupies, Dr. Lord?

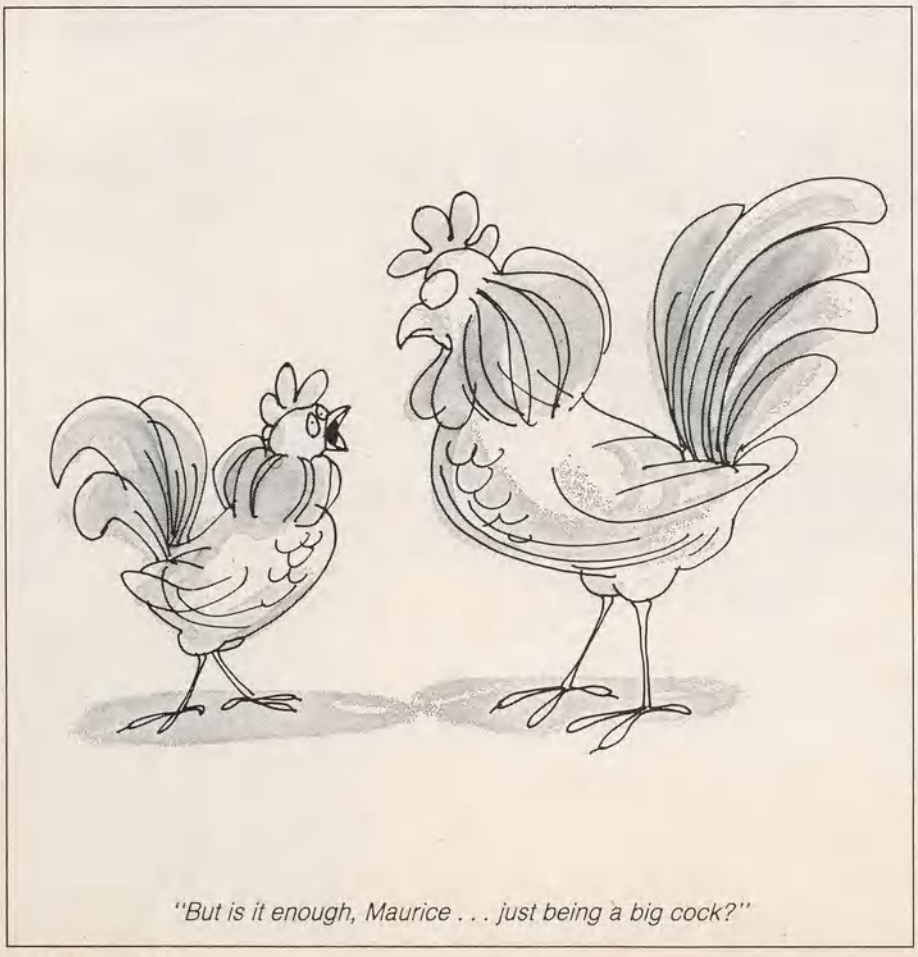
Lord: Well, there certainly were a lot of groupies around. You had the pick of the crop, so to speak. When you came into a community, as I did when I was 15, there were not so many prominent teenage performers around as there are now. The teenage preacher working 30 or 40 minutes had every eye riveted on him. And you know girls. I remember that some of the most violent confrontations I ever had came out of those situations. A local boy would come up to me and say, "This is my girl friend, feller, and you're trying to take my girl friend." I never got seriously injured, but things could get tense. And I soon learned a hard fact of life. If I dated a local church girl the first night of the revival, when I'd look out there the second night, the church would be empty. All the other girls who might have been interested, together with their entire families, would stay away in droves. That's fatal for an evangelist.

Penthouse: Do you have a girl friend, Michael?

Michael: Well, what I try to do is have at least one girl friend in each place so I don't have to worry about it. Wherever I go, I have a girl friend.

Penthouse: Dr. Lord, why did you resist the idea of Michael's becoming a preacher?

Lord: I suppose I had a completely different life envisioned for him. Not that I picked out a certain thing for him, but I wanted him to do something he would be happy with. We had had so many preachers in our family. I wanted him to do something else. It's a difficult life. Very



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demanding. Not financially rewarding at all. My own family was very poor.

Penthouse: How did you feel when he began demonstrating his preaching abilities?

Lord: Well, I had a feeling of awe. I still do. I couldn't help saying to myself, "Can that be my little boy who has been singled out? What's going to happen to him? Where will it all lead? How much of this is divine inspiration and how much a little boy imitating what he has seen and heard?"

Penthouse: Were you ever actually frightened by his powers?

Lord: Yes, both my wife and I were scared. When he was about four, he came to Peggy one day and said, "Mother, I want to go live with Jesus." And she got so scared, and she thought, "My Lord, if he wants to live with Jesus so bad, I hope God isn't going to take him!" You know, that's scary.

And then I had a bad vision. Michael and I were together in a Georgia motel room, and I was still not sure I was going to allow him to preach. Suddenly there flashed in front of me the sight of this coffin with his little body in the coffin. I don't remember whether I heard words or not, but the message was clear: either I was going to allow the Lord to use Michael as His instrument or he would be taken from me. It shook me.

Penthouse: Since evangelism was your own profession, why did you object to Michael's following it?

Lord: Well, I became involved in a thriving real-estate and insurance business. I owned a motel and several rental properties. I had achieved a degree of independence. I was in a position to do some things in the area of political and social endeavor that, as a minister who was totally dependent on church revenues, I could not do. It's strange that in America a minister simply can't take strong stands on such issues, except for black clergymen—the black community rewards its Martin Luther Kings and Andrew Youngs.

Anyway, I recognized that if Michael began preaching, I would have to give up all of that and go into full-time work, and I was reluctant to give up my independence. But God was showing me that we're never independent. We're not dependent on people, but we're certainly dependent on God. Michael wasn't mine to use as I saw fit. He and we are all here to do God's work. I mean, that's the only explanation for Michael, isn't it? What would you have done if he were your son? Obviously, he can't be speaking from experience or training. He is an instrument. It's like the biblical story of Balaam and the donkey. God spoke through the donkey. God spoke through the rooster to the apostle Peter. God can use us at will. Might as well get used to that.

Penthouse: But how do we differentiate between people who are doing God's will and people like Jim Jones?

Lord: We can only hope that we find out in time. We have to look critically upon all who claim to be mouthpieces for God. It is fair to challenge, to question them. My wife, for example, had to learn the hard way that everything that springs from a preacher's lips is not the word of God. But she was brought up with such respect for all clergy.

Penthouse: Let's discuss the financial aspect of all this. You are members of the Full Gospel Fellowship of Churches and Ministers International. You and your family earn a living by singing and preaching at revival meetings all over the Western Hemisphere. Many people—particularly the Internal Revenue Service—are suspicious of what happens to money that is made in this way, since it is so difficult to keep track of. How much do you get for your appearances?

Lord: Whatever the people put in the collection plates. We are given all the proceeds.

Penthouse: You also sell cassettes of your family singing, cassettes of the actual meetings, pictures, booklets, pins, palm seed necklaces, and so on. Who gets these proceeds?

Lord: We do, the Lord family. But remember, we don't sell them for set prices. We have a suggested offering. For the cassettes, ranging from a half-hour to an hour and a half in length, we ask for an offering of from two to five dollars. You see, we used to say to the people, "Make whatever offering you can." But too many people would put down a quarter and walk off with a cassette that cost us $1.75 to produce.

Penthouse: What about the prayer cloths? You sell pieces of Little Michael's clothing, urging people to pray over it. This sets a lot of people's teeth on edge.

Lord: I know it does. But look, there is no suggested offering on a prayer cloth. It is free, if people can't afford anything. And there is a firm, biblical basis for it. It is the transferral of the anointing. We believe that Michael, by virtue of the ability he has to transmit God's healing power, is anointed and that this power can be transferred. Remember that this has a solid basis in Elisha, who while in his grave was touched by the body of a dead soldier, and that soldier came back to life. Remember, too, that the Catholic church has widely practiced the same thing. Relics of the saints and so forth.

Penthouse: How does the public know that the Lord family is not stowing away millions of dollars in a vault somewhere?

Lord: Well, we all have guardian angels called Internal Revenue, and it's amazing how attentive they can be. All they need do is to send an agent to our meetings and let them observe what is taken in via the offerings. And they have done this, I might add.

Look, this whole business of money and religion is an embarrassment. It would be nice if we could have religion without having to finance it. Unfortunately, that's impossible. While Luther railed

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IN THE JUNE FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

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FORUM READERS ON AFFAIRS

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SPANKING

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at the Catholics for selling indulgences, he was being supported by tax money. The money has to come from somewhere. The Methodists, for example, simply assess their members a certain amount each year. And so on.

The only question is how much we make. Internal Revenue has that answer.

Penthouse: How is the money spent once you have it in hand?

Lord: The money is all sent in to our accountant, who then pays all our expenses: motels, food, clothing, dry cleaning, laundry, printing, postage, transportation, schooling, and the salaries of anyone employed by us—which number, at the present time, is zero. Roughly, it costs a hundred dollars a day to sustain this family of four on the road.

Penthouse: What are the out-of-pocket expenses you have to pay yourself?

Lord: Just a few. Life insurance, health insurance, income tax.

Penthouse: And how is this paid?

Lord: We are allowed $500 a month for the whole family, above and beyond the expenses I listed.

Penthouse: And if the profits exceed that $500?

Lord: They are plowed back into our nonprofit corporation to support, for example, the ghetto mission work we've been doing in Atlanta.

Penthouse: And, Michael, what do you get out of this?

Michael: I get an allowance of three dollars a week.

Penthouse: Is that enough?

Michael: Well . . .

Penthouse: What do you buy with it?

Michael: Comic books. Archie and Batman, mainly.

Penthouse: Are you aware that the state of California is attempting to crack down on many churches and clergymen who they suspect are fakes? What do you think of this?

Lord: At the risk of raising the ire of many of my fellow ministers, I must say I've been predicting for some time that this may come. A friend of mine in Texas was approached by an antiobscenity group to picket the adult book stores. He said no. They asked him if he was against obscenity. He said something to the effect that if they all picketed the adult book stores because of what was being read there, then his church could be picketed because of what was being said there.

See, that's the rub. Where do you draw the line? If you crack down on the Jim Jones sort of thing, how can you be sure it will stop there? I really think 95 percent of all ministers are basically honest, decent guys with a fair number of human flaws. They make mistakes, but basically they believe in what they are doing. They'd have to because, believe me, there is very little money for 95 percent of the ministers.

Penthouse: Michael, you were only home 18 days last year. How do you manage to maintain any normal relationships in your everyday life?

Michael: Well, I have friends in the church wherever I go. They think pretty much as I do, and we get along fine. When I went to regular schools instead of being tutored, I found that in each classroom there would be a gang. And they would always be extremely jealous of me. They'd always try to make trouble for me. Like one day, one kid said, "Give me your lunch or I'll beat you up after school." Well, I didn't want to fight; so I gave him my lunch. But then my dad gave me a pep talk and told me not to be bullied, because sometimes you have to, well, fight. And so I stood up to the bully and said no. And it worked.

Penthouse: What do you do for fun?

Michael: Sometimes we like to go out and swim. Sometimes we just watch television all day, which is the laziest thing in the world. I'm a bookworm. I love to read. That's the thing that really puts me to sleep. After breakfast I generally study three or four hours with my brother and a tutor. But our tutor went back to New Mexico. I kind of like it with no tutor. The family is closer.

Penthouse: What don't you like about your life?

Michael: I don't know. I really can't find anything wrong. I have a good home. I have a good old dog. I have a good allowance. A good brother. I have good health, as you can well see. Life's been good to me, and I don't really see anything that I regret, except the wrong things I've done, like trying to con my brother.

Penthouse: Is there anything you're afraid of?

Michael: Well, there's one fear I guess every kid has when he turns 13 and is starting to become an adult—well, not really an adult, but just getting older. And that is that you become afraid that life is passing you by.

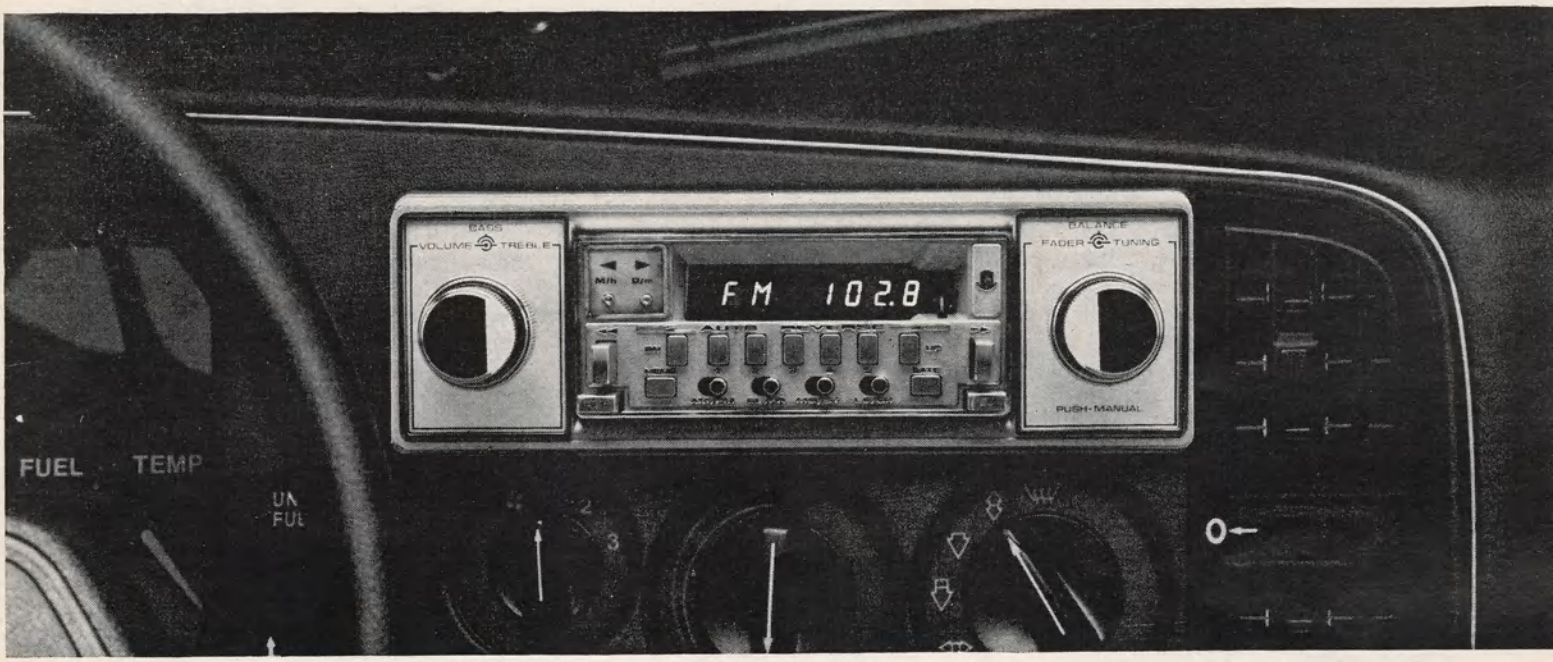
Penthouse: You're afraid of that at the age of 13?

Michael: Yep. Well, sometimes I get scared, but Dad tells me to take life day by day and to enjoy each day, and that way it doesn't pass so quickly. Sometimes I'm afraid I'm dreaming my life away. I guess it's like everybody wants to look older until they reach 25, and then they want to look younger. I don't want to grow up too quick. I mean, it's going to be nice to drive a car. Who wouldn't want that? But I enjoy being 13 years old.

Penthouse: What would you have done with your life if you hadn't become a preacher?

Michael: I'd have become a veterinarian. Or I'd maybe like an exciting job. A cop . . . I don't know—it's awfully dangerous. Or maybe a job in an amusement park. That's the dream of every kid. But sometimes I wish, though, when I get into trouble and don't do anything right, I wish I was an old dog that didn't have to worry about life. Carefree. Or a wild animal who could just go and be carefree.

It's got a rough road ahead.



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WALKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

when his father was with us. The Great Grand-Papouli might never have said anything, but you watched your language when *he* was listening.

Papouli pretends we're in trouble with the Boomie situation, and I pretend to believe it. In fact, I do believe it, just as I continue to believe every night that he and his whole family are going to fall from on high when the wire goes crazy, though I know perfectly well in another part of me that as long as there's an audience there can be no fall.

The creation of precarious situations is the reason for the success of this circus. I may not be as smart as the others, but I certainly understand that. I also understand that a performer cannot be an attraction while suffering from distraction, unless that distraction is recognized as a greater attraction, treated as such and somehow brought into the arena. An outside distraction has to become an inside attraction, get me? Or there's big trouble. You can't be in charge of security without a preventive sense of mishap. You have to study the body of each performer for the signs. I'll keep a close eye on Boomie when she rejoins us. I'd have to be very alert to save her if she threw a boomerang off course. There's probably not much I could do should she lose another lover.

What else can you expect from a woman who likes to throw knives at herself for a living? If the lover leaves, we lose Boomie, or at least a big enough part of her so that I don't think she'd be performing any more. And how would we endure the sorrow—for we have become so much one body that any injury to her would be an equal injury to us all? You see, what we do for our spectators is to tune their bodies. That is why there are six of us, like six strings on a guitar. Once we had the much more special resonance of a seven-string guitar. The music we made then, with the Great Grand-Papouli as our star, made people sit up as straight as the tent's two main masts between which Papouli walks on the wire. We had them sailing off into bliss; they were literally out of their heads as they left the tent, looking neither right nor left, erect and directed toward the highest good, adults and children alike, walking home in happy trances.

Boomie is aware of her responsibility in this, and I know she doesn't want her passion to destroy us this time, any more than she did the times before. Quite the opposite. Her body may have chosen lovers that her mind should have regretted, but she really does want to provide emotional stability not only for herself but also for the rest of us. She knows she needs a lover who can fill the seventh spot unless one of us can find a way to the top, in which case her man can try for the role left vacant lower down.

It's someone who performs at the level of a complete idiot we need now—somebody willing to perform in a way that seems entirely senseless, devoid of all good judgment. A serious old sage like Papouli's father got out of his body only because he was knocked out of it, knocked permanently senseless. Our new man will have to rise above himself, yet recover his senses after every performance. He'll need the resilience of one of those balloon men that have sand in the bottom and pop right up though you knocked them down a thousand times. Boomie's second lover was like that, but in an exclusively genital way.

Her first lover was an extremely charming fellow, whom I personally liked a lot. I think he made Papouli jealous. Anyhow, our chief tricked him into hoisting himself with his own petard. When this fellow saw there was no act for him in the tent, he figured out a way to entertain people as they entered the circus grounds. He billed himself as the Fastest Comb in the West. Wearing a cowboy outfit with long, black combs sticking out of both pockets, he would challenge men and boys to fast-comb contests. He never lost—plugged them in the heart every time before they could even get a grip on their comb. But they loved him and had it out with one another for the privilege of challenging him. Combs were flying all over the field. Then, one night when the Fastest Comb in the West was sitting across the poker table from Papouli, he began to do a little innocent boasting about some of the tricks Boomie had by way of making love. Papouli turned red, slammed his fist down on the table so hard that the chips leaped to the floor, and muttered that if he ever heard such talk again, he'd get his gun and shoot him down on the spot.

> Those gaudy, sexy, earringed men with their cocks tight in their pants were all over Boomie. They petted and kissed her, and God knows what else.

A few weeks later, the Comb was boasting again over by the corral when Papouli walked up unseen, overheard, and strode off toward his wagon. He reappeared shortly with fire in his eyes.

"I told you what I'd do to you if you ever dared talk that way about Boomie," Papouli snarled at the Comb.

"Aw, come on," said the Comb, backing away as he saw Papouli slip a hand into the vest pocket under his ringmaster's coat.

"Take that, you son of a bitch!" Papouli pulled out his weapon and fired.

The Fastest Comb in the West clutched at his heart and toppled flat on his face in the mud. Papouli picked him up, whistled for Pegasus, slung him over the saddle, mounted the horse's rump, and took Boomie's lover all the way to the highway, where he dumped him against a fence. When the poor fellow revived from his faint and realized he'd been shot by a comb, he must have been too ashamed to return.

Boomie's second lover was completely insane. Papouli nicknamed him He-Power Big because he was happy only when seated at his organ. I don't doubt that the organ in question (on display is more accurate) gave Boomie a lot of pleasure. Though He-Power himself seemed a dull sort, who but Boomie can say how bright a creature the organ was when it went into action? We saw it only when it was lazing around on He-Power's lap, being petted and pampered.

He-Power couldn't give Boomie the love she needed. He couldn't even love himself. All his love was reserved for the organ that, before being brought to our circus, had performed in numerous films and on stage, first in Tijuana, later in Los Angeles and San Francisco, and, finally, for a star-studded year, at the Follies Bérgères.

When He-Power and his pet weren't entertaining Boomie, one could most often find them in the costume truck. He-Power would be seated on a bench in front of his locker with the fat, sleepy beast slumped over the palm of his hand, belly down, snoozing. On the upper shelf of the locker were various oils, ointments, and powders. On the inside of the door were taped stills of the organ at work in the movies. He-Power would sit gazing down on his beloved pet sprawled out in a dream that occasionally made it twitch. Then he would stroke it and murmur endearments.

He-Power conversed with the rest of us in a pleasant enough way, though he used to shush us rudely if we talked too loud. Meanwhile, he'd be stroking the organ on the back or tickling it behind the neck. Sometimes he'd rub it down with oil or give it a smooth coat of scented talc. There was no question of putting this creature in the circus, Papouli said. Anyone could see it was too swellheaded. It would never be willing to start from the bottom and work its way up.

He-Power and his pet hung around until they grew to resent Boomie. They figured she had ruined them for other women. Finally, Polyphemus, whose modesty they offended, told a story about a perfect beauty named Circe living on one of the Greek islands. Not even the gi-

ants had been able to satisfy her. He-Power's organ raised up and gleamed when it heard this. Despite its owner's protestations, it insisted on being packed up and taken on a new search.

Ever since, Polyphemus had been feeling culpable for the loss of Boomie's arm. But I think her second lover would have left anyhow. He resented us, and we resented him. Besides, he was a pure and simple fool. What we need is someone who only fakes a fool.

We've taken an immense liking to Boomie's new lover, and I think he's taken an equal liking to us. In fact, he acts as if he's known us and loved us for a long time. Every funny little thing we do delights him.

Don't ask me his name. Boomie won't tell us. She says we have to guess. None of us has the slightest idea who he is; yet she says every one of us has met him and entertained him. "You mean he's one of our fans?" asked Bimba. "We met him when he was in the stands, you mean," said Bimbo. This made Boomie's lover laugh.

"Not in the stands," he said. "In the—"

"Hush!" Boomie teased. "We'll give you one last hint. He's one of us." Then she added, pleased with herself, "He's a member of the mystical circus."

"One of the Incredible Flying Farfans," declared Papouli. "I didn't recognize you. You've grown up, Tato."

Our mysterious friend thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned back with a twinkle in his eye. "I've never been in a circus tent in my life."

"Strike up the music, Bobby," Papouli said. "Let's dance. We'll have our good friend figured out before the night's ended. I never forget a face." He seized Mamouli by the waist. I whipped my harmonica out of my pocket and blew "The Beer Barrel Polka," and one terrific party got under way, because when circus people get high, I mean, they get high. We danced on the roofs of the wagons, jumped over the moon, flung food across the table into each other's mouth, ran about balanced on our hands kicking a ball, tumbled on the tablecloth, blew out the candles at ten paces, and blew fire at them to light them again. What a bunch of show-offs! Well, he didn't hang back from the rest of us. He was plainly where he wanted to be, as if he had come home at last. Mamouli almost ate him up. Once she starts feeding and fussing over someone, you know their wanderings are likely to be over for a good long time.

Boomie chose someone sensible for a change. A beautiful and modest youth, attentive, not given to talk but gentle and kind when he speaks. There is such humor in his sadness that I don't know whether to call it sadness at all. A good performer has to be saturated in irony. Boomie's lover does the funniest things with the grimmest expression, then goes off by himself to stand by one of the animals, with a smile so melancholy that you rush over to console him with a glass of wine and a cheerful word. From behind his back a glass of wine appears, he clicks the glass that you've extended, says, "*L'chayim*," then pats you on the back while you're bent over laughing and asks ever so tenderly, "You okay? You sick?"

You should see Mamouli. She couldn't stop picking him up and whirling him around. Finally he somehow got up on her shoulders with a stray chicken squawking on his head, and he played an imaginary fiddle. Papouli sidled over to me. "I think I've got it, Bobby. What do they look like right now?"

"I was thinking a painting by Chagall."

"Here's a hint. The impulse to leap. Unreasonable conduct. Got it?"

"Suzuki, the Sudden Flash."

"He passed on ten years ago. Try again. Who have you heard of lately who has that same recklessness welling up from the heart? Come on, Bobby."

"Not Harry Hassid, the Flying Rabbi?"

"The same."

"But he's a myth."

"Myths live."

Though he'd guessed wrong, thinking he'd guessed right put Papouli in such a

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good mood that he didn't even make his usual scene when Mamouli announced she was going to walk on air. As Mamouli crouched on the table, hesitant, casting her pleading glance at Papouli, our chief just folded his arms over his stomach and shrugged. Our new friend felt that bit of tension and released it immediately by jumping right up there with Mamouli. Both gave a whoop and took off at once. Mamouli crashed right down, but he—my goodness—he managed to stay up for a little while, I swear, pedaling his feet in the air, flapping his hands, his tongue stuck out wiggling, and when he fell, he still found time to flatten his body out and belly-flop right on top of Mamouli, who, to our amazement, was the first to roar with laughter, seizing the lad in her huge arms and hugging him for dear life while he, sad-faced as ever, kicking his legs, sounded a perfect cry of birth, curled up in her lap in a fetal position, and, with an audacity we couldn't help admiring, pulled down Mamouli's blouse and greedily fastened his mouth to her nipple. It was impossible not to scream with delight, because he had caught on so quickly to what pleasured her.

"Harry, you're terrific," Papouli said to him.

"My name's not Harry. Guess again."

"A small hint."

"You saved my life."

"Saved your life?"

"Saved my life. You and Bob and Boomie, Mamouli, Polyphemus, Bimbo and Bimba. You saved my life."

Papouli held our friend at arms' distance and looked at him long and hard. He shook his head. "But you never saw us perform."

"Not in the tent."

Then the lad did something nobody else would have presumed to do. He took hold of Papouli by the ears, reached right under his thick, golden mane, and grabbed him, kissing him on his Santa Claus nose.

Papouli blinked. Then he, too, got strangely carried away. He pulled the lad into his arms and seemed almost to be sobbing as he said, "It's a great relief to have you with us. It's the life of this family I think you've come to save."

The lad laughed good-naturedly. The two men stopped back again and looked at each other with a kind of fierce appreciation. "You'll begin by just playing the fool. Bob can teach you how. Just try out whatever feels right. Then you can start in learning how to fall."

We had all gathered around, and when he said, "Whatever you say, Papouli," we cheered and took turns embracing him. Boomie pretended to be jealous and began to belly dance to get his attention. That's when he proved to be every bit the one-man band that I am. He started blowing a burlesque trumpet with his lips puckered just right. I faked the bass fiddle, flicking my fingers against my cheeks. Simultaneously I sang clarinet. Polyphemus beat the drum on his top hat, and we got so much music going that even the animals were dancing on air.

Boomie's aficionados heard us on the wind. They approached cautiously. What a party! In the midst of it all, I became a bit panicky, as I always do when things get manic. Those gaudy, sexy, earringed men with their cocks tight in their pants were all over Boomie. They grabbed her and passed her around, petted and kissed her, and God knows what else. I was sure the new member of our family was going to explode, but he saw how Boomie was enjoying herself; so he just lay back and let it happen. I was the one who couldn't take it. I went over to the corral fence and stood in the dark with Polyphemus, who had busted the top of his hat and was using this as an excuse to look glum, though I knew he was as uneasy about Boomie as I was.

"She's testing him," I said. "She's giving him the big jealousy test. What if he doesn't pass? What'll she do to herself if she drives him away?"

"She has to have him on her own terms, Robert. That's the way she is."

"I can't stand this flirting with self-destruction."

"Yes, you can. That's why you're in the circus."

Papouli just clapped his hands and let out a whoop. He's pointing toward Boomie's wagon. Hold on a sec.

Why didn't I recognize him first? I never recognize anything first. My God, this is wonderful news. Guess who Boomie's taken up with? We *did* save his life. I'm the one who figured out how. Bob the Grip, you son of a burlesque comedian and a small-town tap-dance teacher, if it hadn't been for you, he wouldn't even be with us! Let me take *you* by the ears and kiss *you* on both cheeks, you darling man! You've delivered to our door none other than The Great Lazarus!

There are days like today when I'm grateful I have the job of shoveling dung. I wouldn't want to be just sitting around thinking about what happened this morning after meditation when Papouli unveiled the details of the Humpty-Dumpty Plan. "Too dangerous!" wailed Mamouli. "You want to get him killed?" She threw her arms around Lazarus and hugged him fervently. He struggled to break free.

"Who doesn't have faith now?" asked Papouli. "Lazarus isn't worried. Are you, son?"

Lazarus extricated himself from Mamouli and went to stand calmly beside our chief. "I'll be fine," he said.

This just made Mamouli clutch her hands at her breast and implore the heavens. She followed us out of the tent, weeping loudly. "You have no right!" she kept shouting until Boomie started to cry, too, though she stopped when Mamouli screamed out that Boomie's love hadn't been tested yet. "We don't even know whether it can be *called* love. It could be just another infatuation."

"Now, remember, act casual."

This really got Boomie's dander up. She dried her tears fast and threw such a look at Mamouli that I was glad she didn't have her boomerangs on hand. Boomie proudly gave her stump arm to Lazarus and marched him off to her wagon.

"Well, you said you loved the Comb! You said you loved He-Power!" Mamouli screamed after them. Boomie made a vulgar sign without turning to answer. That was the first unbeautiful thing I think I've ever seen Boomie do. Even her acts of violence were never vulgar.

Some days later we tested out the new act. All eyes in the audience are raised to the high wire gone berserk. The blade that was spinning so smoothly on Papouli's steel helmet now whips and dips, almost tearing his head off. Bimbo and Bimba, who had been whirling so nicely at each end of the blade, wobble in their orbits until it seems the swivels attached to their belts at the back are bound to snap and fling them into the crowd. Everybody draws in a deep breath and holds it for dear life. And look! Papouli finds his legs again. He's calming the wire. It's coming under control. The blade begins to whir smoothly again, like a propeller. The twins are spinning, blossoms of blue and pink. The audience lets out a great sigh. Papouli is lifted up lightly from the wire. For a moment he treads air; then he settles softly on the tips of his toes and springs again. Parents and children settle back, delighted. And now they laugh with anticipation. Here comes the white-faced clown who smiles whenever he falls. What's he going to fall from now?

A whistle from above. Lazarus looks upward. The propeller has stopped turning. The twins unfasten themselves and hang by their hands. They hand-walk to Papouli, walk up the wire to opposite platforms, and slide down the ropes. Then Papouli lifts the blade from his head and drops it with the helmet to a net I've set up. I carry the paraphernalia away. The twins walk over to Lazarus and speak to him.

What? he says, pointing up to Papouli, who gestures to him. He wants me on the wire? Nothing doing. Papouli whistles again. The twins nod vigorously. Yes, he wants you. Hurry up. They walk out of the tent. Lazarus puts his fingers deep into his mouth and looks wide-eyed at the crowd, then up to the gesturing Papouli, and back to the crowd. What does he want with me? He wants you on the wire, the kids shout.

Lazarus pokes a finger into his chest. Who? Me? He looks to the ground and steps onto an imaginary wire. He loses his balance, jumps off, throws the back of his hand to his brow and staggers about, almost fainting. He marches toward the crowd with a horrified appeal in his eyes. He points his thumb over his shoulder. Go way up there? Are you kidding? Don't you remember how I fell off

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the trapeze and nearly killed myself?

To the wire! To the wire!

Lazarus climbs to the wide, wooden railing and tries to walk on the flat surface. He slips and falls into a lady's lap. The crowd roars. He gets back up on the rail while Papouli whistles for the third time. People in the front row jump out of their seats and stand aside. Lazarus loses his balance, flips backward through the air, and lands neatly in a vacated chair. Applause. People are on their feet now, trying to see. He rushes up the aisle to the young woman wearing a silver kerchief. He jumps into her lap, throws his arms around her neck, and begs her to protect him. Papouli looks down from the wire and beckons sternly. Lazarus sadly stands, bids the woman farewell, kisses her hand, and sets forth with resolution.

Once in the ring, he leans back and looks up warily. He reaches under his white leotard and pulls out a scarlet handkerchief from the region of his heart. He covers his mouth and coughs repeatedly into the handkerchief; then he puts it back and pats the place where it covers that sickly organ.

The crowd grows impatient. To the wire! To the wire!

Lazarus throws back his shoulders, strides boldly to the rope ladder, and seizes the bottom rung. He tries to pull himself up, hasn't the strength in his arms, manages to get a leg through, and drags himself up that way. But the ladder wiggles when he stands on it. He can't seem to get it under control. The crowd urges him on with hoots and applause. He looks over his shoulder anxiously, eager to please, and throws a kiss to his beloved. She stands, unfastens the kerchief, lets the coat fall from her shoulders. Her flaming hair tumbles over her body. Everyone gasps to see that it's Boomie.

Boomie the Boomerang Lady is seated among them. She's the one he loves! She waves her silver kerchief toward Lazarus, who makes a more valiant try now. Look, he's climbing the ladder.

I, the one-man band, sit before an imaginary electric organ. I pull out one of the stops and play a baritone sex rendition of "Jacob's Ladder." The audience joins in, singing and humming. The pilgrim continues his upward climb, shaking in every limb, while the great father on the wire waits, frozen in perfect balance.

See Lazarus, amazed at himself as he stands with shaky knees on the platform. He sticks his neck out, pulls it back, looks to heaven, blinks his eyes pleadingly. The stern Papouli's hand reaches back and circles in a slow, insistent gesture of invitation. Lazarus looks downward. He spots me standing by the rolled-up net. Unroll it, he signals. I shake my head.

"Go! Go! Go!" shout the children.

Lazarus places a slippered foot on the wire. The foot slips forward. He lurches back, grabs a rope. He shakes his head. The crowd laughs, then roars its demand.

He points to his chest. What is this? Do you want my blood? My heart—see? Very weak.

Lazarus walks forth. One step, two, three, his arms out stiff . . . they tilt. Look out! He's on one foot. He begins to fall. Women shriek. His hand catches the wire. He dangles there, throwing a leg over. Women take their fists out of their mouths, children ask if they can open their eyes, men fold their arms tightly over their chests. Look, he's back on the wire. He pulls himself up. He's walking again. See how he staggers, lurches, slips forward, stretches out his hand toward the backward reach of the old man. He's almost there. He's going to make it. A few last quick steps and . . . careful! He's leaning way back; his arms flail the air. Laughter. He'll make it; don't worry. This is part of the act. This clown is a good one. See how he flings his torso forward at the last instant. Boomie isn't worried. The beautiful woman is among us, seated in calm radiance, confidently watching.

The tips of Papouli's fingers now touch those of Lazarus.

My God, he's falling! The whole world screams. Lazarus strikes exactly at the center of the Ring of the Sun.

The body of Lazarus bounces high in a cloud of sawdust. It turns, lands him on his face, he bounces again, revolves, lands on his back again, and lies still. There is not a sound in the tent. Everyone stands in helpless dismay. Papouli re-

"We're sorry, Mr. Cossgrove. We have no job vacancies at the present time."

mains on the wire, gazing upward in horror as if unable to accept what has happened. I rush to a microphone and ask if there's a doctor in the house. A gentleman (a genuine doctor known to everyone in the town) rises from the stands and hurries down. Bimba, disguised as a nurse, gallops in on Pegasus, carrying a medical bag. The doctor and the nurse kneel beside Lazarus. The doctor pulls a stethoscope from the bag and listens for a heartbeat. The crowd listens with him. He shakes his head.

Meanwhile, Boomie, dressed in scarlet, descends slowly from the stands. She opens the gate at the rail and steps onto the track. In a kind of trance, she enters the ring and kneels between the nurse and the doctor. She drapes her long hair across the dead man's body and lays her head on his chest. You can hear the sobbing in the audience. Boomie lies completely still upon her lover. Presently she raises her head and speaks to the doctor. She puts a finger to her lips. The mourners become hushed once more. The doctor places his stethoscope again on the dead man's chest, while Boomie, her forehead against the ground, speaks into Lazarus's ear. The doctor cocks his head. What's this? The nurse, with a downward motion of her hands, signals the crowd not to stir. Does the doctor hear something now? He takes hold of the limp wrist. Yes. There's a faint flutter. He listens again with his stethoscope. Boomie clenches her hands and speaks fervently to the one we can now see she loves with all her heart. The doctor stands, looks about with astonishment as performers and animals rush toward him. He speaks to us excitedly. We embrace, fling hats and masks into the air. The fool's alive!

As if waking from a dream, Lazarus sits up, rubs his eyes. He smiles wanly at Boomie as she bends toward him with open arms. Pushing her gently away, he places his hands on the ground, raises up, falls back down, then, with fierce determination, gets to one knee and reaches to us for help. We pull him to his feet. He thanks us but shoves us off as we try to restrain him from walking. On weak legs he stumbles to the ladder. I hurry to man the spotlight and follow him with it as, struggling five rungs up and three rungs down, ever more valiantly, he attains the platform. The transfixed Papouli, still balanced on the wire, comes to life, feeling a vibration underfoot. He turns to see Lazarus walking shakily toward him. Nobody laughs now. Lazarus reaches out plaintively. Papouli rushes to him, grabs him by the wrists, steadies him, slips his great hands down to the slim waist, lifts Lazarus high up and around, sits him on his mighty shoulders.

He who fell from on high throws out his arms. The smile of smiles breaks out upon his triumphant face. Boomie, below, throws him kisses. With a roar of elation, the crowd rises as one. OH

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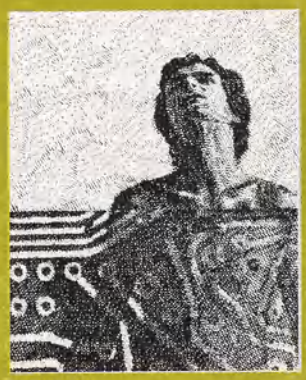
EDUCATION

EYES

TELEPRESENCE—What does MIT's Marvin Minsky have up his sleeve? A series of sensors, musclelike electric motors, and feedback devices that enable him to stay at home and work in another room or on another planet. Minsky, a founder of Artificial intelligence, chooses to reveal in the June *Omni* his amazing blueprint for a world in which health, energy, and jobs are ensured by remotely controlled mechanical hands. Total cost? Cheaper than a nuclear plant.

THE UNIQUE YOU—Someday soon your chromosomes will help you cash a check. Your singular smell pattern may identify you to the security guard where you work. Your protein pattern will reveal more about your background than your family album does. We are all unique, and science can prove it in dozens of intriguing new ways. Read how special you are in the June *Omni*.

ELECTRONIC EDUCATION—The future of learning lies not in the classroom but in the student's pocket. Before the century ends, microelectronic devices already being developed will let scholars study any subject, anytime, anywhere, at the touch of a few buttons. Superportable electronic tutors soon will be manufactured by the hundreds of millions and will be cheap enough to give away. The famed SF writer Arthur C. Clarke gives us a foretaste of a revolution in education unequaled since Gutenberg's invention of movable type.

ORBITING EYES—Computer-enhanced images, color-coded displays, and infrared scanners are just part of the sophisticated equipment scientists are combining with satellite photography to interpret the earth. New oil deposits, environmental pollutants, natural-resource inventories, and more can be traced from LANDSAT imagery, depending on how it's processed in the labs of such firms as the Earth Satellite Corporation. Charles Sheffield takes us through a gallery of bird's-eye views that show how delicate Earth really is.

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CAMERAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

One of the advantages of shooting with an SLR is that you see exactly what the camera sees: you look directly through the lens to compose your shot, as opposed to looking through a rangefinder window, as in auto-focus cameras. Another benefit of SLR photography is the wide range of readily available accessories: motor drives, auto-winders, electronic strobes, data backs, 250-exposure backs, and focusing screens.

The amount of control you have over your images, however, depends on the kind of SLR you purchase. The full-size Canon A-1, Nikon F2AS, and Pentax K-1000, as well as the compact Olympus OM-1 and Minolta XD-11, offer photographers total control, with manual selection of f-stops and shutter-speeds. By just flicking a switch on the Canon and Minolta, you set the camera for semiautomatic operation. You select the shutter-speed, and the camera automatically selects the aperture (shutter priority); or you select the aperture, and the camera finds the correct shutter speed to make the proper exposure (aperture priority). This feature is extremely useful when you are photographing fleeting wildlife or shy inhabitants who don't pose for travelers.

If you don't think you need total control over your images but like to feel that it's you, not the camera, taking the pictures, aperture-priority cameras offer an alternative to complex, multi-mode 35s. Before you shoot with an aperture-priority camera, the shutter speed is displayed in the viewfinder. If you feel the shutter speed isn't fast enough to "freeze" your subject, simply select a wider lens opening (lower f-stop number) and the camera will automatically select a faster shutter speed. The Contax RTS, Chinon CE-4, Rollei 35SE, Nikon FE, Olympus OM-2, and Pentax ME all offer aperture-priority metering. Pentax's new ME Super has this feature plus faster shutter speeds, up to 1/2000 sec.

Since all major camera manufacturers offer a complete line of lenses for their 35 mm cameras, ranging from a 16 mm fish-eye to 1600 mm supertelephoto, which lens or lenses to take along on a journey is another decision travelers have to make. To capture beautiful landscapes and seascapes, you'll need a wide-angle lens (28 mm or 35 mm). For people and animal shots, when you want to fill the entire frame with your subject, telephoto lenses (85 mm to 200 mm) can be used.

Zoom lenses, or as some people call them, "all-in-one lenses," are well suited for travel photography. Soligor and Vivitar both make 35 mm to 105 mm zoom lenses, which offer the vacationer a one-lens system that gives both wide and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

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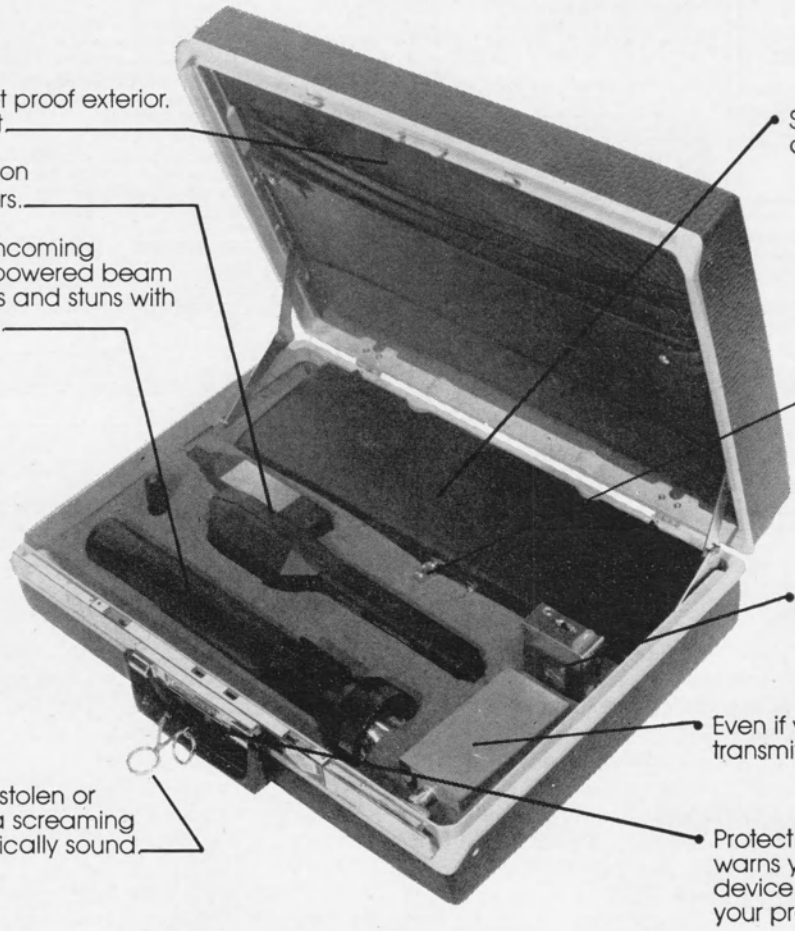

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telephoto views. If you're after just telephoto views, Osawa's 80–205 mm and Tamron's 85–210 mm will do the job.

For the photographer who is going to spend his vacation running the rapids on the Colorado River or sailing the Caribbean, or cavorting anyplace where his camera is going to be knocked around and sprayed with water, a rugged, all-weather camera is recommended. Nikon's weatherproof Nikonos III not only protects your film from moisture and humidity but can also be used to document scuba dives to depths of 160 feet (the maximum recommended depth for sport diving with self-contained underwater breathing apparatus). A practical accessory for the Nikonos is the Sunpack Marine 28 electronic flash, not only for underwater photography but also for use in humid environments or intemperate weather.

Minolta also makes a 110 pocket all-weather camera. Travel photographers can shoot with the Minolta Weathermatic-A in rain, sleet, or snow—and at 15 feet below the surface of the water. In addition, the Weathermatic-A floats and is coated with a high-visibility paint, making this camera easy to find if you accidently drop it while diving.

If you imagine yourself to be the next Jacques Cousteau, you can make silent 8 mm movies at 130 feet below sea level with Eumig's Nautica. To date, this is the only underwater weatherproof 8 mm camera available. If you have a special interest in underwater photography, CEDAM International is a nonprofit organization for divers that offers exciting vacations combined with rewarding educational experiences. Their expeditions take you to underwater archeological sites having visibilities of up to 200 feet, providing unique photographic opportunities. (For more information contact: Bernarr MacFadden, CEDAM International, Dept. P01-RS, Box 24725, Dallas, Tex. 75224.)

Back on terra firma, there are almost as many movie cameras, with as many features, as there are 35s. Bell & Howell's Soundstar AF, for example, features automatic sound, exposure, and focusing, as does Chinon's 60 AF XL. These cameras all accept standard 50-foot, three-and-a-half-minute film cartridges. For those who don't want to run out of film quite so soon, Chinon has a camera that accepts 200-foot cartridges, which expand filming time to 14 minutes.

Many of today's Super-8 movie cameras offer professional movie-making features: sound and/or picture fade-in and fade-out, lap dissolve (one scene fades out while another fades in), and slow motion. Before you purchase a movie camera, you should consider how many of these features you will utilize—then make your decision.

Instant pictures provide an immediate record of the day's events. In addition, when you are traveling in remote areas, such as India or Africa, a gift of an instant print to a local inhabitant often breaks down cultural barriers and enables you to take more "people shots." Polaroid's SX-70 Sonar One-Step accepts the new Time-Zero film, which has greatly improved color quality and begins to develop as soon as it's ejected from the camera. The One-Step offers both automatic and manual focusing and folds to an almost completely flat four by nine inches. Kodak's easy-to-use Colorburst 300 requires manual focusing but offers a built-in electronic flash.

If you still don't feel totally confident behind the lens, Lotus Tours, a Manhattan-based travel company, has a series of "Shutterbug Specials." These jaunts are designed for the amateur or novice photo enthusiast who desires an intensive course in photographic technique combined with a trip to an exotic and highly photogenic locale. The tours are escorted by well-known professional photographers and leading fashion models and literally focus on such specific areas as fashion, scenic photography, or wild-life photography. Primary destinations are in the Caribbean, but a tour to mainland China is also planned for 1980. For information contact Lotus Tours at 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or phone (212) 832-7830.

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YE GODS! FOR ONE HORRIBLE MOMENT I THOUGHT IT WAS AN URBAN GUERILLA MOVEMENT BRINGING ENLIGHTENMENT TO THE WORLD IN THE NAME OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN!
I AM SICK AND TIRED OF THE WAY THE MEDIA DIGNIFIES THE ACTIVITIES OF EVERY LITTLE PSYCHOPATHIC TERRORIST BY CALLING 'EM REVOLUTIONARIES! STUPID LITTLE MEN WHO CAN ONLY ARTICULATE THEIR ANTIQUATED DOGMA THROUGH VIOLENCE!
I HATE IT WHEN SHE GOES ALL INTELLECTUAL ON ME!
MONEY, SWEETS, ICE-CREAM, CARS, SEX, CLOTHES! WHAT MORE COULD ANYONE WANT?

THE NEXT FEW DAYS PASS QUIETLY—WANDA IMMERSED IN BOOKS, CANDYFLOSS AMUSING HERSELF AS BEST SHE CAN.....
DO YOU EVER FEEL THAT AT SOME MOMENT IN HISTORY WE TOOK THE WRONG TURNING, SAPIENS?
ALL THE TIME, MOSTRESS!
BUT READING HISTORY IS A WASTE OF TIME! YOU ALWAYS FEEL THAT WITHOUT THE INTERVENTION OF SOME SMALL TWIST OF FATE THINGS COULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT!
THAT BOOK YOU'RE READING—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789....ER ....UM.....
YOU WERE SAYING, HOMER?
I...ER...OH, YES.....
SO MANY SORDID LITTLE STORIES CONTRIBUTED TO IT.....

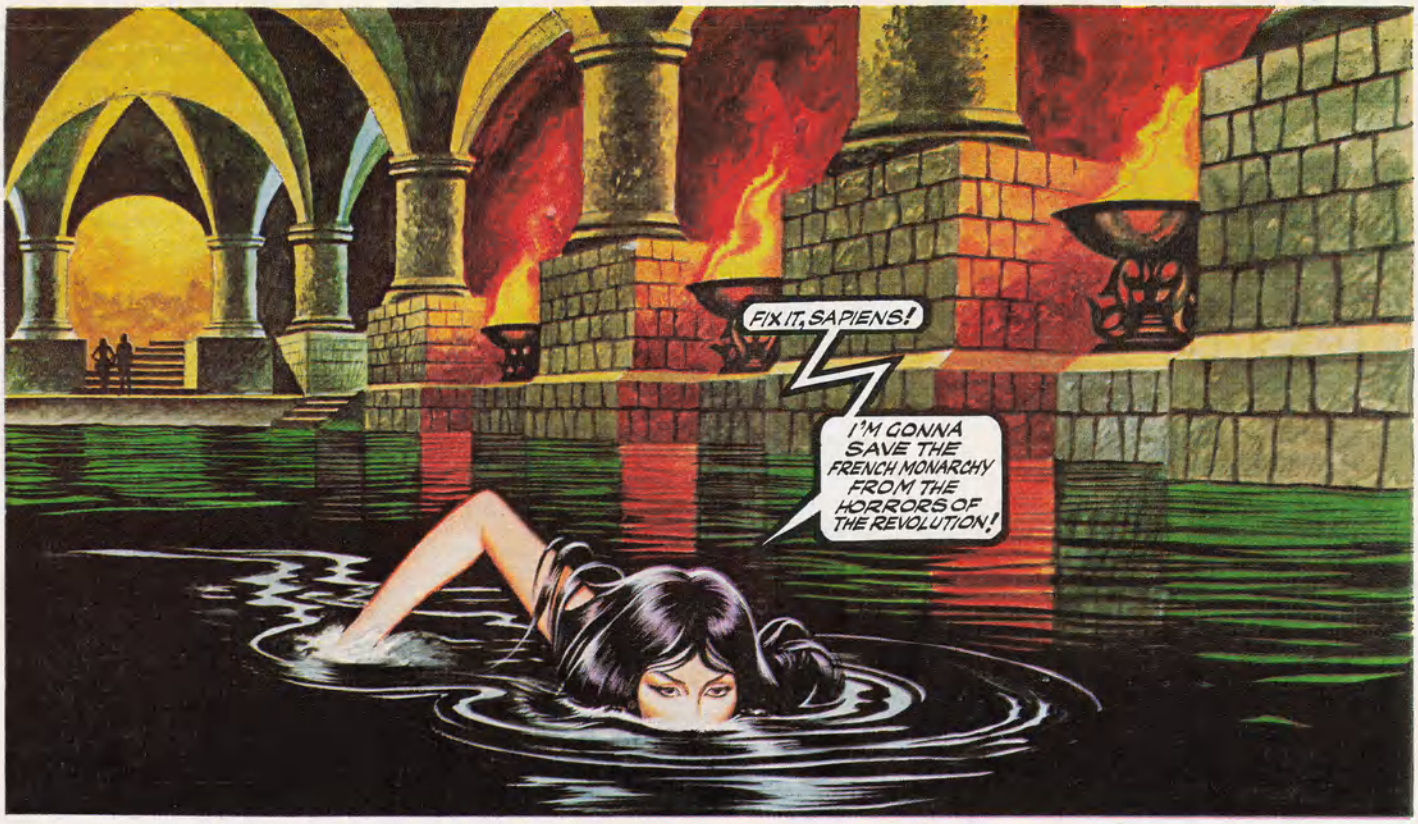
....YOU COULD SAY THAT IT MIGHT JUST HAVE BEEN AVOIDED....
.... IF LOUIS, THE SIXTEENTH'S WIFE, MARIE ANTOINETTE, HADN'T COVETED A CERTAIN DIAMOND NECKLACE....
BREAD!
BREAD!
BREAD!
HAVE SOME CAKE, SERFS!
1,600,000 LIVRES! THOU HAST TO BE JOKING, JEWELLER! SOIXANTE-NEUF OFF!
HERE'S A BONNE IDÉE FOR A RIP OFF—OR I'M NOT THE COMPTESSE DE LA MOTTE!
THE REVOLTING FRENCH
THE CRAFTY COMPTESSE HATCHED A PLOT THAT NIGHT WITH HER HUSBAND.....
MY SECRET LOVER, THE CARDINAL ROHAN, WANTS TO GET BACK IN FAVOUR WITH THE COURT, RIGHT?.....
SO I CON THE OLD FOOL INTO PUTTING UP A BOND WITH THE JEWELLER....
...SO THE QUEEN CAN PAY FOR THE NECKLACE IN INSTALMENTS...
...I COLLECT THE ROCKS AND YOU GO FLOG 'EM IN LONDON! LIKE IT?
I LOVE IT!
BREAD!
BREAD!
BREAD!
BREAD!
BREAD!
BREAD!
GAME PIE AND A GLASS OF BURGUNDY!

WHAT'S A COMELY WENCH LIKE YOU DOING IN A TAVERN LIKE THIS?
Ye olde Cheshire Cheese
LOR LUV YER, DUCKS—I'VE BIN WAITIN' FER A LITTLE FROGGY LIKE YEW—W'V 'IS POCKETS FULL UV BOODLE!
'AVE YERSELF ANUVVER PIECE UV STEAK, KIDNEY AN' OYSTER PIE—'AN THEN I'LL TEACH YER TO PLAY 'GALLOPIN' THE MARE THRU' WHITECHAPEL TOLL GATE'!
THE CAPER WORKED, SO FAR AS THE HUSBAND WAS CONCERNED! BUT THE COMPTESSE DE LA MOTTE WAS ARRESTED, TRIED, FLOGGED AND IMPRISONED FOR LIFE!
HERE'S A LAUGH! WHILE MY FINK OF A HUSBAND IS FLOGGING THE ROCKS IN LONDON——
NO, SMART ASS—I AIN'T A SADIST! IT WAS EITHER THIS OR A JOB IN THE ABATTOIR—AN' I HAPPEN TO LIKE ANIMALS BETTER 'N PEOPLE!
THAT JUICY LITTLE SCANDAL PUT ANOTHER NAIL IN THE MONARCHY'S COFFIN!
THROW AWAY THOSE BOOKS, MISTRESS
...THEY LEAD NOWHERE!
GOLLY! WHAT A SUPER STORY! HOW D'YOU PLAY 'GALLOPIN' THE MARE THRU' WHITECHAPEL TOLL GATE'?

ONE SYSTEM RISES OUT OF THE ASHES OF THE PREVIOUS SYSTEM, AND SO ON—AD INFINITUM.....
...AND THE MEEK AND THE INNOCENT DO ALL THE SUFFERING!
THAT'S THE WAY IT'S ALWAYS BEEN—AND ALWAYS WILL BE!

YOU CAN'T INFLUENCE THE PAST! YOU ONLY HAVE POWER OVER NOW—THIS VERY MOMENT!
I'M NOT CONVINCED, HOMER! YOU FORGET.....

...WITH THE TIME MACHINE NOW IS WHENEVER I WANT IT TO BE!


FIX IT, SAPIENS!
I'M GONNA SAVE THE FRENCH MONARCHY FROM THE HORRORS OF THE REVOLUTION!

NOW SHE'S HAVING DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR! SHE THINKS SHE'S SOME KIND OF SUPERWOMAN!
YIKE! IF SHE CAN SWIM IN THAT SHE IS SOME KIND OF SUPERWOMAN!

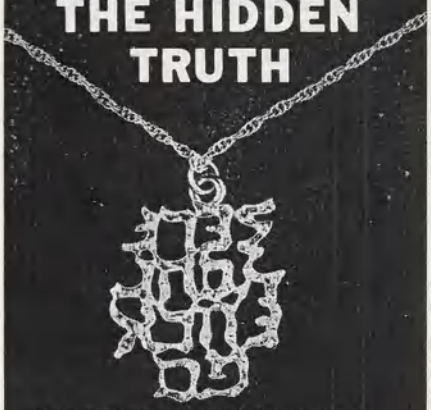
SHE'S SO EXTRAVAGANT! LOOK AT THIS FUR LYING ON THE FLOOR!
IT'S GENUINE KHREBET YAZGULEMSKIY PURPLE MINK! IT'S PRICELESS!
D'YOU KNOW—THE ABDOMINAL HAIR OF THE KHREBET YAZGULEMSKIY MINK TURNS PURPLE ONCE A YEAR FOR 15 SECONDS ONLY—AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS MATING CLIMAX!

AND SHE LEAVES IT ON THE FLOOR!

OUR HEROINES PREPARE FOR THEIR ADVENTURE...
OOH, THE DELICIOUS DECADENCE OF OLD KING LOUIS 16TH'S COURT! I CAN'T WAIT!
AND SO, TO THE RECENTLY RENOVATED 'TOWER OF THE CLOUDS' — WHICH HOUSES THE TIME MACHINE!
ALL READY, MOSTRESS! JUST WARMING IT UP!
MAKE SURE YOU GET IT RIGHT, EGGBONCE! OUR DESTINATION IS THE PALAIS DE VERSAILLES — IN 1784!
I'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT NOW, MOSTRESS! NO PROBLEM!
I TAKE IT YOU HAVE BOTH SECRETED IN YOUR — ER.... UM.... PERSONS THE DEVICE THAT WILL TRIGGER A NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL TO ME IN THE EVENT ER... OF... ER..... DISASTER?
CHECK!
CHECK! NOW GET ON WITH IT!

THE SWITCH IS THROWN AND OUR HEROINES HURTLE BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES.....
OFF WITH THEIR TÊTES!
AND THEIR HEADS, TOO!
HE'S DONE IT AGAIN, THE CREEP! FIVE YEARS TOO LATE, THE REVOLUTION'S ALREADY STARTED! AND IN THIS GEAR WHAT ELSE COULD WE BE BUT ARISTOCRATS!
CAPITALIST CRUMPET!
REDISTRIBUTE THEIR ASSETS!
I'LL HAVE THE BLONDE ONE!
I'D RATHER LOSE MY HEAD THAN HAVE ONE OF THESE OAFS CALL ME 'COMRADE'!
I DO HATE PUBLIC TRANSPORT!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS STRIP WAS POPULAR, BOO'FUL? NONE OF THIS LOT SEEM TO LIKE US!
PUTAINS DE VERSAILLES!
IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE THE FRENCH MONARCHY, THAT'S FOR SURE! WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO US RIGHT NOW IS CAN WANDA SAVE HERSELF?
THE END OF THE 18TH CENTURY JUST WASN'T THE TIME TO BE RICH AND BEAUTIFUL! COME TO THINK OF IT— THE END OF THE 20TH CENTURY AIN'T TOO GOOD FOR THAT EITHER!

THE HIDDEN TRUTH



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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

her more leverage. She calls the shots, so to speak. If things get too intense, she can quickly jump off. After her vagina has adjusted to your cock's size, then you're ready to try more adventurous positions. Lubrication might also be a problem. The bigger the cock, the wetter the woman will have to be. So take your time. Get her good and ready with a lot of kissing, petting, and fingering. Just to be on the safe side, a nice film of Vaseline over your cock will help.

Women today are fairly liberated. When you're making a woman, it's not always necessary for her to think you're going to end up fucking. If everything is going swimmingly, her tongue is down your throat, your hand is between her breasts, and then she grabs for your cock and says, "Jesus Christ, I can't take a whopper like that!" Don't despair. Tell her you just want to be with her or you just want to eat her pussy. Give her a few good orgasms with your hand and your tongue, then talk her into getting fucked. When a woman's really hot, you'll find her a lot more cooperative.

GETTING STARTED, TAKING OFF

As an average woman of 27, I feel fairly well-informed about sex. But, I must confess, I've not shared the sexual pleasures or experiences that your other readers have had. As a matter of fact, I can't even remember fantasizing about half the things they have done—until recently.

I bumped into an old flame of mine that I had gone steady with ten years ago. Back then, the most we had ever done was a bit of heavy petting—no real sex. Since then I've been married (I was a virgin at the time of my wedding), gotten pregnant, gotten divorced, and lived with an inconsiderate, unfeeling selfish prick! *You know the kind—"Roll over, spread 'em, now go to sleep, bitch!" My sex life was far less than the pits. But now I have something to brag about, too.*

When I ran into my old boyfriend, though we didn't say a word, our eyes said it all. A few days later I found myself knocking on his *door. That evening we went to a show, and when he kissed me good-night, there was much more intensity than there had been back in the old days. More kick! When it finally did get to the bedroom scene, I felt like a newborn virgin, timid and shy but dying to find out what it was going to feel like. But the moment he touched me, I completely relaxed. I found myself more passionate, much more responsive, and by far more aroused than I could ever remember being. In short, I was as horny as a cat on a hot tin roof.*

I was just lying there, taking it all in, when all of a sudden I felt this wet line gently tracing my already hard nipples. I saw his gorgeous, red-hot tongue gently

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circling my tits. Then he moved down my stomach to the tip of my triangle and lingered there for what seemed like ages. All that fucker wanted to do was tease me, and I needed cock so bad that it wasn't funny. I arched my back to give him the hint, but no way. He gently turned me over and began running his tongue along the back of my thighs, then over the cheeks of my ass. When he hit the crack of my ass, I felt as if I were going to come, but what he did next sent me a mile high. He took each cheek in his hands, spread me gently open, and drove his tongue deep into my ass hole. I came much more violently than I ever thought was possible. While his tongue was buried in my ass hole, his fingers were tantalizing my cunt lips, which by now were burning and sensitive. I felt drained. He then shoved his tongue all the way up my gaping cunt. It felt so good I couldn't bear it. It brought tears to my eyes and a new reservoir of hot cunt juice to his mouth. Without disengaging from my pussy, he swung around into the position de soixante-neuf.

I was somewhat hesitant about taking his cock in my mouth because in the past this had always been forced on me. But he was letting me take the initiative, of my own free will, and I decided to return the pleasure with my own mouth and tongue. I slowly guided his magnificent tool into my waiting mouth as my free hand massaged his tight balls. I loved it! Then I felt that he was ready to explode. I thought, "Oh, no, please don't come in my mouth." But I didn't say anything, and he pumped about ten loads of hot come into my mouth. I was amazed to find that it tasted fantastic! I feasted upon his member while he ate my pussy, for about two hours. Then we caressed each other until we fell asleep. But not before I came and came—I don't even remember how many times.

The next night we were back in bed. For the first time during our lovemaking, he spoke to me. "I've seen quite a few nice asses, but yours is gorgeous. I'd love to fuck it, baby." I gave him a flat and cold no! *But he was so understanding that I began to feel guilty and agreed to let him try it.*

So, after an hour of foreplay, we got right down to the nitty-gritty. He lubricated my ass hole with a combination of his tongue and my own love juices. First, he inserted a finger and gently moved it in and out. Then another two fingers went up my honey pot. I saw his rock-hard cock and clutched my pillow for dear life. He softly asked me to relax and assured me that it wouldn't hurt. I felt the tip of his cock against my entrance. A feeling of warmth rushed through my entire body. As he started to enter, I tensed again, and it took a few minutes before I could relax again. As he put more meat into me, his soft and gentle whispers began to ease me. I found myself riding with his rhythm. I hit my peak in a matter of seconds! After all those years of convincing myself that I would never have a man's cock up my ass, look what happened!

From that point on, I knew I was hooked—in every conceivable sexual way. Since that "fatal" day, we've fucked, sucked, eaten—the works.

Now, here's my problem. As much as I want to indulge myself in doing whatever I feel like, I hold back and can't get up the nerve. Like a little child, afraid of getting caught with her hand in the cookie jar, I'm always asking, "Should I or shouldn't I? What might he say?" I really do want to please my lover in every possible way, but I can't bring myself to play the role of the aggressor. Also, I'm wondering if this is all an infatuation caused by our fantastic sex life.—L. F.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

again! From now on we will always read *Penthouse* together before making love!—*Name and address withheld*

Women in love

Being a bisexual woman of 22, I obviously enjoy the pictures as well as the literature in your magazine. I'm also pleased to see that the models you choose for your "lesbian spread" (pardon the pun) are beautiful, feminine, and extremely sexy and do not portray the typical "dyke" image that the public associates with gay or bisexual women. The average person would be surprised and shocked to learn just how many of us there are. They all too soon judge a short-haired, masculine, cigarette-toting female as being gay when there are countless beautiful, sexy women out there, making eyes at each other.

I would like to tell the story of how I met my current lover, whom I love more than I have ever loved any man or woman before. I had one other gay experience prior to meeting Lee; it was nice and different, but I knew something was missing. I also was in love for five years with a man, but distance forced us to break up. I live in Florida, by the way, which is getting gayer by the minute!

The night I met Lee I was in a gay bar, dancing with some male friends. Lee is about five foot eight, with wild, crazy blonde hair, blazing blue eyes, and beautiful cheekbones. She has that "pure trash" look that drives men wild. Well, to tell you the truth, when she slinked up and asked me to dance, she took me by complete surprise—I took one look at her beautiful face, her leather pants and boots and especially that experienced, knowing and provocative mouth. I was scared! I wasn't sure that I wanted to get involved romantically with another woman again, and I knew if I got involved with this one, it wouldn't be just a casual fling. So I graciously declined Lee's offer.

The next weekend, there she was again, at her same spot near the bar. We caught each other's eye a couple of times, and then I asked her to dance. Never before had I danced with anyone who matched my movements and fit my body so perfectly. We met at the bar every Friday and Saturday for two weeks after that, and then we had our first real date. We went to the Daria Jai Alai and lost all our money. We were in her sports-car, driving out after the game. She pulled me close to her and breathed deeply, "Why don't you come home with me? I have to be with you. I can't wait any longer." I couldn't refuse.

She lived in a high-rise condominium with a vantage view of Fort Lauderdale beach; so the setting was just perfect. As soon as we got in the door, she put her arms around me and gave me the hottest, sexiest, most mind-blowing kiss I have ever received. My knees were weak at this point as we walked to her bedroom.

While she was in the bathroom, I stripped down to my favorite burgundy John Kloss underwear. It's the sexiest underwear I own, and I purposely wore it that night in anticipation of the events to come. As Lee came out of the bathroom naked, I saw her breasts for the first time. They were my perfect idea of breasts: small, perky, and with a sexy cluster of freckles strategically placed between them. As she lay down beside me, we could feel the electricity and heat that our fingers gave each other. I even got goose bumps. She went straight for my breasts after removing my bra; sucking and rubbing them lightly with her tongue and face. They were hard in an instant. I was already wet before we got to her place, but now I was literally bubbling and oozing with my own juices. She purred softly in my ear—"Mmmm, your crotch smells so good." This got me even more excited, and I turned her over and started kissing her neck, breasts, under her arms, and stomach. She squirmed in delight and pushed my head toward her snatch. I didn't need any further prompting as I teased the outside of her lips,

darting my tongue against her opening but never touching her clitoris, which was straining and twitching, desperately trying not to be left out by my probing tongue.

She was bouncing her hips up and down now, feverishly trying to catch my tongue where she needed it most. Finally, I gave her one long lick, which started from the crack of her ass up to the front of her pussy lips. She went wild and orgasmed instantly. Then she did something that I thought was humanly impossible—she had three orgasms in rapid succession, each one more violent than the first. A few seconds later she had several more, all in succession. She kept coming and coming, and I was too fascinated to stop my licking. She clenched tightly to my hair, clawing my back and trying in vain not to fall off the bed.

I was simply in awe of this marvelous creature writhing in passion before me. Finally, she yanked my head away, but I wanted more. I let my fingers do some work as I gently pushed my index finger inside of her, slowly rotating my hand. She whispered that she wanted more; so I eased two, then three, and finally four fingers inside of her. Her vaginal walls were opening and closing as her orgasms began to mount again. I then took her clitoris between my teeth and gently nibbled on it. She orgasmed immediately, and I lapped up every drop of her juices. I had never thought a woman could taste so good—she didn't wear any underwear with her leather pants that night; so there was a faint smell of leather on her that was very exciting. Now, this may sound a little weird, but her come resembled the sweet taste of hot pineapple juice; it was delicious.

I got up and lay across from her and held her very close, waiting for her to calm down as I stroked her silky hair. She began kissing me again, sucking her juices from my lips. She then placed herself on top of me and grinding herself against me until I matched her rhythm. She reached down and traced a line from my breasts to my stomach to my steaming love tunnel and fingered the opening. All the time she was doing this she was whispering in my left ear what she wanted to do to me next in such a hot, breathless, titillating voice that I probably could have orgasmed just from listening to her. Every so often she would stick her tongue in my ear, which made me squirm. When she finally reached my clitoris, she gasped in awe at how big it was. She kept holding it with her thumb and forefinger and kept pushing the foreskin back so that it stood out even farther.

"I don't believe how big you are," she whispered. "I've got to suck you. I've got to feel that in my mouth." But before she did, she guided my own hand down between my legs and told me to feel myself. I was a little embarrassed at first, but I

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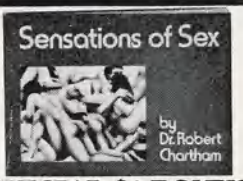

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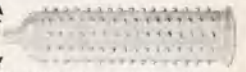

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wanted to please her. She was right—I was extremely large—It was almost unnatural. She then buried her head between my legs and instructed me to keep stroking my clit as she stuck her tongue in and out of my vagina in long, easy movements. In no time, I had one of the strongest orgasms in my life just as the sun was rising over the water and spilling its light into the room.—*Name and address withheld*

Paragons of virtue

This is one of those "I-cannot-believe-it-happened-to-me" letters. My wife and I had been using two neighborhood girls as baby-sitters for the last year or so. Both, thanks to very strict parents, were paragons of virtue.

One day my wife had left for the day to visit her parents in a nearby town, and I was watching a football game. To my surprise, both of the girls showed up, explaining that their parents had gone shopping for the day and they were lonesome. I invited them in, and we proceeded to watch the game. I thought initially that the reason why they sat on the sofa was to have a better view of the television set; soon I was to learn the real reason. After we had watched for a while and the conversation had drifted from subject to subject, Pat, the eldest, asked why I read those *Penthouse* magazines they had seen while baby-sitting. After I told them my reasons (good-looking women, sex, interesting articles), they began to blush and explained that they had read nearly all of them but they didn't understand some of them, as they had never been told the facts of life!

One thing led to another, and before I knew it, I was telling these two young things the facts of life. My dick was so stiff that I was having a hard time. Suddenly Pam, the youngest, said that a demonstration might be better. With little coaxing they began to shed their clothing. Soon both were in their underpants, and I, with a raging hard-on, was in my shorts. They were absolutely beautiful. Pat had slightly larger breasts, but other than that the girls were almost identical, with long legs, slim waists, flat, firm stomachs, and the neatest, pert nipples. I pulled my shorts off, and they both blushed again and then began to touch my cock ever so softly. Pat, however, pulled a little too hard, and I winced in pain. She said, "Maybe if I kiss it, it will stop hurting." Who am I to argue with logic like that? I asked if she remembered some of the letters they had read. "Yes," she responded. I laid her down on the sofa and got in position to 69. As soon as my lips touched her vaginal lips, she began to moan and move her hips. The blowjob I was receiving was not too great, but the thought of this 18-year-old virgin giving me head was enough to make up for the lack of experience.

Since I was about to come and she was bucking uncontrollably, I warned her that I was about to fill her mouth. With that, Pam pulled my cock from Pat's mouth and began to stroke it ever so slowly. Suddenly I felt the spasms start, and I began to shoot come all over Pat's face. Both began to lick up the remains as I continued to eat Pam's snatch. Suddenly she went stiff as a rail and nearly crushed my head with her thighs as she experienced her first orgasm. Rolling her over, I pressed my dick against the opening of her vagina. I told her to be ready for a little pain, and she just kept moaning my name and tossing her head from side to side. Slowly I inserted my prick into her vagina. I could feel the hymen, and suddenly I was through it and into the hottest, tightest cunt I have ever felt. She threw her arms around me and pulled me deep inside. I couldn't believe the abandon she began to show. She was meeting me thrust for thrust. All this time Pam was asking her if it really felt as good as "those letters" said. Pat kept saying, "Yes, yes, do it more; don't stop." Then she began to buck even more and started kissing my neck and pulling harder with her arms. In about four more thrusts she started yelling, "I'm dying, I'm dying . . ."

After her orgasm had subsided, I rolled off and was lying there perfectly content-

ed. My dick was so shriveled that I wondered if I would ever see it again. Pat was lying there in a stupor while Pam rubbed her stomach and caressed her hair. Pam, after three of four minutes, reached over and placed her hand on my cock. She couldn't believe how soft it was, and she was quite enthralled by the change. I told her if she didn't stop fooling around that it would go hard again. She continued stroking it ever so softly and then bent over and placed her mouth on it. As she began to suck and tug at my nuts, I could feel the stirrings of another hard-on coming. As my prick continued to grow, she sucked even harder and started running her tongue around the head. God, did it feel great. I pulled her up close and slid her panties off. Then, using the same technique, I pulled her into a 69 position. What a snatch! Her hair was like down—so soft that I couldn't believe it. It was so sparse that it was almost like a shaved pussy. I continued to eat her and suck on her clit. She was now sucking my dick like an expert, and Pat was offering her words of encouragement. Hell, I was the one needing encouragement, hoping my dick would hold out!

As I continued my ministrations on Pam's snatch, I started to play with her anus. As soon as I touched it, she really sucked on my cock and started to moan. I slipped a finger into her vagina and then moved back to her back door. Slowly I inserted my finger into her anus. She started to rotate her butt and continued to eat my cock. Soon I was thrusting my finger in and out of her rectum, and she was going wild. Releasing my dick for an instant, she said, "I want it there. Oh, please, do it to me there." Without breaking stride too much, I told Pat where to find some Vaseline. I continued my eating, and soon Pat was back with the bottle of petroleum jelly. Breaking off the 69, I moved Pam around to the end of the sofa and bent her over the arm. Taking the Vaseline, I greased up her bum and smeared some on my cock. Then I spread those beautiful cheeks and placed my cock against the hole.

As I started to push in, Pam screamed out, "Don't stop. Go slow; oh, it hurts so good. Go slow. Oh, push." Soon I had my entire dick pushed into her butt. The sensation was unreal. As I started to pull back, she said, "Don't stop now. Please do it again." Then I explained that I wasn't pulling out but just getting ready to do some fucking. I started a slow, thrusting action into the best-looking butt in the States. She was going crazy. Pat was kissing her and fondling her vagina. I just couldn't stand anymore. I finally shot what I had left and pulled out.

As I sank to the floor in pure bliss, Pam came to me and told me how great it had felt and how she couldn't believe the pleasure. Grabbing her by the hips, I moved her over my face and licked, sucked, and fondled her to an orgasm. After that, we all lay together on the floor

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and relaxed by kissing, touching, and exploring. Since I was unable to get it up again, we decided that next time Pat would get it in the butt and I would get Pam's cherry! What a thing to look forward to!—*Name and address withheld*

Dick displacement

We here at the fifth floor "Penthouse" of an upper-quad dorm facing the tennis courts at a large southwestern Virginia state university consider ourselves a unique bunch. Engineers, business, art—all majors are represented. Between us we have derived what we think is the ultimate penis-size-designation technique. Some friends in the girl's dorm across the tennis courts are busily collecting data, and the results will give us a pretty fair representation of penis size.

Here is the gist of the formula. We decided that all of the popular methods of penis measurement (length, girth, angle of the dangle, etc.) were hopelessly insufficient because they did not take all of the factors into consideration. After several days of thought and several fifths of rum, we developed this new penis-size designation, patent pending.

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(2) Lubricate your erect dick with Vaseline to facilitate removal.

(3) Make a mold of your dick with the plaster. (As it hardens, it becomes quite warm, which is a terrific thrill.)

(4) Carefully break the hardened mold into two or three pieces to remove your cock. The key word here is *carefully*.

(5) Glue the mold pieces back together.

(6) Fill the mold with water to the very evident base line of the mold. (Don't include your balls.)

(7) Pour this into a graduated cylinder and read off your cubic inches. Europeans will probably want to find a cylinder graduated into liters or cc's. That's no problem. The conversion factor is: cubic inches times 16.38 gives cubic centimeters (cc's).

(8) When writing to *Penthouse*, use your National Standard Dick Displacement figure instead of such vague statements as "my massive member." We're sure everyone realizes the importance of being accurate these days.

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Open house

I am an 18-year-old female who has just experienced something I never thought I'd enjoy. Let me explain further. I just graduated from high school, and my best friend, Claudia, was lucky enough to get a full-time job and move out into her own apartment. One of the girls she works with, Laura, is a new acquaintance of mine. Anyway, since my parents had left for a four-week tour of Australia, and as my older brother no longer lives at home, I had the whole house to myself. I was in heaven!

Well, since I love sex, I had my boyfriends over to keep me warm and happy when I wasn't out with Claudia, seeing a movie or dancing. One night Claudia, Laura, and I all went out dancing and drinking. Claudia met an old boyfriend and told me that the two of them were leaving to "get reacquainted." That left Laura and me alone. Both of us were well under the influence of alcohol. We'd been drinking and, as it was late, I suggested that we both go home to my place via a cab, because I thought it would be dangerous for her to take the bus home

alone in her condition. She agreed, and she came home with me.

Laura is a really open, friendly girl who has mischievous eyes and a sly grin. Although both of us had not spent anytime alone before, we got along as though we'd known each other for years. Both of us expressed disappointment in not meeting any nice guys at the disco. Soon our conversation turned to sex, and we began to recount to each other our favorite sexual experiences. I went into the kitchen to make a late-night snack for us and told Laura that she could find a nightgown to put on in my room. When she came into the kitchen, I had my back to her but I asked her to tie an apron around me. As she came toward me, she shocked and delighted me. I could see the nightgown she had chosen was my sexiest—a liquid-silver teddy with tiny bikini panties. (I usually put this on to produce an instant hard-on on a boyfriend who is over for the evening.) She looked superb in it and coyly smiled at me.

Then she "accidentally" touched my breasts while she was putting the apron on and then ran her hand over my ass and said she loved my cords. I giggled and said if she didn't watch out, she'd turn me on. Actually, I already was turned on. She said she had hoped she would, since she was feeling so horny and just wanted to be caressed. I smiled, felt a twinge deep between my thighs, took the pot off the stove, and took her into my bedroom. She kissed me and unbuttoned my blouse. She took off my bra and let my breasts free. Gently she touched them while I felt her ass and undid my zipper.

This was a first for both of us. I asked her to lie down on her back and take her panties off. I played with her pussy without fingering her. This always made me go wild when a guy did it to me, and I'd end up begging him to fuck me. She moaned and started to finger herself as she nibbled my erect nipples. She then kissed my breasts all over and said she wanted to eat me. I quickly took off my cords and panties. Both of us got into a 69, which was wonderful. The nicest part about making it with a girl was that I didn't have to worry about birth control. I could just let myself go completely.

Anyway, the next part is the bizarre part. My brother came home. We were so busy that we never heard him, but there he was at the door of my room. He is 23 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes; he is a real cutie! Of course, I had never had any interest in him before, as I am his sister. But there we were naked, drunk, and surprised as hell. He said that he had stopped by to see a friend, had seen the lights on, and had decided to see how I was. Laura obviously liked what she saw and asked him to join us. Then I saw the nice lump in his crotch. All of us fell together, and to make a long story short, I made love to my brother. And I enjoyed it! Since that time he stops by regularly

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"to see how his little sister is," and we get along fabulously. And although Laura and I haven't made it since, we are now the best of friends. Thanks for letting me share my experience.—*Name and address withheld*

Leaving the virgin ranks

I attend a small state college in south-central Pennsylvania, and until recently I thought I would still be a virgin when I turned 21. For two years I have tried valiantly to get laid, but to no avail. Finally, the big payoff came during the beginning of my third fall semester. That's why I decided to write to *Penthouse*.

I met this girl at a frat party in an off-campus apartment. We were both pretty ripped. After conversing with her for about 30 seconds, I introduced myself as Hal, and I found out her name was Betsy. Oh, was she fucking gorgeous! She had long, dark-brown hair, which was parted down the middle and feathered on the sides. Her body was a fantastic 38-24-36, with an awfully tight ass. But I think the thing that really turned me on about her were her light blue eyes, which seemed to sparkle.

The longer I talked, the more attracted I was to her until I finally made a daring move and asked her if she would be my date at a swim-team party next week. Betsy remarked that she had never been to a swim-team party, but she had heard they were the best parties at the college. I confirmed the rumor, and she quickly decided to be my date.

That next Friday I picked her up and we went to the party at some apartments that were designed like the chateaus on the Riviera. The party had been in full swing for about an hour as I proudly strutted in with Betsy. Her ass had such a sensuous shake that I started to get a hard-on already. When she walked in, everybody's head turned and my fellow teammates just stared at her. As I walked back to the refreshments, the rest of the team told me they were completely amazed at the "prize" I brought to the party.

When I finally made my way to the booze, the only choices were either a cheap beer or grape 'n' grain. Being horny as hell already, I decided to try to get us both drunk immediately; so I poured us both a large glass of the "punch." After I had handed the glass to her and she'd sipped some of it, her eyes gave one of those sexy twinkles and she whispered, "Hal, you don't have to get me drunk to take advantage of me." I got so excited that I creamed in my jeans on the spot. It was so embarrassing that I quickly chugged my glass of punch and asked Betsy if she would get me another while I went to the bathroom. Thank goodness I acted quickly enough so that no stain showed.

When I returned to the party the punch had already started to take effect on me (considering there was hardly any grape in the grain). Betsy was also on her second glass, so we were both feeling pretty good. For almost the next two hours we moved around the party, talked to people, and steadily drank that punch. After a while she asked me to slow-dance with her, and I accepted. She led me over to a dark corner of the room, and we held each other close. Suddenly, she grabbed my crotch and said, "Hal, I can't wait much longer. I have to have it right now."

I couldn't believe it! For two years I had tried so hard, and then I finally got a piece where the girl makes all the moves! I got such a rush from the thought that I quickly downed what was left in my glass and told her that we should be on our way.

As soon as I got in the car and started it, she had my fly open and was reaching down my pants. I was excited, but I had to stop her since it was hard enough driving in my drunken condition, let alone with her playing around. The rejection seemed to just make her hotter. When we got back on campus, I asked her if she wanted to go to my room or hers, and she didn't answer right away. Instead, she started to rub my crotch and tongue my ear. Then she whispered, "I want us to join the Dome Club."

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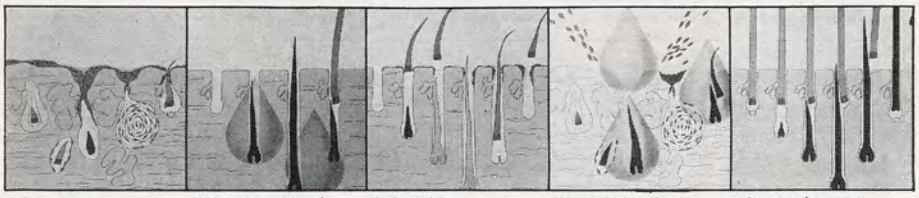

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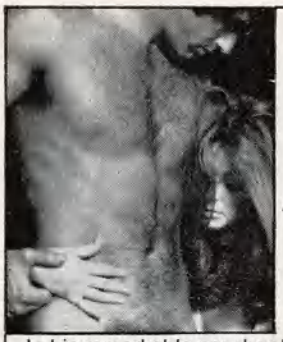

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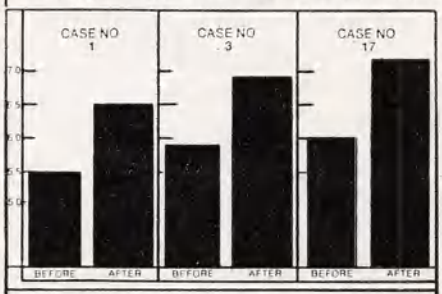

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

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ture in that the roof over the basketball courts is in a dome shape and the supports extend to the ground on all four corners. The supports allow people to climb up the dome and eventually reach the top. People that have gotten laid on top of the dome are the sole members of the Dome Club. I had heard some guys bragging about how they had joined, but I never thought I'd be joining it. And having a girl asking me to join, yet!

With her rubbing my crotch and tonguing my ear and with me being so hellishly horny, I finally agreed. But first I wanted to get back to my room to get a blanket. I got it, and we stumbled across campus to the field house. We got there and slowly started our long trek to the top of the dome. We were so drunk that we had to take it really slow so we didn't roll off. This didn't help Betsy's condition at all. All she kept saying was, "Hal, I want it right now; so hurry it up."

After what seemed hours we made it to the top, and Betsy immediately started to take her clothes off. I spread out the blanket and started undressing myself. As soon as she was done undressing, I stopped and just admired her beautiful body. Her breasts were large yet so firm, with chocolate-brown nipples the size of half-dollars. She also had the most beautiful legs I'd ever seen, leading right up to a dripping pussy. She then crawled over to me and helped me get the rest of my clothes off. When she pulled down my underwear, she gasped and said, "My God! It's so fucking small! It must be only four inches long." I was embarrassed but quickly said, "Baby, what I lack in cock size I make up with my tongue." (I had no idea what to do with my tongue, but I figured it would come instinctively.) As soon as I said that, she came up and gave me a deep kiss and then said, "Show me."

She then lay down on the blanket, spread her legs apart, and motioned me to start. When I hesitated, she got impatient and started to finger herself while moaning like a bitch in heat. My cock had gotten hard by this time, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I crawled on top of her and started kissing her deeply. From there I worked myself to the side of her neck and then up to her ear. When I started to tongue her ear, she just started to moan louder and kept on saying, "Oh, Hal, please eat me right away." By this time I knew I was the one in control; so I figured I'd take my time doing what she wanted.

From her ear, I moved my mouth down to those gorgeous, huge breasts. I nibbled and licked each nipple until they were hard and then licked my way down to her navel. Throughout this motion I never touched her crotch, and she was so fucking horny that it was unbelievable. From her navel I moved down past her cunt to the inside of her thighs and tongued my way down to her ankles. From there I positioned myself between her legs and rested my face in her juicy muff. Then I got my first taste of pussy, and it was terrific. The more I licked, the better I liked it and the better Betsy liked it! Her love juices were flowing down her legs and all over my face. After I had tongued her clit for a minute, she started to scream and moan even louder. Right then I rammed my tongue into her tunnel, and she came with a tremendous shudder that must have lasted two minutes.

Then I rolled over on my back from exhaustion and told her it was my turn. She then proceeded to put those loving red lips of hers around the head of my tool and then engulf the entire length. Her mouth felt like molten butter as she tongued and sucked her way up and down my shaft. Within minutes I came with a thundering explosion and emptied about a quart of semen into her mouth, and, much to my surprise, she swallowed every drop. That certain gleam came back into her eyes as she said that she wanted me to fuck her eyes out, and with that my member started to rise again. I then started to climb on top of her when she pushed me off and got on her hands and knees. She then said, "Hal, this is my ultimate fantasy. Getting fucked doggie-style on top of the dome, and I want you to be part of it. Fuck me now. Hal, I want it right now."

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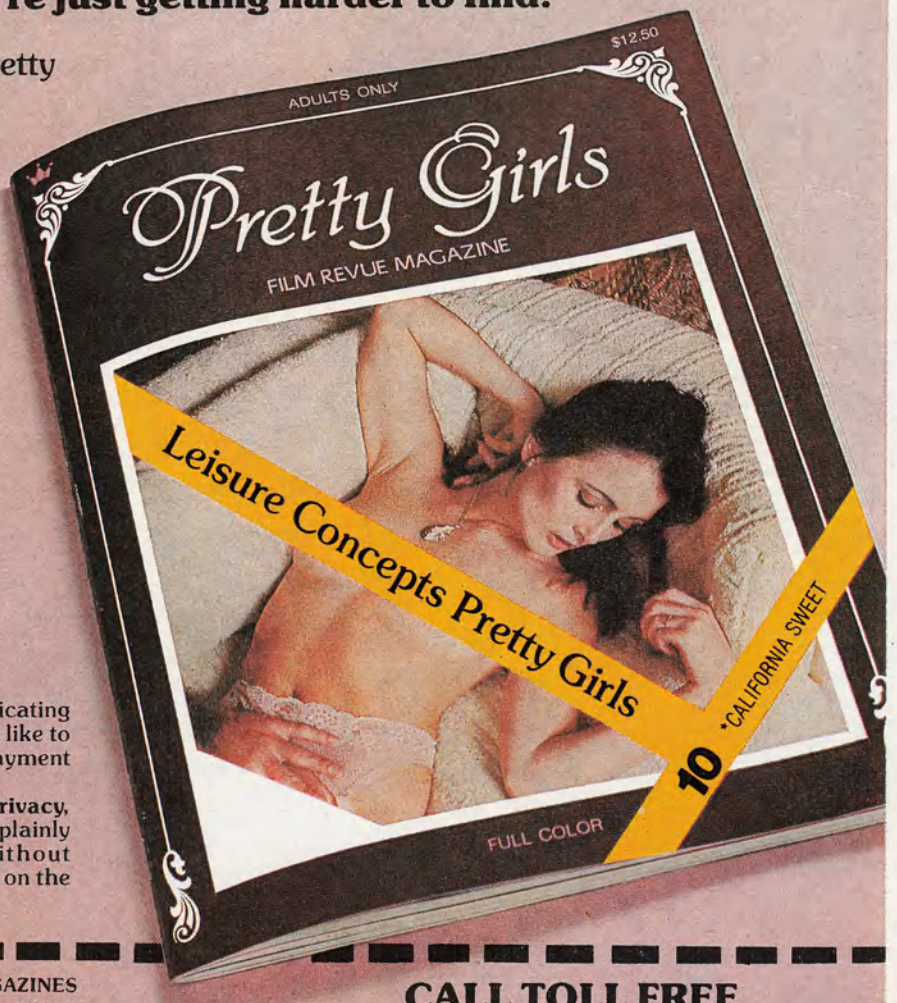

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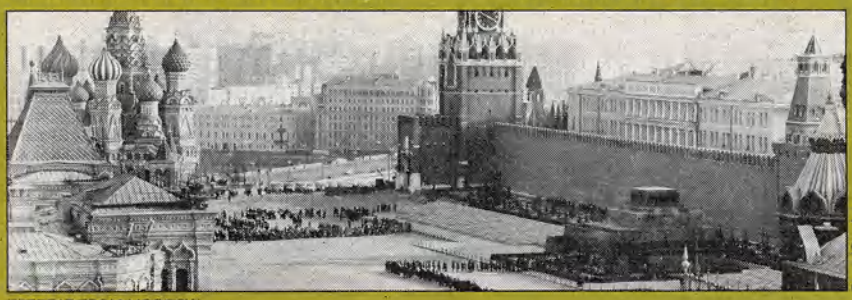

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RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

Are We Ready?—The Carter administration's rush toward confrontation with the Soviet Union has brought the two superpowers nearer to war than at any other time since the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962. But many military authorities are horrified at Carter's warmongering because *they* know what the government is trying to conceal from *us*: there is no way that we can fight the Russians at this time. To find out how bad the situation is, *Penthouse* assigned Ernest Volkman, an expert on military affairs, to investigate the state of the American military establishment—from the most advanced missiles to the quality of basic infantry training. His report will be required reading for all Americans.

Retreat from Moscow—Whatever happens in Moscow this summer, no matter how effective President Carter's boycott may be, the 1980 Olympics are certain to be the most controversial since A.D. 66, when the Roman emperor Nero had himself declared the winner of all events. Craig S. Karpel recently visited the Russian capital to find out just how far the Iron Curtain was going to be lifted for the hundreds of thousands of "guests" expected to attend the Games. He interviewed Russian citizens, Soviet officials, NBC television producers, and dozens of others who have spent months in preparing for the Games. His conclusion: "The Olympics have become a purely political spectacle, with which considerations of sport are no longer to be permitted to interfere."

The Long-Distance Orgasm—What's it like to enjoy sex, to actually climax, without ever touching? Over the telephone, across a crowded room, or from another part of the world, distance not only makes the heart grow fonder; it can also make the sex hotter. By using telepathic sex, separated lovers are now "reaching out and touching someone" in a way that Ma Bell could never hope to understand. Look, Ma, no hands!

The Libertarian Response—Our government has been dominated—many say tyrannized—by the two-party system for 200 years. Since 1972, however, a new, third force called the Libertarian party has emerged to reflect the feelings of voters who have rejected the stupidity and conscious abuse of the federal government. July's *Penthouse* features an interview with Ed Clark, the Libertarian candidate for president in 1980. "The new reality of American politics is that the people correctly perceive that government is largely opposed to them," Clark says. "The Libertarian party carries on the principles of the American Revolution—a civil-rights revolution."

Sneak Preview—Pet of the Year Cheryl Rixon is the latest Hollywood sensation. Her new Columbia Pictures movie, *Used Cars*, is an adventure comedy starring Kurt Russell and Jack Warden. It celebrates America's unsung heroes . . . the used-car salesmen. In next month's *Penthouse*, photographer Earl Miller celebrates Cheryl—America's newest heroine—and her most recent cinematic success. Don't miss it!

With that in mind I got on my knees behind her and started to ease my four-inch popgun into her voluptuous love tunnel. The further I pushed in, the more Betsy started to moan and the more love juices flowed from her. I then put my one hand on her breasts as I massaged her clit with the other one. I started pumping slowly, and by this time I was in seventh heaven. Betsy then started screaming, "Harder, Hal, harder!" Our pace picked up until she let out an earthshaking, orgasmic scream that must have awakened the entire campus. As soon as she started screaming, I came.

That night I joined a very elite club, left the virgin ranks, and was enjoyably sore as hell for a week.—*H.B.*

The principal's "office"

I was going with Doug for about a year in high school, and I knew he was quite horny. His eyes followed my firm ass everywhere. Going to our usual secluded corner to talk at lunch, I could see Doug had something in mind. As we sat down, Doug placed his hand firmly on my ass. I felt my love juices begin to flow. I looked over at him and saw the lump in his Levi's. It grew by the second, and I told him we needed a more secluded spot.

Doug was into football, and so he suggested the locker room. I was apprehensive, but he persuaded me to go. We cautiously made our way to the locker room, which seemed deserted. I immediately felt my way down his pants. I could feel the heat coming from his seven-inch love rod. He started to feel my love tunnel with both his hands. Before we knew it, we were both naked.

He gave me a tongue bath over my whole body, ending between my legs at my anal region. My juices were flowing freely by this time. They were all over his face. Then he entered me with full force. I felt every vein and bump come inside my hot, juicy cunt. It was great.

In our excitement we did not hear someone else come in. Doug felt a hand caressing his thighs, and he turned around to see our principal fondling him. We were surprised and shaken because we did not know what to expect. Luckily, our principal is a horny bastard and wanted to join in. We could not refuse.

After about an hour of fun, we decided it was time to clean up. Our school has a whirlpool tub, and we all entered it naked. We had as much fun there as we did on the floor, but that's another story. We got dressed, and the principal gave us passes to get back into class. On the pass the excuse was that we were discussing our future with him.—*Name and address withheld*

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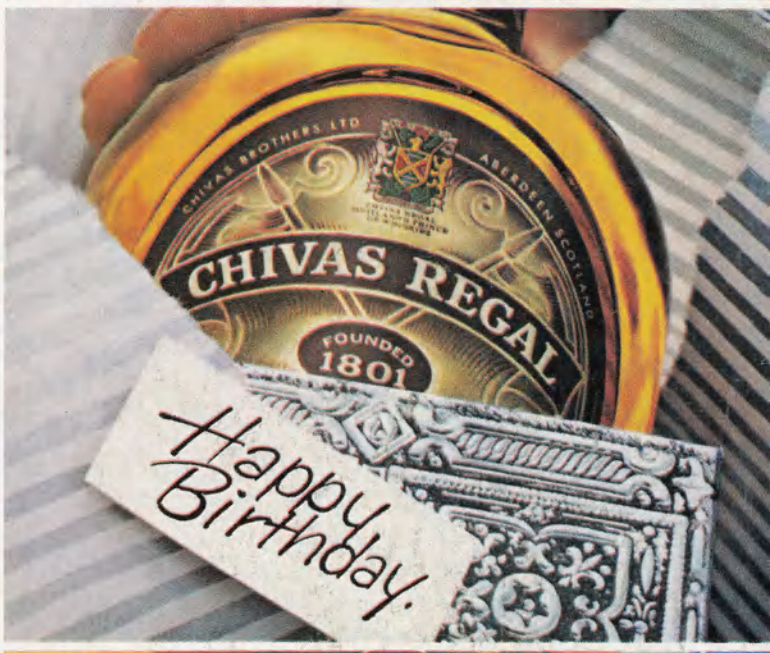

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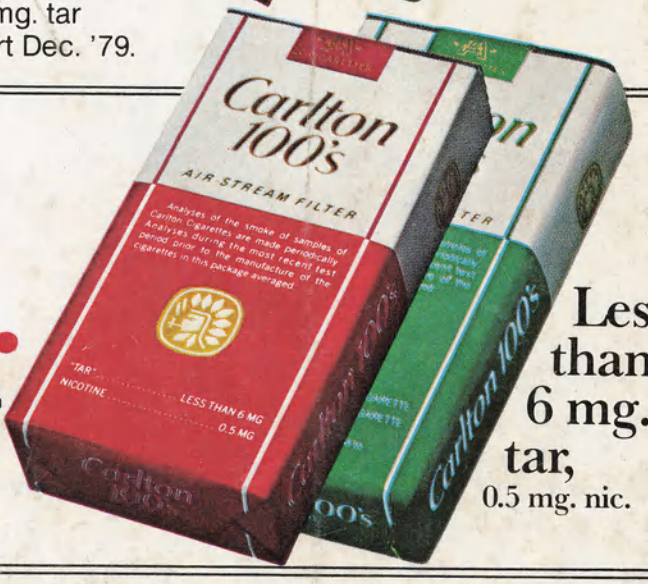
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